

SEPTEMBER 1986

\$2.00

The Atlantic

JAMES FALLOWS ON JAPAN AND RACE / VIVIAN DUCAT ON BBC ENGLISH

"The Target Is Destroyed"

What really happened to Flight 007

By Seymour M. Hersh



248*****3-DIGIT 911
300316 LAB A0000099 H44B JAN88
AMBASSADOR CLG LIB
300 W GREEN ST
95ADENA

RUDNAK



Marlboro Lights

The spirit of Marlboro in a low tar cigarette.

SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Smoking By Pregnant Women May Result in Fetal Injury, Premature Birth, And Low Birth Weight.

10 mg "tar," 0.7 mg nicotine av.
per cigarette, FTC Report Feb '85

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



ARTICLES

- 35 THE JAPANESE ARE DIFFERENT FROM YOU AND ME** **JAMES FALLOWS**
In some ways Japanese society is better as well as different, our correspondent finds, but the prominence of pornography and the ethic of racial exclusion are two characteristics that he could do without.
- 46 "THE TARGET IS DESTROYED"** **SEYMOUR M. HERSH**
Why did Korean Air Lines Flight 007 stray into Russian airspace? Why did the Soviets shoot it down? After a lengthy inquiry the author has found an explanation for the tragedy that occurred three years ago this month.
- 70 WORDS FROM THE WISE** **VIVIAN DUCAT**
In 1926 the British Broadcasting Corporation set up an Advisory Committee on Spoken English to ensure proper English pronunciation on the airwaves. It did.

REPORTS & COMMENT

- 14 NOTES: HMMM?** **ROY BLOUNT, JR.**
- 14 NEW ZEALAND: THE POLITICS OF IDENTITY** **DAVID HARLAN**
- 20 JOBS: WOMEN IN THE WORK FORCE** **GEORGE GILDER**
- 26 THE LAW: TRUST VERSUS ANTITRUST** **KATRIN BRIDGET SNOW**

POETRY

- 77 A FAMILY OF POEMS:**
BAYSWATER
MY FATHER'S SHIRT
EPITHALAMION
ANALOGIES OF THE LEAF
LATE LOVING
MARILYN HACKER
SHARON OLDS
KATHA POLLITT
STANLEY PLUMLY
MONA VAN DUYN

HUMOR AND FICTION

- 32 THE ENCHANTED GLADE** **GEORGE STARBUCK**
- 42 INCIDENT AT MHLABA JAIL** **ERNST HAVEMANN**

BOOKS

- 96 TEACHER'S PET** **MARTIN AMIS**
Ulysses by James Joyce
- 100 SEX IN OUR TIME** **PHYLLIS ROSE**
Rediscovering Love by Willard Gaylin
Re-making Love by Barbara Ehrenreich, Elizabeth Hess, and Gloria Jacobs
- 102 THE TRIUMPH OF THE NERDS** **LLOYD ROSE**
It by Stephen King
- 104 BRIEF REVIEWS** **PHOEBE-LOU ADAMS**

OTHER DEPARTMENTS

- 4 CONTRIBUTORS**
- 6 LETTERS TO THE EDITOR**
- 12 THE SEPTEMBER ALMANAC**
- 45 FIRST ENCOUNTERS** **EDWARD SOREL AND NANCY CALDWELL SOREL**
- 92 MUSIC: A THIRD-STREAM OPERA** **FRANCIS DAVIS**
- 94 DESIGN: FROM A SPARK TO A FLAME** **ROBERT P. CREASE**
- 105 ACROSTIC No. 14** **DOROTHY OSBORNE**
- 108 THE PUZZLER** **EMILY COX AND HENRY RATHVON**

Cover illustration by Theo Rudnak



Subscriptions: 1 Year \$9.95,
2 Years \$15.95, 3 Years \$29.95
in the United States and its possessions;
\$3.00 additional per year in Canada;
\$5.00 additional per year elsewhere.
Address all subscription correspondence
to Atlantic Subscription Processing Center
Box 2547, Boulder, Colorado 80322
(800) 525-0643
In Colorado 1-447-9330

Printed in the U.S.A.
Copyright © 1986, by
The Atlantic Monthly Company
(ISSN 0276-9077)
All rights reserved

Public relations:
Linda Schraufnagl Rosso
Paul J. Vizza
2400 N Street, NW
Washington, D.C. 20037
(202) 955-2157

Advertising sales:
420 Lexington Avenue
New York, New York 10170
(212) 687-2424

Atlanta (404) 435-1681
Lagomarsino & Dempsey
Chicago (312) 527-2707
James Sheridan

Cleveland (216) 442-3500
Nieman & Associates, Inc.
Detroit (313) 258-5977
W. Richard O'Neil

Los Angeles (818) 989-0994
Bishop & Abel
Wellesley, Massachusetts (617) 244-1174
John Nimmo

The Atlantic September 1986
Vol. 258 No. 3
Published monthly by
The Atlantic Monthly Company
8 Arlington Street
Boston, Massachusetts 02116

Second-class postage paid at
Boston, Toronto, and additional
mailing offices

Unsolicited manuscripts will
be returned *only* if accompanied
by a return envelope and
adequate postage

Postmaster:
Send address changes to
The Atlantic
Box 2546, Boulder, Colorado 80322



Most bourbon is
4 years old.

We're 8. Are they
too impatient, or are
we too careful?

**WILD
TURKEY**



8 years old, 101 proof, pure Kentucky.

CONTRIBUTORS

JAMES FALLOWS ("The Japanese Are Different From You and Me") is the Washington editor of *The Atlantic Monthly*. Fallows was named a U.S.-Japan Leadership Fellow by the Japan Society last year, and will be reporting from Asia during the next two years.

SEYMOUR M. HERSH ("The Target Is Destroyed") is a contributing editor of *The Atlantic*. Hersh received a Pulitzer Prize in 1970 for having exposed the massacre at My Lai, South Vietnam. From 1972 to 1979 Hersh worked for *The New York Times*, winning awards for his reporting of unauthorized U.S. bombings of North Vietnam, domestic surveillance operations by the CIA, and the CIA's involvement in the overthrow of the government of Salvador Allende, in Chile. Hersh's book *The Price of Power: Kissinger in the Nixon White House* (1983) won a National Book Critics Circle award for non-fiction. Portions of the book were published in *The Atlantic* in May and December of 1982. Hersh's article in this issue is drawn from his new book, *"The Target Is Destroyed": What Really Happened to Flight 007 and What America Knew About It*, to be published this month by Random House.

THEO RUDNAK (cover artist) is a freelance illustrator based in Atlanta. His work has won recognition from the Society of Illustrators, the New York Art Directors Club, and *Graphis*.

VIVIAN DUCAT ("Words From the Wise") is a radio and television producer. During the past three years she was based in London as a director and producer of the BBC/PBS series *The Story of English*, which will be broadcast by PBS beginning this month.

ROY BLOUNT, JR., ("Hmmm?") is a contributing editor of *The Atlantic*. He is the author of several books, including *What Men Don't Tell Women* (1984) and *Not Exactly What I Had in Mind* (1985).

DAVID HARLAN ("New Zealand: The Politics of Identity") is an associate professor of history at the University of Canterbury, in Christchurch, New Zealand, where he has taught since 1975.

GEORGE GILDER ("Jobs: Women in the Work Force") is the author of many books, including *Wealth and Poverty* (1981) and *The Spirit of Enterprise* (1985). The material in his article in this issue will appear in somewhat different form in *Men and Marriage*, to be published this month by Pelican Publishing Company.

KATRIN BRIDGET SNOW ("The Law: Trust Versus Antitrust") is a contributor to *In the Public Interest*, a radio news service based in Washington, D.C.

MARILYN HACKER ("Bayswater") is the author of several volumes of poetry, including *Presentation Piece* (1974), for which she received the National Book Critics Circle award in poetry. Her most recent book is *Assumptions* (1985).

SHARON OLDS ("My Father's Shirt") received the National Book Critics Circle award in poetry for her book *The Dead and the Living* (1984). A new collection of poems, *The Gold Cell*, will be published in January.

KATHA POLLITT ("Epithalamion") is the author of *Antarctic Traveller* (1982), which was awarded the National Book Critics Circle award in poetry.

STANLEY PLUMLY ("Analogies of the Leaf") is a professor of English at the University of Maryland. His most recent book is *Summer Celestial* (1983), a collection of poems.

MONA VAN DUYN ("Late Loving") received a National Book Award in poetry for *To See, To Take* (1970). Her most recent book, *Letters From a Father and Other Poems*, was published in 1982.

GEORGE STARBUCK ("The Enchanted Glade") is a professor of English at Boston University. He is the author of *Space-Saver Sonnets* and *Richard the Third in a Fourth of a Second*, to be published this month.

ERNST HAVEMANN ("Incident at Mhlaba Jail") was born in Zululand, South Africa, and now lives in Canada. His first published story, "Death of the Nation," appeared in *The Atlantic* last February.

MARTIN AMIS ("Teacher's Pet") is a Special Writer for *The Observer* of London. His most recent novel is *Money: A Suicide Note* (1985).

PHYLLIS ROSE ("Sex in Our Time") is a professor of English at Wesleyan University and the author of several books, including *Parallel Lives: Five Victorian Marriages* (1983).

LLOYD ROSE ("The Triumph of the Nerds") writes for *The Atlantic* on movies, theater, and popular culture.

PHOEBE-LOU ADAMS (Brief Reviews) is a staff writer for *The Atlantic*.

EDWARD SOREL and NANCY CALDWELL SOREL (First Encounters) live in Manhattan. Edward Sorel has received numerous awards for his illustrations. Nancy Caldwell Sorel is a free-lance writer. Her book *Ever Since Eve* was published in 1984.

FRANCIS DAVIS ("A Third-Stream Opera") is the jazz critic for *The Philadelphia Inquirer*. He is also a contributing editor of *Musician*. His book *In the Moment: Jazz in the 1980s* will be published this month.

ROBERT P. CREASE ("From a Spark to a Flame") is the co-author, with Charles Mann, of *The Second Creation*, which was published last May.

DOROTHY OSBORNE (Acrostic No. 14) crafts puzzles at her home in Hershey, Pennsylvania.

EMILY COX and HENRY RATHVON (The Puzzler) create crossword puzzles for several publications. A collection of their puzzles for *The Atlantic* will be published next month.

The September Almanac was compiled with the assistance of Thomas Exter, a senior editor of *American Demographics*; Anne Soukhanov, an executive editor in the trade and reference division of Houghton Mifflin; the U.S. Naval Observatory; the National Pediculosis Association; the U.S. Department of Education; and the National Conference of State Legislatures.

WHEN COMPANIES TAKE OFF, IT'S HIS BUSINESS.
BUT WHEN HE TAKES OFF, IT'S OUR BUSINESS.



Mr. James B. Taylor
President and CEO, Gates Learjet Corporation

Learjet is a registered trademark of the Gates Learjet Corporation.
© Visa U.S.A. Inc. 1986

The Visa Premier Card

When he's piloting his company to new heights, he's all business. But when he's off on a flight of fancy, no Premium Credit card suits him better than the Visa® Premier Card.

Whether he's flying to the Cape in search of the perfect lobster or down to Ixtapa to find a little peace and quiet, he knows his Visa Premier Card is accepted at four times as many places worldwide as the American Express Gold Card.

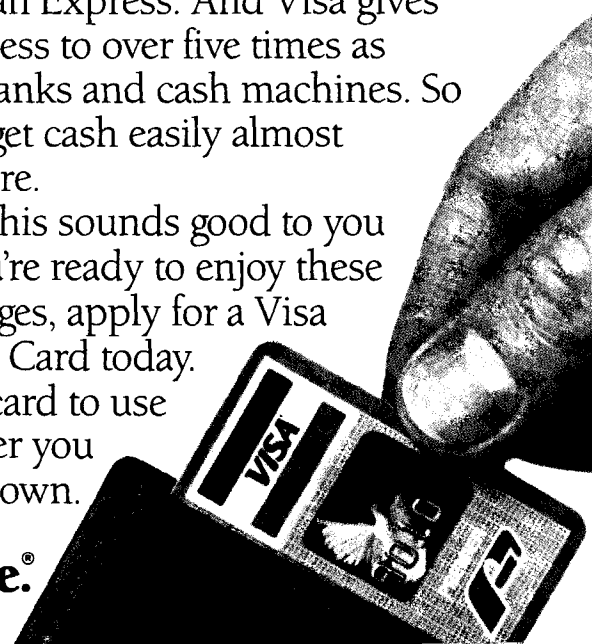
The Premier Card also has a

minimum starting credit line of \$5,000, over twice as high as American Express. And Visa gives him access to over five times as many banks and cash machines. So he can get cash easily almost anywhere.

If all this sounds good to you and you're ready to enjoy these advantages, apply for a Visa Premier Card today. It's the card to use wherever you touch down.



It's everywhere you want to be.®



The Atlantic

Editor

WILLIAM WHITWORTH

Washington Editor

JAMES FALLOWS

Senior Editors

JACK BEATTY, C. MICHAEL CURTIS

Managing Editor

CULLEN MURPHY

Art Director

JUDY GARLAN

National Correspondents

GREGG EASTERBROOK

NICHOLAS LEMANN

Associate Editors

PETER DAVISON (poetry),

CORBY KUMMER, DEBORAH MCGILL,

SUE PARILLA, MARTHA SPAULDING,

BARBARA WALLRAFF

Staff Writers

PHOEBE-LOU ADAMS, HOLLY BRUBACH

Assistant Art Director

RHODA GUBERNICK

Staff Editors

MAUREEN BROWN, LINDA GREGERSON,

ERIC HAAS, LUCIE PRINZ

Assistants to the Editors

AVRIL CORNEL, ROBERTA GIGNAC,

AMY HALLISSEY, LISA MIRABILE,

LISE STERN

Editorial Promotion Manager

SARAH FINNIE ROCKWELL

Contributing Editors

ROY BLOUNT, JR., SEYMOUR M. HERSH,

TRACY KIDDER, MICHAEL LENEHAN,

JAMES ALAN MCPHERSON,

CONOR CRUISE O'BRIEN, DAVID OWEN,

THOMAS POWERS, SANFORD J. UNGAR

Editor Emeritus

EDWARD WEEKS



Chairman

MORTIMER B. ZUCKERMAN

Vice Chairman and Chief Executive Officer

FRED DRASNER

President

WILLIAM ANDERSON

Operations

ROBIN JOHNSON, Vice President

KIMBERLY KILLINGER, Business Manager

MARC G. JACOB, Circulation Director

JAMES GILLMAN, Vice President, Manufacturing

JOSEPH O'CONNELL, Production Director

JAN MORRIS, Assistant Production Director

DEBORAH HOFFENBERG, Production Assistant

Advertising

SUSANNAH PASK, JAMES SHERIDAN,

Associate Publishers

SUSAN BLANK, Vice President

CAROL FERENC, New York Manager

VANESSA REED-STAGLIANO, Promotion Director

ORIN KENNEDY GREENE, Research Director

WILLIAM BAIRD, WALLACE B. GREENE,

LORA MOUGALIAN, W. RICHARD O'NEIL,

ANN WALLACE

Editorial and Production Office

8 Arlington Street / Boston, Mass. 02116

Business Office

2400 N Street, N.W./Washington, D.C. 20037

Advertising Office

420 Lexington Avenue / New York, N.Y. 10170

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

ORIGINS OF THE UNDERCLASS

Nicholas Lemann's article "The Origins of the Underclass" (June and July *Atlantic*) provides a breath of fresh air in a debate that has become stale and unproductive. The stories he followed from Canton, Mississippi, to Chicago, and the history he outlined, are part of my story, my history, and that of my family. These stories have been told for as long as I can remember, around the dinner table and on the front porch of my home in St. Louis.

Who is responsible for a solution to the problem of the black underclass? We look for solutions from those who lead us—the ministers, doctors, lawyers, and businessmen. But, as Lemann points out, this leadership left the ghetto in the wake of the few successes of the civil-rights movement. Thirty years ago, ironically, people with the ability, drive, and resources of Martin Luther King, Jr., or Thurgood Marshall would have been found in the streets and churches of communities like Harlem, or attending black colleges such as Fisk and Howard. Now they are in integrated suburbs and get their training at predominantly white institutions like Brown University and Harvard. My family moved from the predominantly black North Side of St. Louis to the suburbs in the mid-1970s, and when I was considering an undergraduate college, the family doctor (herself a graduate of a black medical school) advised me to avoid Howard.

However, black families, unlike white ones, cannot afford the idyll of bourgeois complacency (much as we might wish we could). Just as most black families in the Midwest go home to the South on special holidays and for family gatherings, to visit those who were left behind (my family makes an annual journey to Martin, Tennessee, in late August), we also find ourselves visiting friends and relatives who remained in the city. The responsibility of the black middle class to provide a solution to the problem of the underclass is not an academic or theoretical one but something based on blood, experience, and cold reality. The very real tensions between the two groups make this a bitter pill to swallow for some of us. But when you are no more than a payday away from your rela-

tives in the city, it is hard to be a check-book liberal.

DE WITT DOUGLAS KILGORE

Brown University

Providence, R.I.

Nicholas Lemann is convincing in tracing the ghetto life of Chicago blacks to the impoverished circumstances of sharecroppers, but his explanation of that culture's dynamics is inadequate. To say that the pattern of broken families is a continuation, traceable to earlier years in the Deep South, in no way displaces the economic sources of the underclass. As Lemann shows, the poverty of sharecroppers in the South is due to racism; the poverty of urban blacks in Chicago's ghettos is a statistical fact attributable to the lack of jobs for the unskilled. The racism of southern planters, too, had a strong economic impulse.

What can be done? Lemann's article implicitly shows the way to reform. All the instances and anecdotes he reports emphasize the pride in oneself that education offers. (That youngsters find themselves compelled to join gangs in school only emphasizes the fear that the dominant hoodlums have of education as an alternative to their style.) But to have schools open, well equipped, and staffed is no solution in itself—neither is integration per se. The best success I know of is an experiment in the South Bronx in which adolescents join clubs—for dance or sports—and accrue prestige for themselves through performance. Few girls who join such clubs fail to finish school; few become pregnant. And then there is the example of Eugene Lang, who, by offering full college scholarships to a group of Harlem youngsters, spurred more than 80 percent of the class to graduate from high school. The imaginative involvement of adults, able to convince youngsters that the future is theirs to engage, will not rid us of poverty and ghettos but will save thousands of lives. The challenge to the black youngsters is to resist the disarray of their communities for the delayed realizations of maturity. The challenge to the adult society is to imagine possibilities and to make real commitments.

EUGENE GREEN

Brookline, Mass.

Why did Nicholas Lemann totally ignore human genetics in his study of the flight of middle-class blacks from ghettos, which has, according to *The Atlantic*, left a disastrously isolated underclass? Over and over he describes migrations of blacks from South to North in this country, and how those who came earlier produced a middle class that has moved on still further, but with no explanation. Not once does he suggest that those who moved upward first had the genetic inducement to do so, and that they were followed by those also driven by genetic impulse, with the least equipped genetically being left behind.

I studied microbial genetics at UCLA as far back as 1954-1955 and have followed its development since. The evidence available seems to me to suggest that those endowed with the genetic drive rose, and those without it declined through random (and very casual) sexual linkage that brought the lowest amounts of genetic influence together over and over to produce generations and generations of the genetically insufficient.

WILLIAM ADAMS
El Paso, Texas

Having begun his report on the origins of the underclass (June *Atlantic*) with an almost categorical denial that unemployment is the primary cause of disintegration of the social life in our nation's ghettos, or that jobs are the indispensable center of any "cure," Nicholas Lemann ends by calling for a huge WPA-style jobs program (July *Atlantic*). Having promised to move us beyond the raging (and, he claims, abstruse) debate between liberals and conservatives over the impact of unemployment and welfare and to come up instead with "something new," he ends by embracing a very old idea that ought indeed to be tried.

But why does Lemann insist that the problems of the underclass are primarily cultural and only secondarily economic? Surely culture is critical, often autonomous, and potentially redemptive. But jobs are more necessary, even if never sufficient, condition of social integration—a point especially worth making, I think, given our society's persistent refusal to address it with either WPAs or coordinated, targeted investments.

JIM SLEEPER
Washington, D.C.

Nicholas Lemann replies:

Mr. Green and Mr. Sleeper are in the good company of most of the leading

poverty experts in contending that unemployment is a much more important cause of the misery of the ghettos than is culture. To my mind, the test of the argument will be whether other inner-city immigrant groups experience the same degree of social disorganization as have the descendants of the old southern black rural lower class. So far I don't see evidence that they do, even among other blacks (from the West Indies or Africa), who would presumably suffer from racism to the same degree. I don't think my solution of a major new federal jobs program is inconsistent with my emphasis on culture. As I said in the article, one reason that past jobs programs haven't worked well is that they have put people to work in the ghettos; under my proposal people would be given jobs away from the ghettos, in recognition of the importance not only of employment but also of making a clean break with the ghetto culture. Mr. Green's solution is wonderful as far as it goes. But I believe that the underclass is a major national problem that should be tackled by a major national effort—not just by local groups, or just by blacks.

I ignored genetics in my article because they didn't seem to me to be relevant to the problems I saw in the Chicago ghetto. The range of societies in the world that are functional is so wide that I don't think "genetic insufficiency" can possibly be the reason that the ghettos, almost alone among cultures, really aren't functional. Also, most of the people I met in the ghetto seemed smart to me—"genetic insufficiency" would have been far down on the list of their problems in life.

I should have mentioned in my article an essay by William Julius Wilson, the chairman of the sociology department at the University of Chicago, that appeared in the *Social Services Review* last year. Wilson strongly emphasized the negative effects on the ghettos of the exodus of the black working and middle classes, which has left the ghettos "increasingly isolated socially from mainstream patterns and norms of behavior." I'm sorry for not having given Wilson the credit he deserves for being the first to publish this theory.

KICK THE CAN

William Rathje, in his article "A Clash of Good Intentions" (June *Atlantic*) shows that competitive forces



Service par excellence.

*The French
have a word
for it:
Meridien*

Boston

Houston

Montreal

New Orleans

Newport Beach

New York

San Francisco

Vancouver

For reservations
worldwide, call 800-543-4300,
in NYC: 212-265-4494.

MERIDIEN HOTELS

Travel Companion of Air France
Fifty hotels in Europe, Africa, Asia,
the Near East, North and South
America and the Caribbean.

HALF MOON

HOTEL, COTTAGES AND VILLAS



The Half Moon Club in Montego Bay, Jamaica, has long been the Caribbean's most exclusive complete resort. An unspoiled landmark of high standards and gracious living, Half Moon will never go out of style.

Because only Half Moon gives you everything; a choice of superbly decorated hotel suites, cottages and villas; 400 acres of magnificent grounds; a mile of private white sand beach; a Robert Trent Jones 18 hole golf course; 19 fresh water pools; 13 tennis courts — 4 lit; 4 squash courts; snorkeling, fishing, sailing, scuba diving, wind surfing; sauna, massage and nautilus gym; shopping arcade, nightly entertainment and a choice of two world class restaurants. The enjoyments are endless — see for yourself. And discover why Half Moon has no equal.

For reservations, brochure and further information on our Platinum and Half Moon Plans, see your Travel Agent or call RR 800-223-6510
ERJ 800-237-3237

**“HALF
MOON
...THERE IS
ONLY ONE
LIKE IT”**

René Lecler, renowned author of
The 300 Best Hotels in the World

THE HALF MOON CLUB
Heinz E. W. Simonitsch
Managing Director
Montego Bay, Jamaica W.I.
Tel: 809-953-2211 Telex: 5326

are not always sufficient to achieve socially desirable goals—in this case an environment free of discarded beverage cans. He also shows that a means for achieving the goal—recycling—can become confused with the goal itself. But is this the end of the story? Even if only a fraction of aluminum cans are neither recycled nor dumped in landfills, public resentment at the growing litter will force some type of action.

Three solutions are possible. First, producers might develop containers that, unlike rolled-steel cans with aluminum tops, are totally and quickly degradable in the environment and are cost-effective. This might be achieved voluntarily, in the face of consumer pressure, although the recent development of plastic cans described by Rathje would seem to be leading in the opposite direction. Second, such improved containers might be developed even though the price to the consumer of the product were significantly increased. Or, third, a system of deposits and refunds on containers might be instituted at a level that would persuade people to refrain from littering or to clean up the discards of others. Either of the first two solutions would probably need to be imposed by government, since the risks to market share would be too great for any individual producer to undertake alone.

IRVING R. SILVER
Ottawa, Ontario

Having spent some part of the past ten years in prolonged David-and-Goliath battles with Coca-Cola and other beverage-industry giants, I was frankly astonished to see the company described as “succoring the environmentalists.” Rathje’s narrow focus on the relative environmental demerits of aluminum and rolled-steel containers ignores the much more significant tradeoff between one-way containers and returnable glass bottles.

It was the industry-wide switch from returnables to throwaway containers that created the tremendous volume of container waste, estimated at six percent of the total waste stream, and concomitant litter problems. Coca-Cola’s commitment to environmentally sound packaging should be measured by its resistance to proposals that would provide incentives for the increased use of returnables, particularly beverage-container deposit legislation, or “bottle bills.”

Bottle-bill states have seen an increase in the use of returnables and in

container-recycling rates, far in excess of the rest of the country, after adopting a system that provides an incentive for consumers to return used containers to the place of purchase. From Coca-Cola’s point of view, however, the system makes the beverage industry responsible for waste-disposal costs that are currently borne by the public, and it runs counter to the carefree, self-indulgent image that the soft-drink industry has crafted for its products.

If Coca-Cola were truly acting with “a social conscience in the corporate boardroom,” the company would take a position in favor of deposit legislation and cease spending the hundreds of thousands of dollars it allocates annually in a sustained effort to crush state bottle bills.

KENNETH WARD
*New Jersey Public Interest
Research Group
New Brunswick, N.J.*

We laud William Rathje for lauding Coca-Cola and other beverage companies for their efforts to employ aluminum-can recycling as a way to conserve resources. But we’re staggered by his statement that “a beverage industry using unrecycled rolled-steel cans would save more resources than a beverage industry using aluminum cans in conjunction with a recycling effort of even the most optimistic proportions.”

Neither fact nor logic supports such a conclusion. Contrary to Rathje’s unsupported thesis, recyclable all-aluminum cans are the most energy-efficient beverage cans in use today. In fact, one study estimated that all-aluminum cans, at present recycling rates, are close to 20 percent more energy-efficient than their rolled-steel counterparts. This reflects the fact that recycling saves 95 percent of the energy required to make new aluminum from ore.

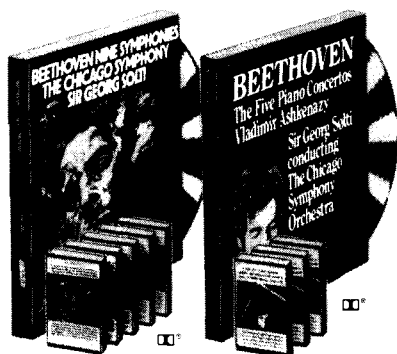
U.S. aluminum companies saved almost 9.5 billion kilowatt hours of electricity in 1985 by recycling 33.1 billion aluminum cans (51 percent nationwide). For each pound of aluminum that is recycled we save about 7.5 kilowatt hours of electricity, four pounds of bauxite, and two pounds of chemicals.

Beyond that, aluminum is lighter and saves significant energy in transport, a factor that Rathje mentions and unaccountably dismisses. Further, the production of aluminum is one of the most environmentally neutral of all production processes, especially considering

Permanent pleasures.

Choose one of these fine works and save up to \$305⁵⁰

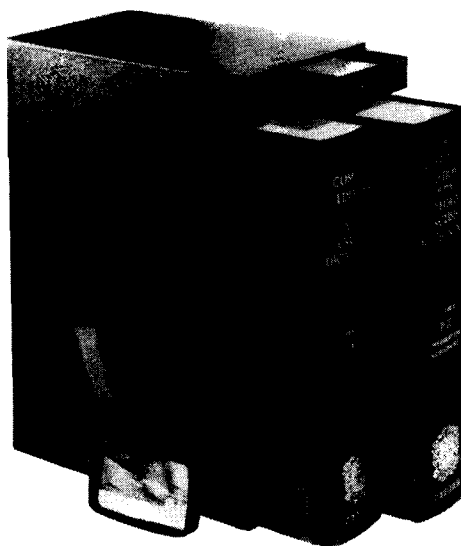
You simply agree to buy 4 books within the next two years.



Beethoven: The Nine Symphonies & The Five Piano Concertos

for **\$19.95** (List prices total \$120.96)

Two of the most celebrated recordings of Beethoven's works. Sir Georg Solti conducts the Chicago Symphony in the nine-record set of Beethoven's complete symphonies. "A glorious musical combustion"—*Time*. In collaboration with soloist Vladimir Ashkenazy, Solti and the Chicago Symphony perform Beethoven's five concertos. "A major addition to the Beethoven discography"—*High Fidelity*. Available on 13 records or 8 cassettes.



The Compact Edition of The Oxford English Dictionary

for **\$27.95** (Pub. price \$175)

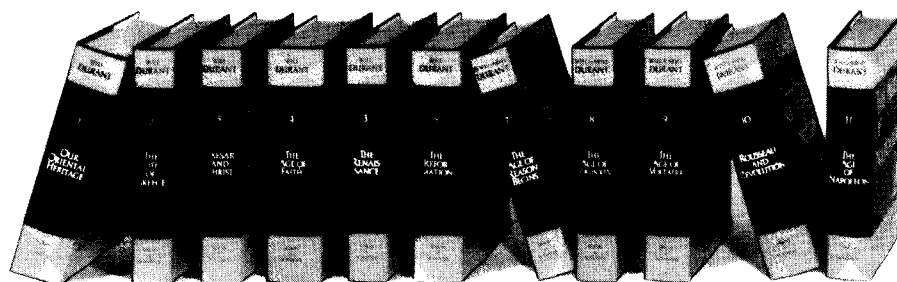
The "most complete, most scholarly dictionary of the English language"—*The Christian Science Monitor*. Through photoreduction, the original 13-volume set has been reproduced in this two-volume *Compact Edition*. A Bausch & Lomb magnifying glass is included.



The Encyclopedia of Philosophy

for **\$24.95** (Pub. price \$225)

Regarded as the most comprehensive encyclopedia of philosophy ever published, this superb set—compiled in collaboration with the world's foremost philosophers—encompasses all aspects of ancient, medieval, modern, Eastern and Western thought. The four volumes represent an essential aid for students and a rewarding reference source for home libraries.

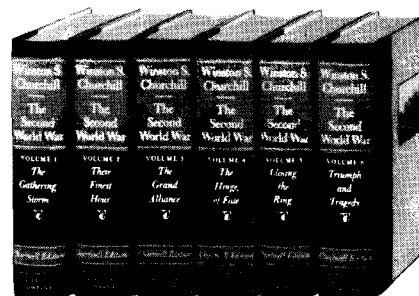


The Story of Civilization by Will and Ariel Durant

for **\$29.95** (Pub. prices total \$335.45)

For almost half a century Will and Ariel Durant traced the continuity of world history—the religions and philosophies, the political and economic tides, the arts and sciences, the customs and con-

quests—to show the foundations of society today. A Book-of-the-Month Club exclusive for almost 50 years, the Durant's illustrated masterwork is history come alive.



The Second World War by Winston S. Churchill

for **\$27.50** (Pub. price \$295)

New Chartwell Edition of this six-volume Nobel Prize-winning masterwork, in genuine leather quarter-bindings, with a foreword by William L. Shirer. Churchill's Olympian wisdom, passion and wit—and his unique role as a wartime leader—make his account of World War II unforgettable reading. Frontispiece photographs, 3-color battle-map endpapers, 195 additional maps, charts and diagrams.

© 1986 BOMC

Facts About Membership. As a member you will receive the *Book-of-the-Month Club News*® 15 times a year (about every 3½ weeks). Every issue reviews a Selection and more than 125 other books, which are carefully chosen by our editors. If you want the Selection, do nothing. It will be shipped to you automatically. If you want one or more other books—or no book at all—indicate your decision on the Reply Form and return it by the specified date. **Return Privilege:** If the *News* is delayed and you receive the Selection without having had 10 days to notify us, you may return it for credit at our expense. **Cancellations:** Membership may be discontinued, either by you or by the Club, at any time after you have bought 4 additional books. Join today. With savings and choices like these, Book-of-the-Month Club is where book lovers belong.

BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB®

Book-of-the-Month Club, Inc., Camp Hill, Pennsylvania 17012

A8-9

Check one box only

- ☐ 932. Beethoven (13 Records) **\$19.95**
- ☐ 933. Beethoven (8 Cassettes) **\$19.95**
- ☐ 905. Compact OED **\$27.95**
- ☐ 917. Ency. of Philosophy **\$24.95**
- ☐ 913. The Story of Civ. **\$29.95**
- ☐ 959. The Second World War **\$27.50**

Please enroll me as a member of Book-of-the-Month Club and send me the set I have checked at left, billing me for the appropriate amount, plus shipping and handling charges. I agree to buy four more books during the next two years. A shipping and handling charge is added to each shipment.

Name _____ **6-64**
(Please print plainly)

Address _____ Apt. _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

Prices shown are U.S. prices. Outside the U.S. prices are generally higher.

the fact that about 60 percent of the energy used by the industry comes from non-polluting hydropower.

We're sorry—and mystified—that Rathje ultimately rejects recycling, even while saying, "Recycling achieved a broad, even unintended, mixture of social objectives. Trash was collected, resources were conserved, and many of society's less fortunate members received a supplementary income." These are some of the very reasons that recyclable aluminum cans have become popular with beverage companies and consumers.

JOHN C. BARD
The Aluminum Association
Washington, D.C.

William Rathje replies:

The variety of responses to my note exemplifies the "clash of good intentions" that I believe characterizes much public and private decision-making. Mr. Silver says that his solutions would probably fail without government intervention. Yet government intervention in business is surely no guarantee of success. Mr. Ward stresses the advantages to society of returnable glass bottles,

which are cheap to produce and to refill. But he does not discuss the tremendous energy costs of transporting and storing these heavier containers. Mr. Bard champions the energy efficiency of aluminum cans, but neglects to say that the savings can be achieved only through recycling. If Mr. Bard's figures are correct, then by extrapolation, 32.4 billion cans were *not* recycled in 1985. These represent a loss of 9 billion kilowatt hours of electricity, 5.2 billion pounds of bauxite, and 2.6 billion pounds of chemicals.

SEESAW

What a disappointing surprise to read "Sitting on a Seesaw," by Roy Blount, Jr. (*July Atlantic*). I don't write poetry, but I defend anyone's right to try. This glitzkrieg of derision doesn't belong in a magazine I give more credit for couth, and shouldn't have come from an author I always want to hug.

What's up next? "This Month's Rejected Letters to the Editor"?

RICKA J. DAILEY
Barre, Vt.

Roy Blount, Jr., replies:

I happen to feel sincerely that I have a gift for writing—and for regarding with a kind of sinking fascination—terrible poetry. So I should just bury this under a barrel? That's not right, is it? Bundle? Bishop?

USING YOUR NOODLE

Corby Kummer, in his article "Pasta" (*July Atlantic*), suggests that a larger volume of water will come back to a boil sooner after pasta has been added than a smaller volume of water will, but he is wrong.

We assume that the flame providing heat to the pot is the same in both cases, and apply the three fundamental principles of thermodynamics. The pasta in this thought experiment acts as a "heat sink," and thermal energy is transferred to it from the surrounding water, causing a drop in temperature from the boiling point. The magnitude of the drop in temperature is a function of the specific heats of the two materials (water and pasta) and the volume of the water.

Give us two weeks and

ERIC J. EVANS
Boston, Mass.

JOSEPH T. ELVOM
Charleston, S. C.

ROBERT LOY
Summerville, S.C.

BERNARD ELEVITCH
Brookline, Mass.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE SEPTEMBER ALMANAC

THE SKIES

September 4, New Moon; Islamic year 1407 begins at sunset the following day. The most prominent planets are Mars and Jupiter, the one in the southern and the other in the eastern sky. September 18, Full Moon, known this month as the Harvest Moon. 23, Autumnal Equinox, at 3:59 A.M. EDT, and fall begins; the Sun, heading south (so to speak), will cross the equator at a point near the Seychelles Islands.

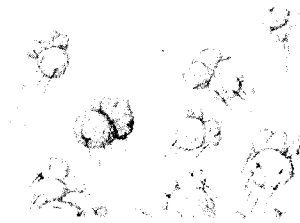
DEMOGRAPHICS

The U.S. labor force faces the loss this month of some 1.5 million teenagers, as workers aged 16 to 19 return to school. Employers compensate in part by paying more overtime; September consistently shows a small upward blip. Production workers in manufacturing, for example, will each work an average of 12 minutes more of overtime per week this month than they did in August.



GOVERNMENT

September 1, ten percent of all cars manufactured on or after this date for model year 1987 must include passive restraints; the drinking age becomes 21 in Minnesota, North Carolina, Texas, and Wisconsin, as it does in South Carolina on Sept. 14 and in Georgia on Sept. 30. September 2-27, primaries in Arizona, Connecticut, Delaware, Florida, Hawaii, Louisiana, Maryland, Massachusetts, Minnesota, Nevada, New Hampshire, New York, Rhode Island, Vermont, Washington, and Wisconsin, with four senators, six congressmen, and two governors retiring, and eight congressmen and two governors seeking other offices. September 8, Congress reconvenes; 30, larceny-and-fraud trial of former Labor Secretary Raymond Donovan set to begin.



FOOD

The peanut harvest gets under way in mid-September in Alabama, Florida, Georgia, and South Carolina; these states account for about two thirds of the 4.1 billion pounds of peanuts that America produces in a typical year. The popcorn harvest begins in the Midwest, where virtually all of the nation's crop is grown. This year the typical American will eat 9 pounds of peanuts (almost half of that in the form of peanut butter) and 46 quarts of popcorn (32 of which will be consumed at home).

ARTS & LETTERS

September 21, the 38th annual Emmy Awards; the new TV season begins the next day. ABC, CBS, and NBC will offer 11 new situation comedies (for a total of 28), 11 new drama or action shows (for a total of 35), and 2 new hour-long news programs (for a total of 4); 10 years ago there was only one prime-time news show (*60 Minutes*), but there were 7 hours of a now-rare genre: the weekly variety show. September is National Literacy Awareness Month. As teachers begin assigning homework, 7 million elementary school students, 4 million junior high students, and 6 million high school students will write "alot" for "a lot." The Department of Education estimates that 13 percent of adult Americans have difficulty handling tasks like the following: "Choose the answer that means the same as the word or phrase with a line under it.—'Enter your social security number here' (a, Find; b,

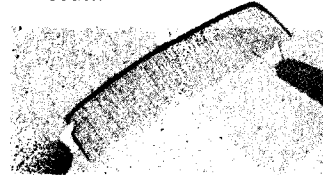


Check; c, Show; d, Write)."

September 20-27, Banned Books Week. During the past year some 76 books, including Stephen King's *Cujo* ("because it was a bunch of garbage") and Shel Silverstein's *A Light in the Attic* (which "encourages children to break dishes so they won't have to dry them") were challenged or banned in schools and libraries across the country.

NEW STAMPS

September 3, a 56-cent stamp depicting John Harvard to be issued in Cambridge, Massachusetts, commemorating the 350th anniversary, or tricentquingentennial, of Harvard University. 26, a 22-cent stamp celebrating the birthday of T. S. Eliot to be issued at his birthplace, St. Louis, Missouri.



HEALTH & SAFETY

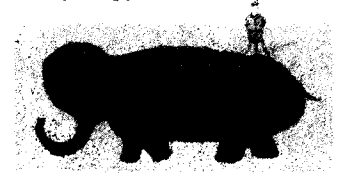
September is, among other things, Colo-Rectal Cancer Awareness Month, Cystic Fibrosis Month, Leukemia Society Month, and, because children are going back to school, National Pediculosis Prevention Month. Pediculosis, or infestation with head lice, affects more children in the United States than all of the so-called communicable childhood diseases combined. It is transmitted primarily by head-to-head contact and the sharing of combs, brushes, and hats. Last year Americans spent \$23.5 million on pesticides to destroy lice on human beings.

WORDS RECEIVED

Recent citations collected and defined by the editors of *The American Heritage Dictionary* (Houghton Mifflin), for possible inclusion in a revised edition:

Airy-fairy *noun*, British slang, an intellectual, especially one in the diplomatic corps: "...

they'd wanted him for Ambassador in Paris but he'd turned it down; he'd no patience with the *airy-fairies*" (John Le Carré, *A Perfect Spy*).



Elephant *adj.*, of, relating to, or being an oil field or discovery having the potential to produce an enormous quantity of oil over time: "Originally, Hibernia was estimated to have reserves of 1.5 billion to 2 billion barrels. Further delineation of the field has knocked these reserves down to 525 million to 800 million barrels—still an *elephant* find in the oil trade" (*Christian Science Monitor*).

Vaporware *noun*, software that is marketed before it has actually been developed. "I... attribute the problem of *vaporware*... to the youthfulness of the industry... Only acceptance and maturity of this new engineering field can alleviate the problem of unkept promises" (*Time*).



100 YEARS AGO

George Frederic Parsons, writing in the September, 1886, issue of *The Atlantic*: "In settled times men come to hold their political opinions far more as a matter of custom than of conviction. That they should do this in politics is not remarkable, seeing that the same practice is often followed in regard to religion. The tendency to take the line of least resistance is very strong in the average man, and it is one reason why all established abuses are so hard to get rid of. It is not that the public morals are really debauched, so much as that the public conscience is asleep."



A CAR THAT REFLECTS SCIENTIFIC ACHIEVEMENT. NOT MERELY SOCIAL ACCEPTANCE.

So preoccupied are today's luxury car makers with maintaining a certain image, they seem to have overlooked the opportunity to do something much more worthwhile:

Namely, the opportunity to

improve
In
worki
and o
a tra
clear
trains

that image.

eed, examine the inner
s of their automobiles
can't help but discover
"missed chances"
vident in engines, drive
d, in some cases, even

in braking systems that have remained essentially unchanged for more than a decade.

Examine the inner workings of a BMW 528e, on the other hand, and you'll find the perfect counterpoint.

The car's patented Eta power plant—not duplicated or even closely imitated since its invention—is guided by an engine management system so advanced it actually calculates the altitude. Factors in weather changes. Measures the engine load. And then uses all this information to determine the optimum balance of performance and efficiency.*

The concept of its ABS braking system—now standard on all BMW's—has been adopted not just by BMW but by the United States Air Force to bring supersonic combat planes to a safe, nonskidding halt.

The 528e instrument panel enables its operator to make the road's most informed decisions. Advising a driver of everything from the potential of road icing. To range on remaining fuel. To the day when service is recommended.

The net result? The sort of automobile that has turned the heads of those a bit harder to impress than one's next-door neighbor. "Every time a BMW rolls up to our door," writes Car and Driver, "it brings along a postgraduate course in automotive science."

A course you can study for yourself with a test drive at your authorized BMW dealer. Where you'll also find comprehensive leasing and financing programs available through the BMW Credit Corporation (at participating dealers).



THE ULTIMATE DRIVING MACHINE.

*Fuel efficiency figures for comparison only. Your actual mileage may vary. Fuel economy not to be construed. European Delivery can be arranged through your authorized U.S. BMW dealer.

may, depending on speed, weather and trip length, actual highway mileage will most likely be lower than that shown on the label.

© 1985 BMW of North America, Inc. The BMW

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



REPORTS & COMMENT

NOTES

HMMM?

I DON'T KNOW THE demographics on this. Maybe it's only the young people I run into. But when I ask a young person today where she is from, she will reply, "New Hampshire?"

And when I ask her friend what he is studying in college, he will reply, "Business?"

The tone and expression suggest, quite courteously:

"New Hampshire. Have you heard of it?"

"Business. Is that a term familiar to you?"

Since I do not give the impression, I like to believe, of having just come into this country by stowing away in a cargo of jute, I doubt that these young people doubt that I have heard of New Hampshire or business.

And I don't think it's a plot to keep an oldster off-balance. I hear the young responding to each other in the same tone.

So what's the deal here?



A growing sense, among those whose antennae are fresh, that no one knows what the deal is here anymore? (In a world where, for instance, Russia has been suspected of attempts to buy up American banks, and American banks are on the verge of what is called "technical bankruptcy" because Mexican oil is becoming less exorbitant?)

A spreading loss of faith in any word's capacity to retain its meaning over the time it takes for that word to leave one person's lips and enter another's ears? (At a time when, for instance, our government overtly provides covert aid?)

An instinctive *tilt/overload/up-to-the-eyeballs* reaction against today's econopolitico-cultural soup (puree of market research, general denial, deceptive packaging, wish fulfillment, video-smarm, unenlightened self-interest, and deals *gratia* deals)—a soup that, if motives could be ascribed to soup, might be accused of pervading and absorbing our cherished assumptions so that it can appear to nourish precisely those assumptions while in fact foisting upon us (if soup could be said to foist) illusion, trash, and unsecured debt?

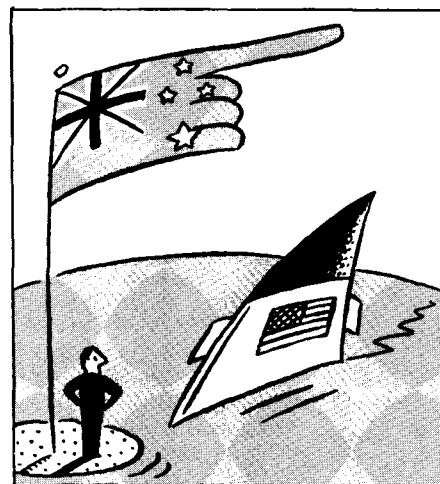
Or I'm becoming a crank?

In my college days, to be sure, young people went around saying, "I'm not believing you said that" and "That's unreal." And this was during the Kennedy era. A time, history tells us, of hope. Those catch phrases suggested that what *other* people were saying made no sense. This new catch inflection suggests that what the *speaker* is saying may make no sense.

I'm making something out of nothing? Everybody else isn't?

If you were to ask me whence springs this reflexive quizzicality among today's youth, here is what I would say: "A need to keep one foot out of the eighties?"

—Roy Blount, Jr.?



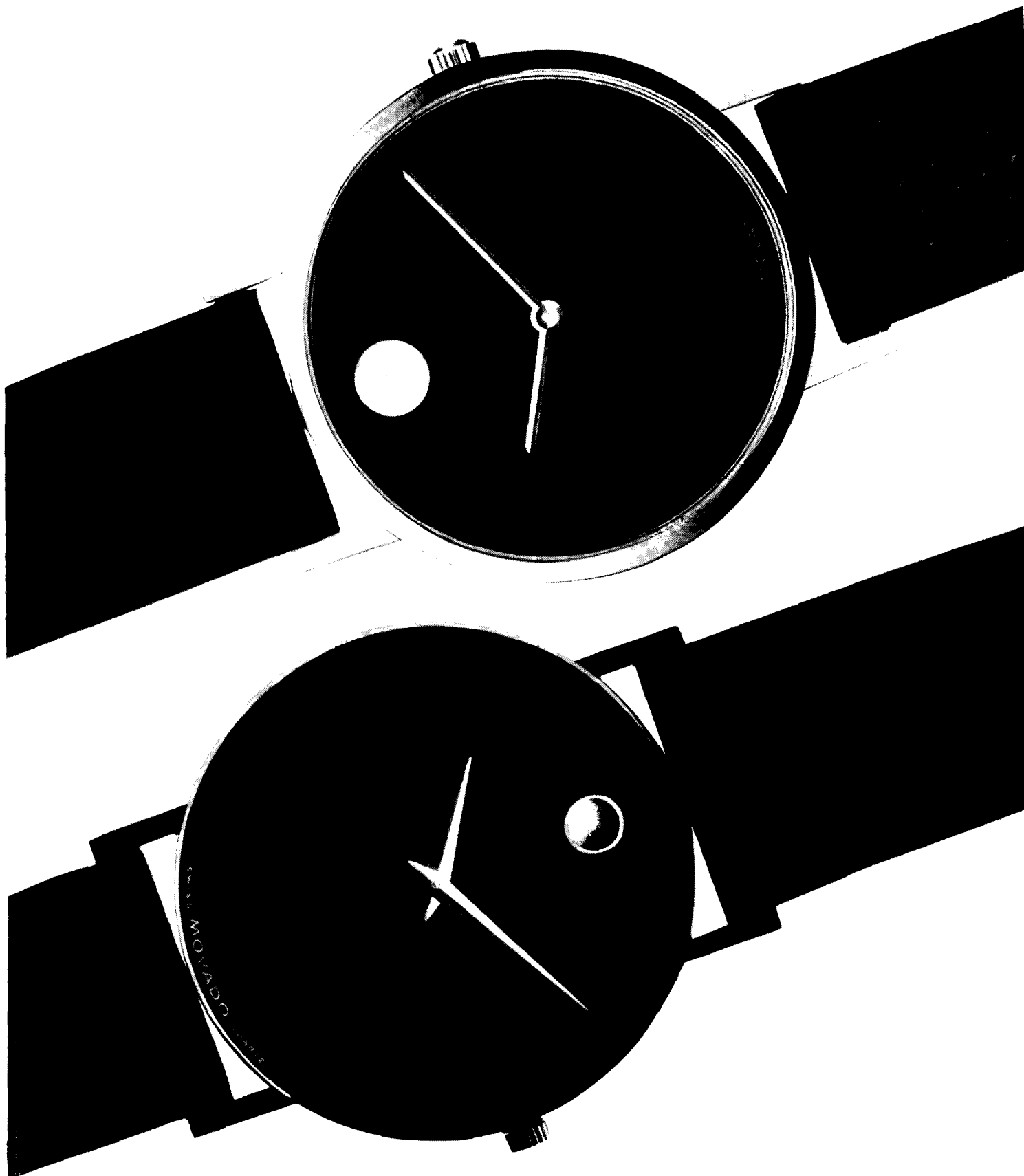
NEW ZEALAND

THE POLITICS OF IDENTITY

A pastoral country, threatened by "Americanization," seeks to find its own voice

WHEN THE New Zealand Labour Party assumed power in July of 1984, it immediately banned nuclear-capable and nuclear-powered ships from New Zealand ports—a policy implicitly aimed at the United States. Though some New Zealand conservatives expressed concern, recent opinion polls show that 74 percent of the population supported the ban on ships armed with nuclear weapons. And the government's popularity has risen dramatically, partly as a result of it.

Nothing even remotely like this sentiment exists in Australia, which has traditionally been New Zealand's closest ally. The Australian Labour Party has condemned New Zealand's policy. And Australia's experience in the Second



MOVADO®

The Museum® Watch.

The Movado Museum dial is a registered trademark of The Movado Watch Corporation.

For brochure send \$2 to Movado, Dept. AM, 650 Fifth Ave., N.Y., N.Y. 10019

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

World War makes it more security-conscious than its Tasman neighbor. Australia and New Zealand, moreover, have very different cultural histories and orientations, and it is here, in the realm of cultural nationalism, that we can find an explanation for their opposite responses to the American presence in the South Pacific.

One can see a crude version of Australian cultural nationalism in *Breaker Morant* and *Gallipoli*, two Australian films that have been immensely popular in their homeland. In each of these films we see Australian men fighting in the British army, suffering British snobbery, and dying as a result of British indifference. And in each of these films we watch a growing Australian resentment flowering into a genuine republican sentiment.

New Zealand also sent troops to fight in both the Boer War and the Gallipoli campaign, but New Zealand clings to Britain in a way that Australia never has done. In New Zealand the civil service, the universities, the professions, the book trade, parliament and the law, the churches, and the press are all modeled on their British counterparts. The sort of anti-British sentiment and rhetoric that powers *Breaker Morant* would have left New Zealand audiences muttering about "insults to the Queen." This continuing identification with British institutions, British habits of thought, and British emotional responses means that New Zealand cultural nationalism is very different from the Australian brand. New Zealand still seeks its own identity but, in its reluctance to break into open resentment against Britain, has displaced its oedipal fury onto Uncle Sam. So instead of a movie like *Breaker Morant*, New Zealand produces *Sleeping Dogs*.

Sleeping Dogs is based on *Smith's Dream*, a novel by C. K. Stead, a well-known New Zealand writer and a former chairman of the English Department at the University of Auckland, the most prestigious university in the country. Written in 1971 and filmed in 1978, *Sleeping Dogs* portrays New Zealand brought under the heel of a fascist government sustained by American military aid and U.S. advisers—in other words, New Zealand made into South Vietnam by its erstwhile American protectors. The way Stead sees it, this Vietnamization as Americanization process began in the 1940s, with the arrival of U.S. troops during the Second World War. There's a

passage in the novel that catches the entire complex: the wartime hatred of American GIs and the mixture of resentment and contempt with which New Zealanders have come to look upon everything American, and also their fear that they have allowed themselves to be seduced by those same American imports, that they have resisted everything but temptation, that they have been Americanized.

We had disliked them because they were foreign, because they had strange accents and chewed gum, because they flashed money about and lavished what it could buy on our women. . . . We had disliked them because they had left their used condoms about in our parks, stamped in blue ink, "U.S. Armed Forces. To be used for disease prevention only"—as if *our* girls, and not *their* soldiers, carried the diseases; and as if the children they left behind them were a part of their foreign aid programme and intended to improve our blood-stock.

C. K. Stead isn't the only New Zealand writer to be haunted by the specter of Americanization; Janet Frame's novel *Intensive Care*, published in 1970, also depicts a right-wing New Zealand government hunting down dissenting citizens with the aid of gum-chewing American troops. And like Stead, Frame uses the Vietnamization metaphor to describe the accelerating invasion of New Zealand by American culture. Michael Henderson's novel *The Log of a Superfluous Son*, published in 1975, also works this theme, finding on the island of Guam, that American-held fortress in the middle of the Pacific, a frightening preview of New Zealand's future. Whereas Australian cultural nationalism is directed against an earlier British presence and concerns itself with what Australians once were but are no more, New Zealand cultural nationalism is directed against a contemporary American presence and preoccupies itself with what New Zealanders might become.

I don't mean to suggest that Australian writers no longer wring their hands over the dangers of Americanization. Still, American culture has clearly lost much of its force in Australia; the codes and forms of both highbrow and middlebrow culture are increasingly indigenous. Since the early 1970s especially, the Australian arts have experienced a genuine renaissance. Australian drama, literature, music, painting, and film have all

flourished. Not only has American cultural influence in Australia begun to ebb; one could even argue that the tide has turned, that Australian cultural products are beginning to exert an influence on American culture.

NOTHING LIKE THIS cultural coming-of-age has occurred in New Zealand. Indeed, New Zealanders look on the emerging maturity of Australian culture with a mixture of envy and contempt. Australian culture may have acquired a new self-confidence, but in the process it has given up that British sense of reserve, that finer sense of modesty, which New Zealanders still regard as the distinguishing mark of civility. The New Zealand magazine *New Outlook* has described the essential difference between the two cultures in this way:

Of the British legacy, New Zealanders seem to have inherited nearly all the capacity for understatement—there is a bluster to Australian [national feeling] that New Zealanders have never had.

New Zealanders look on their Aussie siblings as increasingly loud, brash, and wealthy—in other words, as ever closer imitations of Yanks. As the New Zealand *Listener*, which is the most popular magazine in the country—sort of a *TV Guide*, *Time*, and *Life* rolled into one—has explained,

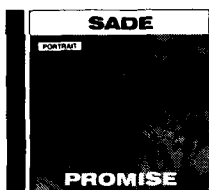
For years now Australia has been the adolescent of the Western world, rebelling against the Mum and Dad of Britain and the US, and like most adolescents has ended up adopting the values of its parents.

They even *sound* like Yanks, and the New Zealanders make jokes about it: "Why do Australians have accents? So that even the blind can hate them." Or, in another version, "So that New Zealanders can hate them in the dark."

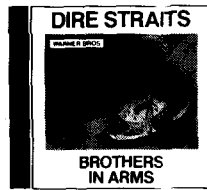
In contrast to the increasingly Australian character of Australian culture, New Zealand culture has been neatly bifurcated: highbrow institutions, values, and postures remain distinctly British, while popular culture falls under a growing American influence. Bishops, professors, mayors, headmasters, and governors-general may be Anglican, but radio, television, movies, and magazines are increasingly Yankee. Indeed, American culture seems to be tightening its hold over this little country every year. The New Zealand Broadcasting Corporation has raised the proportion of

ANNOUNCING THE CBS COMPACT DISC CLUB

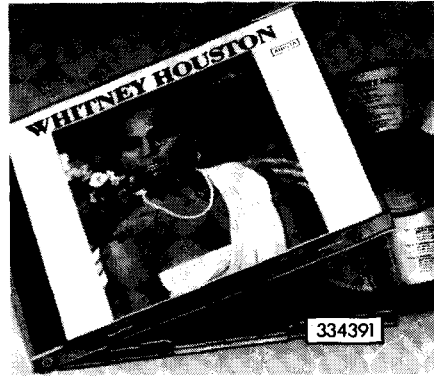
ANY 2 COMPACT DISCS FOR \$1.00 WITH MEMBERSHIP



340323

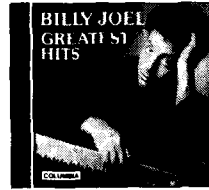


336222

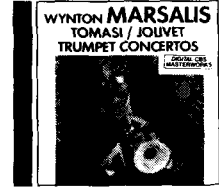


334391

CHOOSE STATE-OF-THE-ART SOUND
IN THE LATEST CD RELEASES.



336396-396390 (2 CDs)



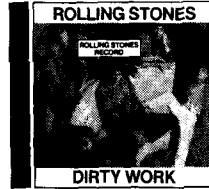
343327



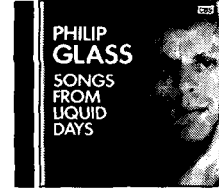
343822



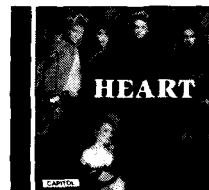
345785



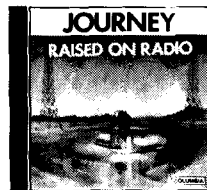
343293



343095



337519



344242



345892



341677



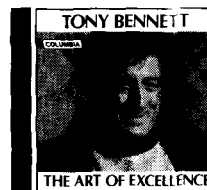
346270



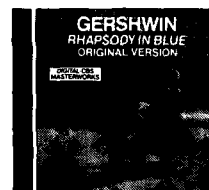
342097



344135



343947



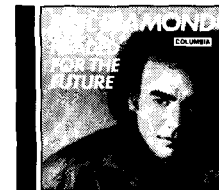
339226



263293



342147



344408

338616. Miami Vice—Music From The Television Series. G. Frey. #1 You Belong To The City; many more. (MCA)
339903. The Cars—Greatest Hits. *Tonight She Comes*; *Drive*; more. (Elektra)
341263. Enoch Light & The Light Brigade—Big Bands Of The Thirties. *Begin The Beguine*; more. (Project 3)
322008. Linda Ronstadt & The Nelson Riddle Orch.—*What's New*. (Asylum)

323261. Lionel Richie—*Can't Slow Down*. *All Night Long*; *Stuck On You*; *Hello*; etc. (Motown)
340182. Philip Glass—*Mishima*. Original music from the film. (Nonesuch)
335547. Berlioz: *Symphonie Fantastique*. Barenboim, Berlin Phil. (Digital—CBS Masterworks <s>)
331264. Bryan Adams—*Reckless*. #1 hit: *Heaven*. *Run To You*; etc. (A&M)

343160. Beethoven: *Symphony No. 9* (Choral). Bruno Walter, Columbia Sym. (CBS Masterworks)
318089. Michael Jackson—*Thriller*. *Billy Jean*; *The Girl Is Mine*; etc. (Epic)
273409. Beethoven: *Piano Sonatas*. Vladimir Horowitz plays: *Appassionata*; *Moonlight*; *Pathetique*. (Columbia)
320499. The Police—*Synchronicity*. Winner of three Grammy Awards! (A&M)

341073. Steely Dan—*A Decade of Steely Dan*. *Reeling In The Years*; *Hey Nineteen*; more. (MCA)
337279. Placido Domingo—*Save Your Nights For Me*. Love songs. (CBS)
288670-398677. Barry Manilow—*Greatest Hits*. *It's A Miracle*; *Mandy*; etc. (Counts as 2—Artist)
322024. Huey Lewis & The News—*Sports*. *Bad Is Bad*; *Heart & Soul*; etc. (Chrysalis)

336578-396572. Bach: *Flute Sonatas—Rampal*, flute; *Pinnock*, harpsichord, etc. (Counts as 2—Digital—CBS Masterworks)
314443. Neil Diamond's 12 *Greatest Hits*, Vol. 2. *You Don't Bring Me Flowers* (with Barbra Streisand); etc. (Columbia)
340760. Stevie Nicks—*Rock A Little*. *Top 10 Talk To Me*; *I Can't Wait*; *title cut*; etc. (Modern)

328740. Mozart: *Piano Concerto No. 26* (Coronation); *Rondos*. Murray Perahia and English Chamber Orchestra. (Digital—CBS Masterworks)
219477. Simon & Garfunkel's *Greatest Hits*. *El Condor Pasa*; *Bridge Over Troubled Waters*; etc. (Columbia)

The age of CD sound is here—and you have a practical new way to find the CDs you want. As your introduction to the CBS Compact Disc Club, you can choose any 2 CDs listed in this ad for just \$1.00. Fill in and mail the application—we'll send your CDs and bill you for \$1. You simply agree to buy 2 more CDs (at regular Club prices) in the next year—and you may then cancel your membership anytime after doing so.

How the Club works. About every four weeks (13 times a year) you'll receive the Club's music magazine, which describes the Selection of the Month for your musical interest... plus many exciting alternates.

If you wish to receive the Selection of the Month, you need do nothing—it will be shipped automatically. If you prefer an alternate selection, or none at all, fill in the response card always provided and mail it by the date specified. You will always

Selections with two numbers contain 2 CDs and count as 2—so write in both numbers.

CBS COMPACT DISC CLUB: Terre Haute, IN 47811

have at least 10 days in which to make your decision. If you ever receive any Selection without having 10 days to decide, you may return it at our expense.

The CDs you order during your membership will be billed at regular Club prices, which currently are \$14.98 to \$15.98—plus shipping and handling. (Multiple-unit sets may be somewhat higher.) After completing your enrollment agreement you may cancel membership at any time; if you decide to continue as a member, you'll be eligible for our money-saving bonus plan. It lets you buy one CD at half price for each CD you buy at regular Club prices.

10-Day Free Trial: We'll send details of the Club's operation with your introductory shipment. If you are not satisfied for any reason whatsoever, just return everything within 10 days and you will have no further obligation. So you not choose 2 CDs for \$1 right now.

CBS COMPACT DISC CLUB
P.O. Box 1129, Terre Haute, Indiana 47811-1129

Please accept my membership application under the terms outlined in this advertisement. Send me the 2 Compact Discs listed here and bill me only \$1.00 for both. I agree to buy two more selections at regular Club prices in the coming year—and may cancel my membership at any time after doing so.

Send me those 2 CDs

--	--

My main musical interest is (check one):
(But I may always choose from either category)
☐ ROCK/POP ☐ CLASSICAL

Mr. _____
Mrs. _____
Miss _____
Print First Name Initial Last Name

Address _____ Apt. _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

Do you have a VCR? (Check one.) ☐ Yes ☐ No 779/F86

Do you have a credit card? (Check one.) ☐ Yes ☐ No

This offer is not available in AFQ, FPO, Alaska, Hawaii, Puerto Rico; please write for details of alternative offer.

Note: All applications are subject to review. The CBS Compact Disc Club reserves the right to reject any application. 7VJ/NZ

American television programming above 40 percent, and New Zealand productions constitute less than 12 percent of prime-time programming.

The tenacity with which New Zealand highbrow and some middlebrow culture remain British makes New Zealand writers, filmmakers, and critics reluctant to attack British culture head-on, the way their Australian counterparts do. But the American penetration of New Zealand popular culture angers New Zealand intellectuals and reinforces their tendency to find in America a surrogate father against whom they can wage their struggle for cultural identity. This displacement of oedipal fury from England to America is further reinforced by New Zealanders' perception of their country as "England's farm." For a culture rooted in such pastoral mythology, the United States can only appear as a satanic influence, the progenitor of rootlessness and anomie, the source of cultural degradation and personal corruption; it threatens to devalue the precious, infect the healthy, corrupt the honest. Which is to say that the New Zealand debate over Americanization—if it can be called a debate—has been largely a reiteration of the nineteenth-century British debate over democracy and the leveling of cultural values, with New Zealand cultural nationalists, ironically, finding inspiration in classic conservatives like Matthew Arnold. Under the terms of that debate "Americanization" can only mean de-civilization. The best example of this point of view is Greg McGee's play *Foreskin's Lament*.

FORESKIN'S LAMENT, the most financially profitable and widely discussed New Zealand play to have appeared in the past twenty years, was performed first in Auckland in 1980 and subsequently in every major city in the country. The Court Theatre, in Christchurch, New Zealand's most successful theater company, put it on in 1981 and again in 1984—the company has performed only one other New Zealand play twice (Bruce Mason's *Blood of the Lamb*). *Foreskin* succeeded among the Court Theatre's traditional clientele of highbrow and middlebrow theatergoers and also among avant-garde intellectuals. Victoria University issued a paperback of the script in 1981, and it quickly became required reading in New Zealand literature and drama classes. Last year the larger professional and amateur

theater companies performed a revised version, a sort of *Foreskin II*, which naturally touched off another round of reviews and discussions in the academic journals and popular magazines. There's no disputing the power of this play, or of the response it evokes in New Zealand audiences.

The real source of *Foreskin's* continuing power, the reason it both fascinates and horrifies its audiences, is its suggestion that New Zealanders have abandoned their traditional identity for a new and far less attractive one. As one critic noted, "it documents the collapse of all our certainties under the pressure of foreign ideas."

At the center of *Foreskin's Lament* stands the figure of Tupper, a nostalgic war veteran and aging rugby coach. He is boorish, crude, hypocritical, unreflec-



tive, ignorant of women, afraid of sexuality, suspicious of emotion, and contemptuous of intellectuals. But he also embodies the traditional New Zealand ethos of work, conformity, community, and belief in the basic goodness of the people around him. If evil exists, it comes from outside the world he knows and believes in. And he is an affectionately drawn father figure, a roughhewn coach who calls his players "son" and loves the game of rugby. All in all a formidable figure, toward whom we feel both anger and affection.

The social ideal that Tupper embodies, the traditional New Zealand ethos, is the myth of belonging, that sense of comradeship that comes from the individual's willing submission to the conformity of team and town. As Tupper explains to one of his players, "This is a team game, son, and the town is the team. It's the town's honour at stake when the team plays, god knows

there's not much else around here." Such an ethic requires the suspension not only of one's individuality but also of one's critical faculties. Tupper's game is, fittingly, a lineman's game; the kind of player he values is "like [one of] those pit ponies, blind from lack of light." The rugby backs arouse his suspicions, because they're detached from the action of the ruck, they're less involved, they see too much. Tupper's social ideal is an ideal of self-willed ignorance, his community a community of the body rather than the mind. When *Foreskin* complains that his teammates can't agree "on anything important," Tupper says, "Important? Important my arse. The best mates I've ever had, we never got past the time of day. What's important? You just get on with it."

Foreskin, a university graduate and a product of the sixties, is a fullback. If the rugby backs arouse Tupper's suspicion because of their distance from the ruck, the fullbacks are still more suspect, because they are still more distant. *Foreskin's* position symbolizes the detachment and aloofness his educational diet of foreign books has given him.

He went away to college, where he was stuffed full of American novels, American movies, American pop culture, as he explains in what is probably the most widely quoted passage in contemporary New Zealand drama:

Tortilla-flatted in the university ghetto . . . coovered into submission . . . my violent reaction already slow motion peckinpahed . . . withdrawal to burroughs, garboed in solitude . . . kerouacked into speed, keseyed into acid, rubined into protest, cleavered, luthered, black-mailed into mystical honesty!

Foreskin's fare of American books and movies may have given him vision, but it has also left him isolated. Unwilling to leave his own country—"This is my earth," he says at one point; "I'm rooted in it, whatever my fine aspirations"—neither can he submit himself to the vacant conformity of its culture, to the lachronic mateship of the ruck. But if American culture has left *Foreskin* a solitary brooder and a divided man, condemned to a life of mental detachment and cultural melancholy, it has had a very different effect on the character of Clean, the team vice-captain and a policeman.

While *Foreskin* has spent the past several years reading American novels and watching American films, Clean has

been fighting alongside U.S. troops in South Vietnam. That very different American education taught him the Yankee ideal of self-advancement. In that ethic, as he explains it, "everything's there for the taking, not the asking. . . . You stick it to them, that's [the Yanks'] philosophy. Right up the arse. You stick it to them till they've got turds coming out their nostrils." If Foreskin represents one side of American individualism—its critical distance, its moral imagination, its social criticism—Clean personifies a Yankee world of greasy palms and personal corruption, a world of "rake-offs, kick-backs, under the table deals."

His is a *Miami Vice*-like world of ruthless ambition and brutal violence. "I won't be with the force forever," Clean exclaims at one point, "Not after I make a name for myself in rugby." New Zealand rugby is an amateur communal sport, but Clean is using the game as a means to advance his own career. "Oh, it's amateur all right," he admits. "But you'd be surprised. It's not the rugby that's commercial, it's the name. Once you've made the name, you can travel on it." In Clean's willingness to commercialize the game of rugby and sell his own personality we see the archetypal American perversion, the dark fruit of his Yankee education.

But not the darkest fruit. In order to achieve the public visibility Clean wants, he must become captain of the team. In his quest for the captaincy he breaks every rule of the New Zealand social ethic: he lies to his coach, he cheats on his mates, he attacks people by name, and, in a spiraling sink of ambition and deceit, he kicks his captain in the head and finally murders him. "This is not a tragedy of a few rugby-playing oafs," as one reviewer declared; it is "New Zealand's tragedy, the end of our innocence . . . the break-up of the old moral consensus that once bound us."

NEW ZEALANDERS feel themselves caught up in the classic provincial predicament: How can they escape their isolation without losing their identity? How can they open themselves to the cultural currents of the larger world without giving up their traditions, their values, their way of life?

Look at the first half of this predicament: New Zealanders are painfully aware of their nation's tiny size and the isolation. More than anything else, the

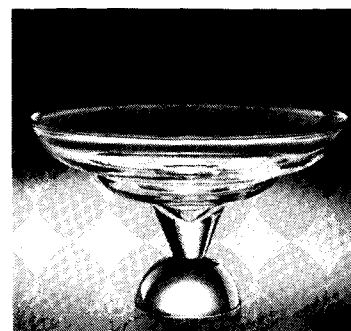
want to be noticed. When one of the country's better-known TV personalities returned from the United States last April, one newspaper praised her for having "done her utmost to make Americans aware of our presence." The dispute over port access has made Americans notice New Zealand, of course, but three other events have also brought worldwide recognition: the sinking of the *Rainbow Warrior* in Auckland Harbor; the termination of New Zealand's traditional sporting contacts in South Africa; and the highly favorable receptions accorded the Te Maori exhibition, which last year traveled to several museums in the United States (many New Zealanders regard this as the best publicity their country has ever had in America). It's hard for Americans to appreciate the importance of these four events, coming so close together in time; to ordinary New Zealanders they suggest that the long isolation may be over, that the rest of the world may be ready for what New Zealand has to contribute. Judy Lessing, Radio New Zealand's American correspondent, only expressed what every New Zealander felt when she reported,

Australia is no oddity in world news, and neither now is New Zealand. There are stirrings in the quiet pond.

I get the feeling that our time has come. We will not yet take over the newspapers . . . we will not win Oscars with our films; nor will we change the art world; nor alter American eating habits; but we will have influence on all those areas. In the recent past it was individual New Zealand achievers who made the news, now it is all of us together.

Last year the *Listener* sent a correspondent on a round-the-world jaunt to gauge reaction to the port ban and to the new anti-apartheid measures. The resulting article, which led a special year-end issue, was titled "1985, The Year New Zealand Made It Big," and reported that New Zealand had appeared in the headlines of newspapers "from Australia to Africa, from Britain to North America." For a country that has felt ignored for as long as New Zealand has, this new visibility is immensely gratifying. The *Listener*, with obvious satisfaction and even outright pride, reported that the Prime Minister was recognized when he walked down the streets of San Francisco.

Almost as important as this new visibility is a sense of national indepen-



AN AMERICAN TREASURE

THE 1986 STEBUEN CATALOGUE

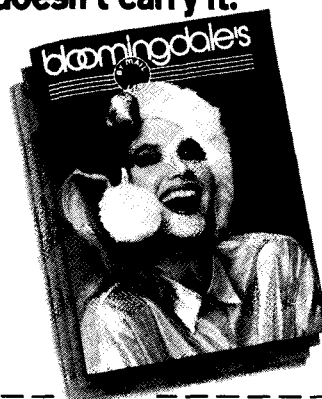
The new Steuben Glass catalogue presents 20 new designs amidst 144 pages of brilliant gift ideas. Priced from \$125. Enclose \$5.00 cash or check with this coupon. Catalogues mailed beginning mid-October.

STEBUEN GLASS

Fifth Avenue at 56th Street, New York, NY 10022

Name _____
Address _____
City _____
State _____ Zip _____ A

**A Christmas catalogue
so exclusive even
Bloomingdale's
doesn't carry it.**



Just mail this coupon with \$4 to receive three Bloomingdale's By Mail holiday catalogues—featuring our 112-page 1986 Christmas edition. Plus, you'll get a \$4 gift certificate and other fashion and furnishings catalogues as our holiday gift to you!

Mail to: Bloomingdale's By Mail Ltd.,
Dept. 503, P.O. Box 4160,
Huntington Station, N.Y. 11746

Name _____ 503
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____
Please allow 4-6 weeks for shipment.

© 1986 Bloomingdale's By Mail Ltd.

dence and cultural maturity that New Zealanders have acquired as a result of their new foreign policy. The port ban may fail, the *Listener* warned, "but at least we will have abandoned the defeatist belief that because we are too small to control events we can therefore do nothing at all. We have taken one step—and it feels good."

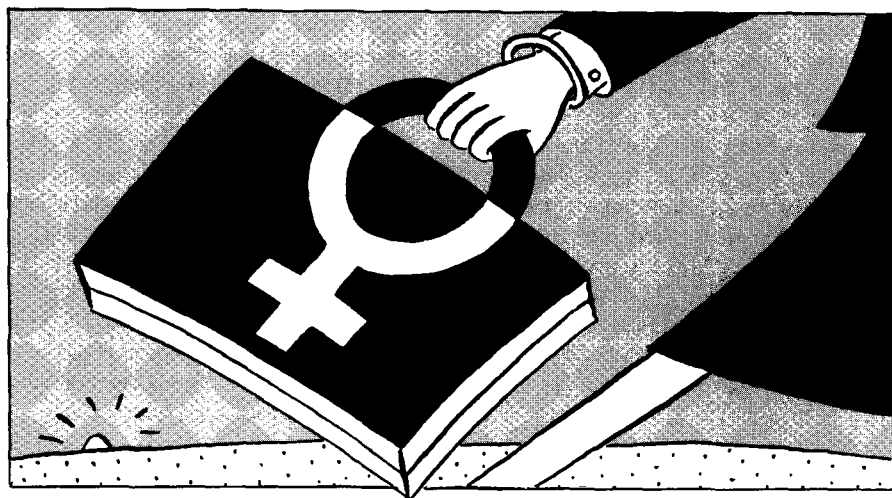
Not only is the port ban breaking down the profound solitude of New Zealand but also it addresses the second half of the provincial predicament: it projects New Zealand into the larger world while simultaneously protecting and even reinforcing its traditional identity, because the port ban has induced New Zealanders to think of their country as a moral leader in international affairs. This assumption of agrarian purity in a nuclear world is a vivifying part of New Zealand's traditional pastoral mythology and has been a staple of its foreign policy since the end of the Second World War. In the mid-1950s, for example, New Zealand got together with several African states to sponsor a resolution in the UN General Assembly promoting a comprehensive test-ban treaty and condemning French atmospheric testing in the African Sahara. And when Norman Kirk became Prime Minister, in 1972, he committed New Zealand to what he called "a moral and independent foreign policy," which included proposals for small-state participation in disarmament negotiations, a special UN conference to draft a comprehensive test-ban treaty, and a nuclear-weapon-free zone in the South Pacific. The bans that the government of Prime Minister David Lange imposed on nuclear-armed and nuclear-powered ships and on sporting contacts with South Africa grew directly out of this tradition.

When the national rugby team's tour of South Africa was scrubbed last year, the *Listener* proudly announced that the cancellation had dealt "a staggering blow" to white South Africa. Chris Laidlaw, Lange's foreign-affairs adviser, recently suggested that New Zealand might take up the role of "advocate" for the smaller nations around the world. This idea has caused a great deal of interest and discussion in New Zealand. The op-ed page of the *Christchurch Press*, New Zealand's most distinguished daily, recently carried a long series of articles and letters elaborating on Laidlaw's proposal. One writer explained that New Zealand now "has the opportunity to give the world an urgently await-

ed lead in how to conduct sane international relationships based on common humanity rather than threats of mutual annihilation." Another suggested that since "New Zealand has gained some fame and approval overseas through its anti-nuclear-weapons policy, let us enlarge on this and become an independent peace-making nation—an international peace negotiator." Even David Beatson, editor of the *Listener* and usually a very cautious man, has argued that New Zealand is the logical candidate for such a role because, unlike other nations, its foreign policy is "motivated

more by a sense of democratic morality than the ebb and flow of power." There is a certain irony in all this—such lofty pronouncements emanating from an island nation that has no power, little contact with the outside world, and a population the size of Philadelphia's. But it is just here, in the joining of their desire for acknowledgment with their pastoral identity, in the interlacing of their need for recognition with their belief in their own pristine excellence, that we find the secret of anti-nuclear politics in New Zealand.

—David Harlan



JOBS

WOMEN IN THE WORK FORCE

Most married women work, but only 29 percent of them hold full-time jobs—a fact that may have more to do with choice than with discrimination

DRASTIC SHIFTS in sex roles seem to be sweeping through America. From 1890 to 1985 the participation in the work force of women between the ages of twenty-five and forty-four soared from 15 to 71 percent, with the pace of change tripling after 1950. At the end of the Second World War only 10 percent of married women with children under the age of six held jobs or were seeking them. Since then mothers of preschool children have thronged the job market: by 1985 the census had classified more than half of these young mothers as participants in the work force.

Women seem to be crowding into sectors of the work force traditionally occu-

pied by men. From 1972 to 1985 women's share of professional jobs increased from 44 to 49 percent and their share of "management" jobs nearly doubled—growing from 20 to 36 percent. The sociologist Andrew Hacker reported in *The New York Times Magazine* in 1984 that from 1960 to 1983 the percentage of lawyers who are women had risen from 2 to 15 and the percentage of jobs in banking and financial management held by women had risen from 9 to 39.

According to Hacker, a similar shift had occurred in blue-collar work. He cited as examples the fact that from 1970 to 1984 the number of female butchers in packinghouses had risen by more than a third and that by 1984 nearly 80 percent of new bartending jobs were going to women. Moreover, Hacker pointed out, the number of male flight attendants rose by 10,000 during the 1970s. In a poll conducted in 1983 by *The New York Times* 21 percent of married men declared that they would prefer to stay home and care for the children if they could.

The future apparently promises yet more blurring of traditional sex roles in the work force. Half of all 1985 college

Announcing an "apprenticeship program" for aspiring millionaires

"You can become a millionaire." When 9 out of 10 people read that statement, their minds clamp shut like a steel trap. They refuse to believe it...they'll never take the steps needed to turn a \$1,000,000 goal into a reality.

But we're looking for that one person in ten open-minded enough to say, "Show me."

If you're that one person, what we have to show you could change your life, not by magic but by *knowledge*. And we will send you the first 2 parts of the program *free and without risk or obligation to continue*, to prove its worth.

The program designed to put you on a systematic path to wealth is called *Successful Investing & Money Management (SIMM)*. It is based on one simple premise: **you can learn how to get rich.**

Now you don't have to risk everything you've ever worked for to learn how to acquire wealth. Now you don't have to take the "trial and error" approach to investing—making expensive mistakes, learning from them, and eventually discovering how to survive and prosper in the financial jungle. Now, for the first time, you have the opportunity to participate in the unique "apprenticeship program" for aspiring millionaires.

Through the *SIMM* program, you can learn the actual techniques of self-made millionaires and leading financial experts...men like Dr. Morton Shulman, multimillionaire investor and author of one of the best-selling investment books of all time, "Anyone Can Make A Million," and Andrew Sarlos, who started with \$500 and built a multimillion dollar investment group.

You can learn how to get rich, from people who've actually done it. Not overnight, but through steady, systematic multiplication of your wealth through the techniques taught to you in *SIMM*.

And you will be able to take advantage of all this valuable knowledge because in Lesson 1 you will discover that you probably do have money you can afford

to invest. *SIMM* will show you how to find as much as an extra \$2,500 a year to invest, without changing your standard of living.

Proof that you can make a million

Once you've found your \$2,500 to invest, think of this...by investing just \$119 a month at 13% interest, anyone 30 years of age can retire with over a million dollars.

Over 30? Then, consider this.

If you can invest more than \$119 a month...and if you can get a better return than 13% (opportunities for gains of up to 25% are possible)...and if you learn how to make some of your investment dollars have the "leverage" of \$5 or \$10 (which we'll also teach you)...you can see immediately that you have the potential to join the exclusive "millionaire's club" well before your retirement years

How to live richer now

So, you can see that it really is possible to amass a million dollars by the time you retire. *SIMM* will enable you to act now to increase your wealth,

without lowering your standard of living, out of the money you have today.

Just as important, *SIMM* will train you to respond to the ever-changing economic climate. You will know how and when to act as the financial picture changes. You will become equipped to make your own decisions—to be really in control of your financial destiny.

By successfully applying the techniques you'll learn, you can reasonably expect to be on the road to financial security in five years. Ten years from now, you may no longer have to work for a living, for your income from your investment portfolio may well have surpassed the income you earn from your job.

Accept your first 2 lessons free

To help you get started on the road to wealth and financial independence, we'll send you Lessons 1 and 2 of the *SIMM* program free and without risk or obligation to continue. They are yours to keep—no questions asked.

In your 2 free lessons you'll see how to take inventory of your assets, liabilities and financial

goals. This will give you the clearest picture you've ever had of where you stand, where you want to go and how to get there. **For the first time, you'll have an actual blueprint for getting rich.**

You'll be given a comprehensive overview of the various investments open to you, so it will be easy to see which ones suit you best, and which ones you've been overlooking. And you'll discover some excellent ideas on how to improve your returns on many of these investments. All this, and much more, in just your first 2 *free* lessons.

Make the most out of the 1,700 hours you work each year

One final point. This year and every year of your working life, you'll probably put in over 1,700 hours of hard work. As your reward, you'll earn a good salary which will probably translate into a lifetime income of well over a million dollars. **Doesn't it make sense to explore how these 2 free lessons can help you protect everything you're working for?**

Assurance of Integrity

We are an independent educational service offering a unique course and successful method for acquiring wealth. We are not a brokerage or insurance company, nor do we make any financial offerings to the public. Our objective is to enable those enrolled in the program to achieve security and financial independence with just those investments most suitable to their particular circumstances.

Tax Deductible

All payments are tax deductible if the program is used to make investment or business decisions.

Hume Advisory Board

ARCHIE R. BOE
Past President of Sears Roebuck & Co.
DR. MORTON SHULMAN

Self-made investment millionaire and best-selling author
ANDREW SARLOS

Investment adviser to some of the wealthiest families in North America.
FRED McCUTCHEON
Past Chairman of the Toronto Stock Exchange.

J. TREVOR EYTON
A director and officer of many prominent public corporations.

No-Risk Trial Enrollment Form

To: Hume Financial Education Services,
835 Franklin Court, Box 105627, Atlanta, Georgia 30348

YES I accept your invitation to evaluate *Successful Investing & Money Management* and enclose my \$5 Registration Fee. Please send me the first 2 lessons FREE of charge. Later, you will send Lessons 3 & 4. I'll have 15 days to look these over and then decide. If I do not wish to continue, I'll simply return Lessons 3 & 4, and pay nothing, owe nothing. And you will promptly refund my \$5 Registration Fee.

If I wish to continue with the course, you will send me the remaining lessons at the rate of 2 lessons approximately every 3 weeks. You will bill me only \$10 (plus a small charge for shipping and handling) for each of the 27 lessons.

In any case, the first 2 lessons will be mine to keep free of charge. *No salesperson will ever call on me.*

Mr., Miss, Mrs., Ms. (Please print) 109397

Address Apt. No.

City State Zip

☐ \$5 Registration Fee enclosed (pay to Hume Financial Education Services)

Or, use my ☐ VISA ☐ MasterCard ☐ American Express ☐ Diners Club ☐

Account Number Expiration Date

Signature (For credit card users only) 814N

CA and GA residents: State sales tax will be charged as applicable



Hume Financial
Education Services
835 Franklin Court
Box 105627
Atlanta, Georgia 30348

graduates were women, and women are earning a steadily rising share of all advanced degrees, including close to one third of all degrees in law, business, accounting, and computer and information sciences.

Every year seems to bring new evidence of radical change in the masculine and feminine roles around which most Americans have oriented their lives and expectations. Yet this "revolution"—for all its numerical weight and anecdotal pervasiveness—is largely a statistical illusion.

MANY OF THE statistics that have been cited in the stories of sexual revolution are reflections instead of the Industrial Revolution. The entrance of women into the work force has accompanied, at a slower pace, their departure from farms. As recently as eighty years ago 36 percent of American families were engaged in agriculture; today fewer than three percent are. This shift is truly a revolution, and it has transformed the official labor statistics for women. Although these statistics show women entering the work force in record numbers, the fact is that women have always worked. Their labor on farms, however—in an array of arduous jobs beyond the hearth and crib—was never monitored by statisticians.

Some 80 percent of single (that is, never married) women between the ages of twenty-five and forty-four now work for pay, and this percentage has not changed significantly since 1950. (The rest presumably include welfare recipients and women of independent means.) Although work-force participation by married women in this age group has increased dramatically—from 26 percent in 1950 to some 67 percent in the mid-1980s—the vast majority of married women, like their grandmothers on the farm, seek part-time or seasonal work convenient to their homes.

As of 1984—the most recent year for which detailed figures are available—only 37 percent of all women between the ages of twenty and sixty-four and 41 percent of all women between the ages of twenty-five and forty-four held full-time year-round jobs (including teaching jobs). Also as of 1984 only 29 percent of married women held full-time year-round jobs. That same year married women contributed an average of only 18.6 percent of the total incomes of their families. From 1960 to 1980 the incomes of working wives actually fell in relation

to the incomes of working husbands: from 40 percent to 38 percent.

Statistics such as these are generally interpreted as evidence of tenacious discrimination against women. Such discrimination unquestionably exists, but one can argue that it is only a small part of what the statistics reflect.

It is possible that the data also reflect choices that women themselves are making. A study conducted in the mid-1970s by the Institute for Research on Poverty at the University of Wisconsin, with the assistance of the U.S. Department of Health, Education, and Welfare, lends support to the hypothesis that the job priorities of married women are not the same as those of married men. The study uncovered a sharp difference between wives and husbands in the extent to which they exploit what the researchers termed their "earnings capacity," or potential, as defined by a complex formula that includes such variables as age, location, education, experience, training, and physical health. For women the researchers considered one other variable: discrimination. Because the researchers allowed for discrimination in their calculation of the extent to which women exploit their earnings capacity, discrimination alone cannot explain the differences they found.

The study showed that single men and single women are about equally successful in the extent to which they exploit their earnings capacity (68 percent for single men, 64 percent for single women). However, whereas married men of working age exploit 87 percent of their earnings capacity, married women exploit only 33 percent. Thus, according to the study, married men are more than twice as successful in realizing their financial potential as married women are.

More significant still is the difference that the institute found between the most highly educated married women and men. The women with the best credentials and qualifications—the top 10 percent in earnings capacity—exploited only one quarter as much of their financial potential as did similarly qualified men. In direct contrast with the pattern exhibited by married men, the more earnings capacity commanded by married women the less they used it—that is, the less likely they were to work full-time all year at a demanding and highly remunerative job. The inadequacies of day care cannot account for this discrepancy; these women presumably have a

potential income high enough to cover an array of options in child care.

The institute based its study on data from the early 1970s, but more recent data are compatible with its findings. The gap in earnings between married men and women still widens dramatically as age and schooling increase. As of 1983 married women with a graduate education earned 11 percent less than married men with a high school education. However, single women who work full-time year-round have long earned about as much as their single male peers. Therefore, the pattern of low earnings by highly qualified wives seems a reflection more of personal choice than of discrimination against women.

A LOUIS HARRIS poll conducted in 1980 revealed basic differences between the sexes in attitudes toward work. Unlike the working men surveyed, who overwhelmingly preferred full-time jobs, working women expressed a preference for part-time over full-time work by a 41 to 17 percent margin. The women with the highest earnings capacity—managerial, professional, and executive women—preferred part-time work by a 51 to 19 percent margin.

Large numbers of women are using entrepreneurial activity to satisfy their apparent preference for work in the home. From knitting mittens to selling real estate and writing software packages for personal computers, more and more women are working for themselves, launching small businesses in their homes. From 1972 to 1982 the percentage of self-employed workers in nonagricultural industries who are women rose from 26 to 32. For the past two years women have actually formed sole proprietorships at a faster rate than men.

The more education and the better credentials women have, the more freedom they have to choose the extent to which they will work outside their homes. Female physicians, for example, see 38 percent fewer patients per hour and work fewer hours than male physicians; female professors write fewer books and research papers than male professors.

A study in 1979 by the Brookings Institution showed that women in their prime earning years were eleven times more likely to leave the work force voluntarily—if often temporarily—than men were. Current data from the Bureau of Labor Statistics indicate that women work only 70 percent as long for

Industry in the Info Era

Enter the information age. Information is the raw material for many of the business activities shaping this new era, just as iron and steel were the basic commodities in the dawning of the industrial age.

The world's knowledge is said to be doubling every eight years. This knowledge explosion is stimulating economic progress. The need to collect, analyze, and communicate great quantities of information is spawning new products and services, creating jobs, and widening career opportunities.

The information age is generally considered to be a phenomenon of the service sector of the economy, rather than a product of heavy industry. Certainly, burgeoning information technologies are creating new capabilities in knowledge-based service spheres. But changes just as dramatic are transforming industry, giving people the opportunity to do challenging work in exciting new ways.

Manufacturing is a full participant in the information age. From design to production, the manufacturing process has long been information-intensive. It always has required exacting communication to describe what goes into products and how to make them. Now, computer technology is giving factory

managers new capability to gather all of this information and use it to control production.

Telecommunications is producing error-free communication between the design office and the factory. Computer-aided design is enabling engineers to evaluate product performance and manufacturing processes on video displays, before resources are committed to build and test prototypes. Techniques like these are bringing about new advances in manufacturing productivity.

Just as coal fueled the transformation to an industrial society, so microelectronics is powering the rise of the information age. Microelectronic information-management tools are strengthening U.S. industrial capability, which remains vital to America's economic well-being and national security.

More and more manufacturing companies are recognizing that the wise use of information can give them a competitive edge. As companies emphasize effective information management, talented people will continue to find ways to make factories and mills sing with increased productivity.

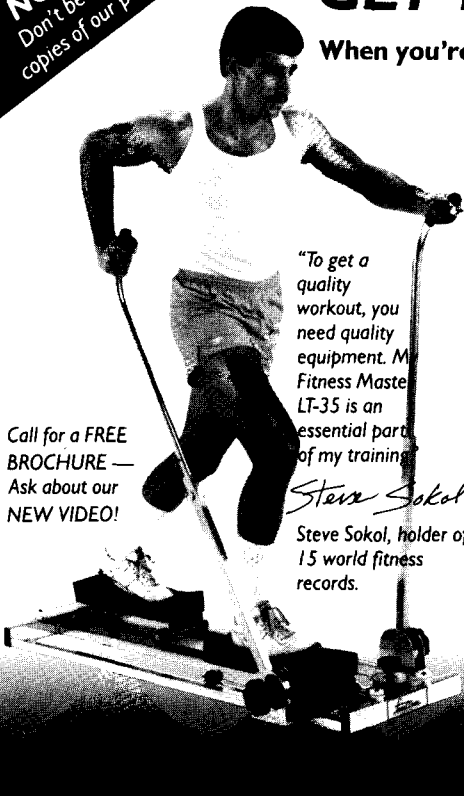
In manufacturing as well as in services, information technology is a tool to turn human creativity into productivity.



**ACCEPT
NO IMITATIONS!**
Don't be misled by low-quality
copies of our patented equipment!

TO BE YOUR BEST... GET THE BEST!

When you're looking for exercise equipment...



Call for a FREE
BROCHURE —
Ask about our
NEW VIDEO!

"To get a
quality
workout, you
need quality
equipment. My
Fitness Master
LT-35 is an
essential part
of my training."

Steve Sokol
Steve Sokol, holder of
15 world fitness
records.

Look for the QUALITY...

- quiet smooth performance
- full range of height and resistance settings
- finest materials: chrome-plated steel frame, cushioned footpads
- engineered for vigorous long-term use

Look for the SERVICE...

- prompt shipment to your home or office
- no assembly required
- thirty-day home trial, two year warranty
- toll free assistance with your exercise questions

Look for the NAME...

fitness master

TOLL FREE 1-800-328-8995

TO ENJOY SIGNIFICANT SAVINGS ON THIS HIGH-PERFORMANCE IMPORT, EXPORT YOURSELF.



Let BMW underwrite your next trip to Europe.

You'll save up to 12% by acquiring your BMW in Europe. Which may pay for the entire trip itself.

And you'll be taking in Europe's scenery while you're traveling in accommodations immeasurably more pleasurable, yet vastly less expensive than the average rent-a-car.

And since your local BMW dealer will take care of virtually all the paperwork, your mind doesn't have to labor while all the

rest of you is on vacation.

For information, call 1-(800) 634-1000 (weekdays, from 9 a.m. to 9 p.m. EST), for the names of your nearest BMW dealers. Or send this coupon to BMW Information Center, E.D. Dept., 114 Mayfield Avenue, Edison, New Jersey 08837.

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____
STATE _____ ZIP _____
THE ULTIMATE DRIVING MACHINE.



©1985 BMW of North America, Inc. The BMW trademark and logo are registered.

a given employer as men do. According to a study of census data done for the Civil Rights Commission by Solomon Polachek in 1984, the differences in the number of years of continuous service in the work force—and resulting differences in training and experience—explain "close to 100 percent of the wage gap" between men and women in the job market.

Although polls show an increasing desire for jobs on the part of women, in a 1985 Roper survey only 10 percent of women declared that a husband should turn down a very good job in another city "so the wife can continue her job." This percentage has not increased since 1980 and offers a reason, beyond maternity, why women leave their jobs so often: they still rate their own employment as less important than their husband's.

The most recent data on occupational trends, released by the Bureau of Labor Statistics for 1985, show little sign that sex roles in the work force are disappearing. The percentage of women in such blue-collar jobs as plumbing, electrical work, and carpentry has scarcely changed. Federal contractors and private firms, including Sears, Roebuck and Co., that have attempted to hire women for jobs traditionally held by men have consistently failed to meet their own goals, for lack of applicants.

Regardless of the evidence of polls and of labor-force-participation rates that include part-time workers, women do not seem to be behaving like men in the labor market. While the government is pressuring private firms to employ and promote more women, the government itself fails to show employment patterns much different from those in the private sector. Even in November of 1980—the final year of a Democratic Administration that made equal rights for women a prime goal—only seven percent of the employees in the top five GS ratings were women, while more than three quarters in the bottom grades were.

In fact, the pattern of employment in the federal government would suffice to justify an anti-discrimination suit if the government were a private institution. Yet the government may not be discriminating against women, and private companies may not be either. Let us at least consider the possibility that many women, deliberately rejecting the values of male careerists, are discriminating against the job "rat race" and in favor of their families.

—George Gilder



It's 3 a.m. wherever you are,
and you're wide awake...
tossing, turning, counting sheep.

You think you've tried everything?
Not quite.

Let us give you a telephone number:

1-800-356-4444

Dial that number, and before you know it, Betty, Jeanne or Judy (or someone just as friendly) will answer. And let you know that you're in touch with us at Lands' End. The Direct Merchants in Dodgeville, Wisconsin, who are out to revolutionize the shopping experience, and who spend 24 hours a day doing it.

The three ladies we mention are on what we call our "third shift". And they're on it because they want to be. For one reason or another, they like the hours. So when they sound warm and friendly, and like they have all the time in the world to talk to you, you can believe they mean it. Because they do. Any time you call.

**You can order or not,
as you like.**

Obviously, at Lands' End we're ready to take an order from you at any hour. For anything you might have in mind, from sleepwear (appropriate!) to shoes, from soft luggage to sportswear.

Yet maybe this particular night, you just want to talk. It happens, and we don't really mind.

The main thing we want you to remember is that we're here for you. At the phones. In the warehouse. 24 hours a day. And we're here in person in a day and age when so much retail selling seems to be done at arm's length from human contact, in stores and shops in crowded malls where even parking your car is an impersonal act—unless you're involved in a fender-bender.

**So why not keep
our catalog handy?**

Many of our veteran customers keep a copy of a current Lands' End catalog on their night table, along with their other bedtime reading. After all, we publish our catalogs with magazine frequency, and with a lot of surprisingly good reading.



In a way, you could say that our catalogs are among our finest products, and while you can subscribe to them, they simply aren't for sale. Unlike many competitors, we offer them FREE. You can get one simply by asking for it when you call us toll-free. Or by sending in the coupon at the bottom of this page.

Don't delay. You never know when you'll have your next sleepless night. Or wake up to a new way to shop.

Please send free catalog.

Lands' End Dept. V-69
Dodgeville, WI 53595



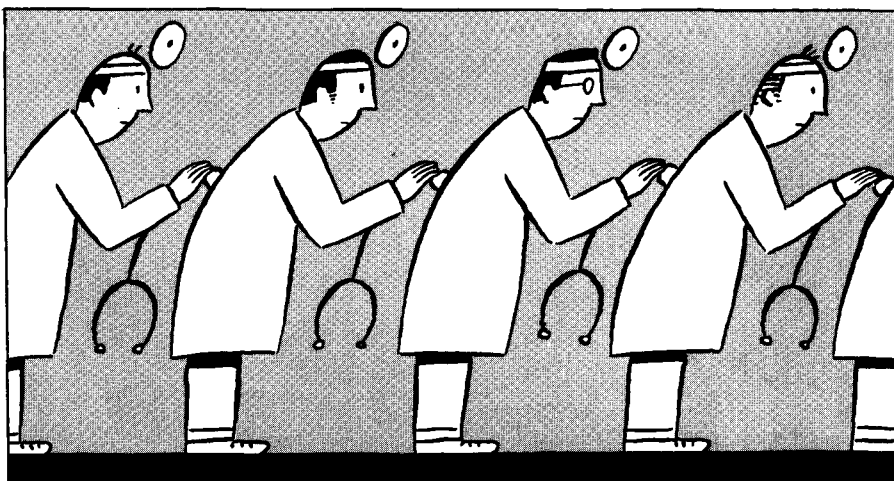
Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

Or call Toll-free:
800-356-4444



THE LAW

TRUST VERSUS ANTITRUST

No one wants bad doctors, but procedures for barring them from practice may run afoul of federal law

THE AMERICAN PUBLIC has told American doctors forcefully in recent years that it wants the medical profession to prevent incompetents from practicing medicine. But much of the public is unaware of an intimidating problem that a doctor may face in trying to intervene when a colleague's performance is not up to standard: he may be sued for violation of the Sherman Antitrust Act—for conspiracy in restraint of trade or for attempt to monopolize.

Doctors are competitors. They also must determine who among them will be allowed to ply his trade. When a group of physicians reviews a colleague's medical record—an undertaking known as peer review—it has the authority to recommend suspending his hospital privileges (if the peer-review committee has been empaneled by a hospital) or even his license to practice (if the committee is a state board of medical examiners). Antitrust law does not look kindly on such collaboration in any other business, and the Sherman Act is therefore settling awkwardly on doctors who engage in peer review. A case now before the Ninth Circuit Court of Appeals in San Francisco, *Patrick v. Burget et al.*, has prompted hundreds of phone calls to the American Medical Association and the Federal Trade Commission from doctors and state medical boards worried about

what liability they might incur if they conduct honest, and tough, reviews of their fellow doctors. The American Medical Association, the Oregon Medical Association, and the Joint Commission on Accreditation of Hospitals have together filed an *amicus curiae* brief in behalf of the defendants in the case.

Patrick v. Burget resulted in 1984 in a \$2.2 million antitrust judgment against eleven physicians who had been sued for conspiracy to monopolize the market in medical care in the town of Astoria, Oregon. *Patrick* has already had a chilling effect on peer review in the Pacific Northwest. Many physicians are now afraid to sign their names even to the stringent evaluations that constitute routine peer review in all hospitals; these regular critiques, aimed at promoting quality, often form the starting point for a disciplinary review that can result in suspension of hospital privileges. At some hospitals doctors are conducting reviews but not maintaining written records. Other doctors, though continuing to attend peer-review meetings, are simply keeping their mouths shut. "If this is the system we're left with, then we have some serious problems, bigger than this case," James Kronenberg, the associate executive director of the Oregon Medical Association, told me recently. "We're doing stop-gap things, but they're not acceptable in the long run."

A case like *Patrick* reflects a transformation in American medicine. There is far more competition in the health-care business now than there was only a decade ago, and antitrust law has to a considerable extent shaped that competition. It has done so owing largely to the U.S. Supreme Court's 1975 decision in *Goldfarb v. Virginia Bar*, which declared that lawyers, doctors, and other professionals were not to be considered im-

mune from the antitrust laws regulating competitive industry.

Since then antitrust law has exerted great influence on health-care services. Doctors are now allowed to advertise. Chiropractors, still regarded with some suspicion by other health-care providers, are suing for access to hospitals. Insurance groups are asking doctors for discounts and forcing them to offer competitive prices. The medical profession, once governed chiefly by medical ethics and peer review, is now governed increasingly by business ethics and the courts.

Hundreds of antitrust lawsuits are being brought each year involving some aspect of the medical profession. The largest number of health-care antitrust cases now in litigation concern the allocation or denial of hospital staff privileges and physician licenses.

Patrick is of special interest not only because its particulars illustrate how untidy antitrust issues can be but also because the case is one of only a handful of medical-staff-privilege antitrust cases to have reached the federal circuit-court level. A decision by the Ninth Circuit Court is expected shortly. Whichever way the court rules, an appeal to the U.S. Supreme Court is likely.

ASTORIA, OREGON, is a logging and fishing town, with a population of 10,000, situated at the mouth of the Columbia River. The Astoria Clinic, which figures at the heart of *Patrick v. Burget*, has served for more than fifty years as the predominant private practice in the community, providing multi-specialty care for at least three quarters of the local population. At the time when the lawsuit was filed, in 1981, there were thirteen doctors on the clinic's staff, twelve of them partners in the clinic. Although other doctors practiced in Astoria, most of them, including all but seven of those on the staff at the local Columbia Memorial Hospital, were somehow affiliated with the clinic. This is not an unusual situation for doctors in small-town America; half of America's community hospitals are located outside metropolitan areas, and many, perhaps most, face no real competition.

Under federal law, monopolies are not, per se, illegal. Attempting to maintain a monopoly, or to acquire one, is almost always illegal, under Section 2 of the Sherman Act. Therefore the motives of a monopoly group are critical in determining liability in any Section 2 antitrust

WHY WE SPONSOR A SHOW THAT DOESN'T TREAT US LIKE A SPONSOR.

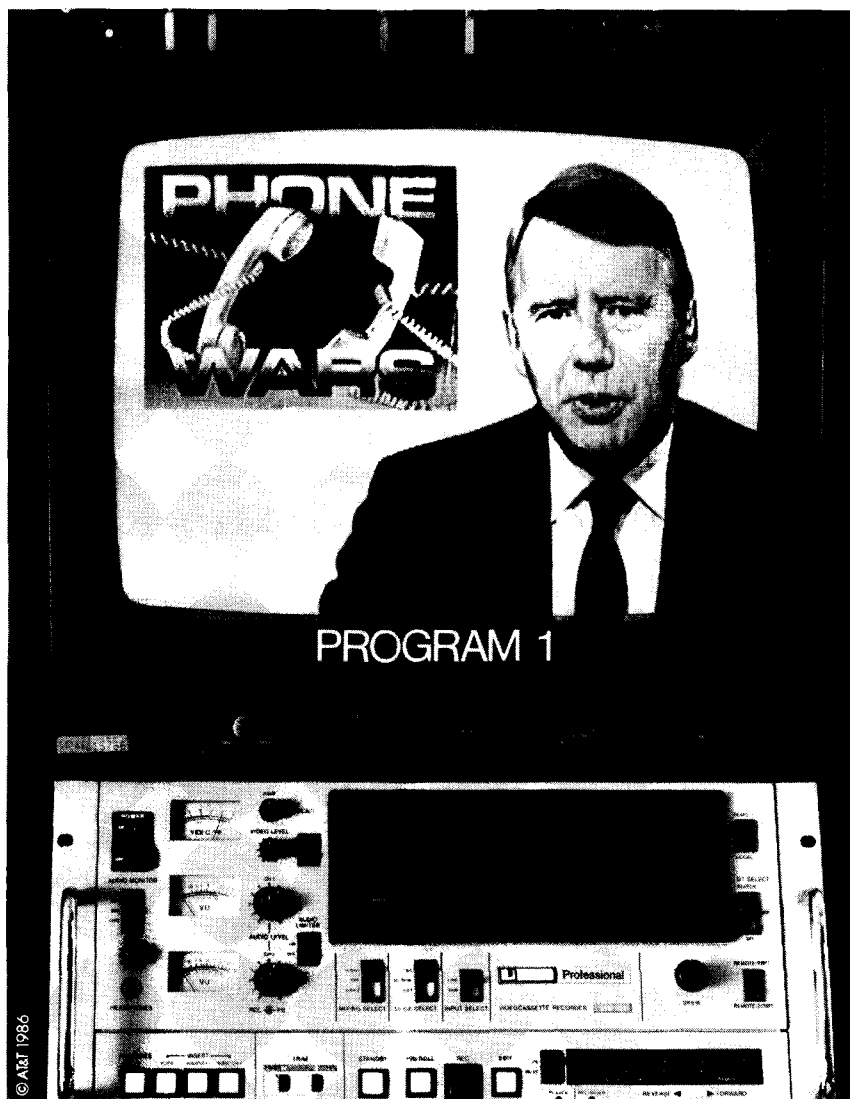
AT&T is the national corporate underwriter of The MacNeil/Lehrer NewsHour, but we don't get any special treatment. We don't expect to.

When Robert MacNeil, Jim Lehrer, and their team of correspondents report any kind of news about us, they don't pull any punches. Nor should they.

At AT&T, we're less interested in being handled with kid gloves than we are in the program's objective approach to the news and its uncompromising commitment to quality.

The same commitment to quality we at AT&T bring to our products and services.

All of which led us to support The MacNeil/Lehrer NewsHour in the first place.



AT&T

The right choice.

case. When those conducting a peer review are also those with a stake in an existing monopoly (as the Astoria Clinic was arguably close to being), the motives behind the peer-review process itself become open to question. Yet doctors are required by law and by their ethical code to participate in peer reviews. Peer review is mandated by the federal government as a condition for receiving Medicare payments, and it is also mandated by hospital-licensing laws in all fifty states.

Dr. Timothy Patrick came to Astoria in 1972 to work as a surgeon with the Astoria Clinic. A year later he was offered a partnership. He declined the invitation and instead opened a private practice. In the years after Patrick left the clinic, relations between Patrick and other doctors in Astoria began to deteriorate. Some doctors refused to refer cases to Patrick, to consult on his surgeries, or to cover for him when he was out of town. What Patrick came to see as evidence of a conspiracy, Gary M. Boelling, an internist at the Astoria Clinic, explains as the result of a growing lack of trust in Patrick's professional judgment. "Quite frankly, [we] did not want to be associated with him," he said in a recent interview. "It got to the point . . . that I really dreaded being asked to consult cases for him, and did things to avoid it."

By early 1980 the Oregon Board of Medical Examiners had received several complaints about Patrick's performance and decided to review fifteen of Patrick's cases. Among the charges that the board investigated were that Patrick had left patients without adequate backup care when he went out of town and that he had performed unnecessary surgeries. After reviewing Patrick's file the board sent a letter of reprimand to Patrick. It also sent a letter chiding Columbia Memorial's medical staff for having been remiss in not monitoring Patrick's clinical practice more closely. Patrick, in response, filed a civil suit against the state board. Further board investigation of Patrick found no clear violation of the Medical Practices Act, the criterion for a full state board review. Because letters of concern are normally sent only to the physician under review, the board retracted its letter.

Late in 1980, before the letter was retracted, Dr. Patrick, in a case that was referred to him, performed an appendectomy on a fifteen-year-old boy with abdominal pain. He did so without examining the boy for the cause of the

pain. When the pain persisted, Patrick three weeks later performed exploratory surgery, again without a prior examination. A consulting physician was called in to examine the boy, and he immediately diagnosed (as it turned out, correctly) testicular cancer. The boy sued Patrick for malpractice. This was the second malpractice suit Patrick had recently sustained. Citing these incidents, as well as the state board's previous letter of reprimand, the chief surgeon at Columbia Memorial Hospital requested corrective action.

In March of 1981 the hospital's executive committee, on which several Astoria Clinic partners served, recommended suspension of Patrick's privileges. An ad hoc committee was subsequently appointed to hear testimony and recommend final action to the hospital's board of trustees. Before the month was out, Patrick lodged an antitrust complaint in the U.S. District Court for the State of Oregon against the partners of the Astoria Clinic, claiming a conspiracy to monopolize the local medical trade.

On the recommendation of the medical staff's legal counsel the in-house disciplinary process continued. The ad hoc committee was convened in November of 1981 and heard testimony until April of 1982, when Patrick resigned from the hospital staff, charging that the committee was biased and the outcome a foregone conclusion. He subsequently added the hospital as a defendant in his original antitrust action. However, on the eve of trial Columbia Memorial settled out-of-court with Patrick, for \$100,000, leaving the Astoria Clinic doctors, who had undertaken the peer review on the hospital's behalf, to fend for themselves. The peer review was never completed.

In his antitrust claim Patrick contended that his peer review to date had been discriminatory and unfair. He charged that Astoria Clinic physicians refused to refer patients to him, and that patients who preferred him were coerced into using a clinic surgeon. (The clinic physicians involved pleaded justifiable cause.) He asserted that the clinic's doctors had refused to extend him routine professional courtesies (as they themselves admitted, though again pleading justifiable cause). He later pointed out that the letter of reprimand from the Oregon Board of Medical Examiners, though signed by the board's chairman, had in fact been drafted by a partner in the Astoria Clinic. (He was a member

of the state board but at earlier stages in the board's scrutiny of Patrick had excused himself, citing a conflict of interest.)

Because Patrick charged the clinic's partners with conspiracy to monopolize, the case revolved almost entirely around the question of motive. Determining whether the prime concern of the clinic doctors was public health or economic self-interest depended on the jury's interpretation of numerous confusing but largely indisputable facts. In December of 1984 the jury found for Dr. Patrick and awarded him the largest judgment yet against individual doctors in a staff-privilege antitrust suit. (Triple damages are frequently awarded in antitrust judgments, and such awards are difficult to pay off; insurance companies often refuse to cover anything except legal fees, on the grounds that they should not indemnify criminal activity). Patrick remains in private practice in Astoria and has staff privileges at a nearby hospital in Ilwaco, Washington. Of the eleven defendants, three have retired, four have left Astoria, two have left the clinic, and two still practice there. The Astoria Clinic is on the verge of bankruptcy and is seeking a buyer.

THE PATRICK CASE is in many respects unusual. It involves a single clinic with a large share of the market, a single hospital to serve a town, a settlement between the hospital and Patrick that left the clinic doctors to defend against charges without backing from the hospital board, years of animosity and mistrust, and an uncompleted peer review. Precisely because all of these circumstances are atypical, the case highlights some specific problems that the AMA, state medical boards, and legal analysts would like to see corrected.

The AMA's prime concern is legal protection for the peer-review process. One reason that the jury's 1984 verdict surprised many doctors is that Oregon state law explicitly protects physicians from almost any legal liability in conducting peer reviews. Under state law, peer-review documents are not admissible as evidence in court. Such protections—deriving as they do from what have always been deemed legitimate state regulatory activities—have rarely been challenged in federal courts. However, the district-court judge held that federal law in this case pre-empted the Oregon statutes. The judge's decision is one of the issues being appealed.

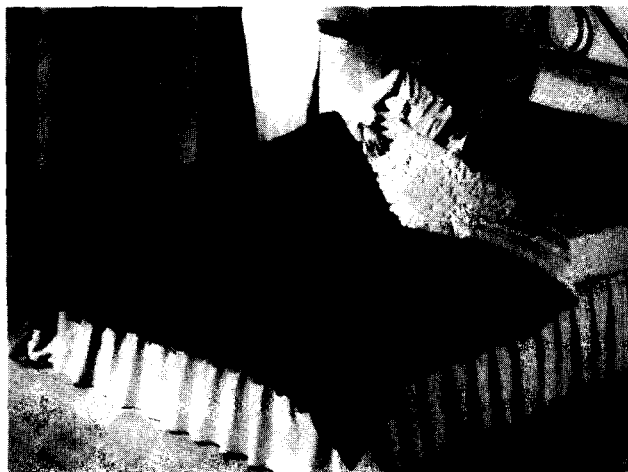
Compare our quality, our styling and our price. If you don't feel our down comforters are superior to any other comforter, call our toll free number and I will personally send a UPS truck to your home — **at my expense** — to pick up the comforter. No questions asked. And I'll make certain you receive an immediate refund or exchange . . . I'm that confident.



I'm proud to offer these down products at a factory direct price. No department store markup. No middleman markup. No expensive downtown rents. And now, Company Store quality and the world's best guarantee . . . an unbeatable combination.

President
The Company Store

Jerry C. Gillette



HAND GUIDED STITCHING TO ASSURE THE UNIFORM CHANNEL WIDTH. FABRIC — POLY COTTON.

Style #C101—Solid Colors: Dusty Rose White, Peach, Light Blue or Champagne

Style #C102—Reversible Colors: Light Blue/Slate Blue, Champagne/Caramel or Peach, White

	Down	Normal	OUR
	Fill	Retail	PRICE
Twin	60" x 86"	24 oz.	\$150
Full	76" x 86"	30 oz.	\$230
Queen	86" x 86"	32 oz.	\$260
King	102" x 86"	38 oz.	\$260
			\$129



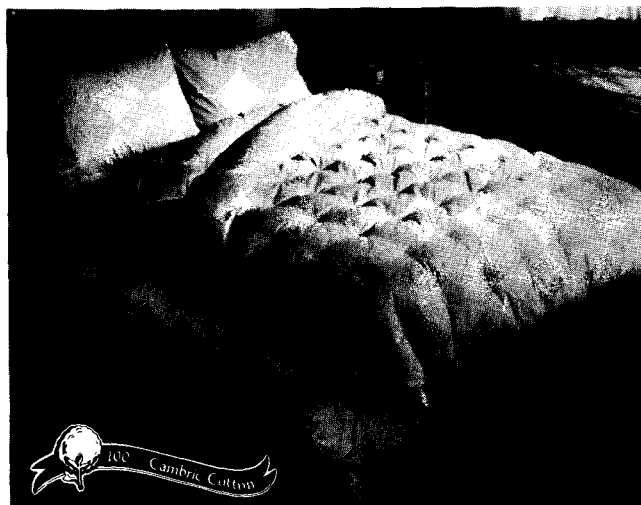
- 26 Down Comforter Styles
- Down Pillows
- Down Outerwear
- 100% Merino Wool Mattress Pads

**TO ORDER OR TO REQUEST
A FREE CATALOG
CALL TOLL FREE**

1-800-356-9367

Ext. F515, or use our coupon.

DELIVERY IMMEDIATE
We ship within 24 to 48 hours



Style #C148—Colors: Light Blue, Pink, Silver or Creme

	Down	Normal	OUR
	Fill	Retail	PRICE
Twin	60" x 86"	24 oz.	\$250
Queen/Full	86" x 86"	32 oz.	\$290
King	102" x 86"	38 oz.	\$350



DESIGNED EXCLUSIVELY FOR WARMTH AND CHARM IN
SOFT 100% CAMBRIC COTTON.

Style #C194—Colors: Champagne, Dusty Rose, White or Light Blue

	Down Fill	Normal Retail	OUR PRICE
Twin	60" x 86"	28 oz.	\$225
Queen/Full	86" x 86"	38 oz.	\$300
King	102" x 86"	44 oz.	\$360
Calif. King	102" x 96"	50 oz.	\$395

**FACTORY
DIRECT
PRICES
Up to
50% Off**

Date _____ ☐ Payment enclosed (check or money order)

We accept: ☐ MasterCard ☐ VISA ☐ American Express ☐ Diners Club

Acct. No. _____ Ex. Date _____

Name _____

Address _____

City/State/Zip _____

Daytime Phone (_____) _____

ITEM	STYLE #	COLOR	SIZE	QTY	PRICE(ea.)	TOTAL

☐ *We ship UPS ground service unless you request otherwise here. UPS 2nd Day Air add \$6.50 to your order.

Subtotal =
Ship., Hdlg. & Insur. -\$5 per item =
*UPS 2nd Day Air =
TOTAL =

**SEND TO: The Company Store, Dept. F515, 500 Company Store Road,
La Crosse, WI 54601.** Our down is supplied by United Feather and Down,
America's premier down processor.

By introducing the peer-review records Patrick's attorneys were able to subject them to meticulous examination. Had the records not been opened, the jury would not have known who drafted the letter from the state medical board, or that one physician tied fishing lures during review hearings. In addition, testimony that physicians gave to the review committee, in confidence, about their own medical practices could not have been revealed and used against them. The American Medical Association and state medical boards maintain that immunity and confidentiality are essential to effective peer review. One of Patrick's lawyers, Barbee Lyon, counters that disclosure can be essential and that it threatens only those physicians who have ulterior motives. Lyon has said, "So long as physicians avoid bias and conflict of interest, whatever they do will be upheld in court." Representative Ron Wyden, of Oregon, has introduced legislation in Congress that, without exempting doctors from the provisions of federal antitrust law, would provide some measure of legal insulation for doctors participating in peer review.

Another problem doctors face is that the courts themselves seem bewildered. When the U.S. Supreme Court in 1975 broadened the interpretation of antitrust law to include the professions, the Court did not specify how antitrust law should be applied. Despite the large number of antitrust lawsuits in the health-care field since then, the legitimate scope of the law has yet to be adequately defined. How should the Sherman Act apply to cases in which ensuring the quality of a service is arguably as important as promoting competition? According to Susan Philp, an attorney specializing in medical antitrust issues, the nation's district courts, lacking experience in health-care matters, are not only ruling inconsistently but also producing few well-reasoned written opinions.

In an article on physicians and antitrust law, published in the *Duke Law Journal*, Clark C. Havighurst, a professor of law at Duke University, writes that antitrust law should uphold the self-policing that doctors take part in, "only because [peer reviews] promote competition and efficiency and not because they are in some other sense 'in the public interest' or because they are undertaken by professionals, as distinct from ordinary businessmen. Antitrust law does not, as a general rule, tolerate competitor collaboration simply because it

serves worthy purposes, professional or otherwise." Elizabeth Gee, a Federal Trade Commission official in charge of health-care antitrust enforcement, has stated that peer review is not *necessarily* anti-competitive—that indeed it can be a beneficial form of self-regulation and, when conducted in a reasonable way, even pro-competitive. Proper peer review can provide information to consumers (or to their representatives) even as it enables hospitals to offer high-quality service and physicians to enhance their skills. The AMA has asked the Justice Department for a statement to the effect that peer review is not necessarily anti-competitive, so far to no avail.

Certainly among the Astoria Clinic doctors' worst problems were that they were competing in the same market as the doctor whose performance was un-



der review and that they held a large share of that market—circumstances that apply to hundreds of small hospitals and clinics, and therefore potentially are problems for them, too. The AMA has been looking into the appropriateness of calling in outside physicians to conduct peer reviews—a growing custom among Oregon hospitals. The Oregon Medical Association, however, fears that this procedure can never match, in thoroughness or insight, a review conducted by local doctors of one of their own. Judgment under fire and routine daily decision-making, as much as technical proficiency, determine a physician's competence. Yet while physicians who work together have a deeper knowledge of each other's competence, they also have emotional and economic ties that may influence their actions. Havighurst says that in staff-privilege antitrust cases the courts should keep the law from turning on motive; in his view, actual ef-

fects on the competitive process—not just on one competitor—should determine antitrust liability. The best protection for a hospital and a medical staff, he believes, is for the hospital board to assume, and not relinquish, the central decision-making role. Hospitals as competitive enterprises, with a legitimate concern for maintaining high quality, lack the conflicts of interest that the medical staff may have.

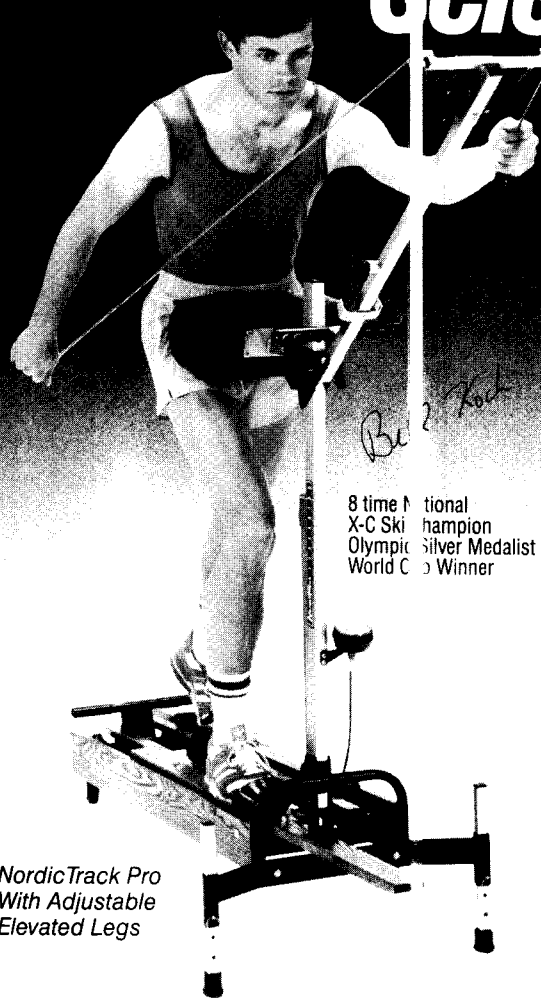
IN EMPHASIZING medicine's commercial aspects antitrust law is changing not only the practice but also the character of American medicine. The public has been quick to notice such changes as advertising and flexible fee schedules. Peer review is not a prominent activity of the medical profession. But to many doctors it is a matter of profound significance. Peer review is at the heart of the professional and social contract that physicians make with the public—an implicit promise of high quality in exchange for popular trust.

Dr. Arnold Relman, the editor of the *New England Journal of Medicine*, believes that neither the public nor the federal and state governments would be satisfied if medicine were run simply as a business. "It is fashionable to believe that everything is a market," he says. "The fact is, we don't live in an economy, we live in a society. Economic laws are imperfect at best and properly applied only to certain aspects of society. I believe that at some point in the future it will become clear to everyone that the consequences of taking a commercial view of health-care services are going to include a great deal of inequity." What Relman sees in the "doctor as businessman" is the tarnished image of a once golden profession. On the one hand, Relman says, the public seems reluctant to trust doctors to place their patients before their pocketbooks; on the other hand, the public still *wants* to trust doctors to do so. "You can't be angry at us for being businessmen and at the same time, when we try to be professionals, say we're being hypocritical," he says. "Doctors can do a lot to improve their own performance, but are they to be guided by the ethics of professionalism or by the rules of the marketplace?"

In a sense Relman's question is what *Patrick v. Burget* is all about. One way or another, it will be the American public, not the medical profession, that decides the answer.

—Katrin Bridget Snow

Scientific study ranks NordicTrack #1



8 time National
X-C Ski champion
Olympic Silver Medalist
World Cup Winner

NordicTrack Pro
With Adjustable
Elevated Legs

*...burned more calories
and provided greater aerobic workouts.*

The Rank in Order of Exercise Efficiency:

1. NordicTrack
2. An Exercise bike
3. A Rowing machine
4. A Shuffle type ski exerciser

Scientific abstract available upon request

All Exercise Devices Were Tested 4 Times:
at 3 different heart rates and at maximum work.

Tests Measured:

Volume of oxygen consumed which indicates calories burned.

Data was scientifically analyzed at the University Human
Performance Laboratory.

Results:

On all 4 tests, NordicTrack burned more calories and yielded
significantly greater cardiorespiratory workouts.

It's Only Logical that NordicTrack Would Get the Highest Scores

because NordicTrack is more complete than an Exercise Bike.

NordicTrack adds important upper body exercise.

NordicTrack provides more uniform leg muscle usage.

Higher pulse rates, necessary for building fitness, seem easier to attain because
more muscles share the exercise.

because NordicTrack provides more thorough exercise than a Rowing Machine.

Standing position involves more muscle mass than sitting position.

NordicTrack uses large muscles of buttocks, thighs and calves to simultaneously
bear body weight and work against resistance.

NordicTrack resistance is proportioned to individual muscle strength.

Stronger legs use greater resistance.

Arm resistance can be set at lighter setting separately.

NordicTrack is safer — no high back strain loads are imposed.

because NordicTrack has inertial resistance not available on a Shuffle-Type Ski Exerciser.

Flywheel provides life-like feeling; Smooth, Continuous.

Other "ski" exercisers without flywheels use only frictional resistance.

Result is stop-start calisthenics-like feeling.

NordicTrack's clutch system allows true ski striding motion.

Other ski exercisers require less efficient shuffling motion.

Burns Up to 600 Calories per 20 Minute Workout.

For effective weight control.

NordicTrack

©PSI 1986

Free Brochure, Call

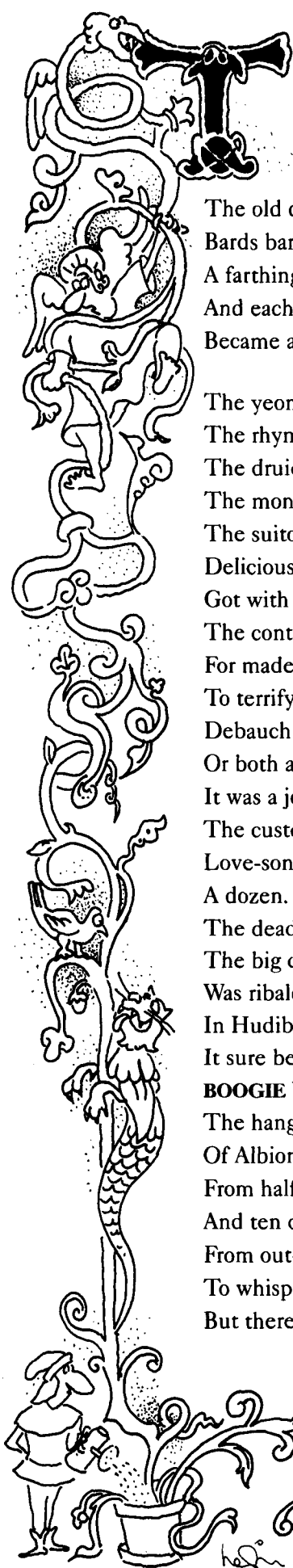
1-800-328-5888

Minnesota 612-448-6987



141R Jonathan Blvd. North, Chaska, MN 55318

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



THE ENCHANTED GLADE

BY GEORGE STARBUCK

The old days. What a life.
Bards barded. Rhyme was rife.
A farthing for a vocal,
And each and every yokel
Became a singing bird.

The yeoman plied his yerd.
The rhymster chimed concordance.
The druid at his war dance,
The monk at his devotions,
The suitor, his emotions
Deliciously deranged,
Got with it and exchanged
The contents of their purses
For made-to-measure verses
To terrify the Huns with,
Debauch a bunch of nuns with,
Or both at one fell swoop.
It was a jolly troupe,
The customers of rhyme.
Love-sonnets were a dime
A dozen. So were steaks.
The dead get all the breaks.
The big consumer craze
Was ribald roundelays
In Hudibrastic couplets.
It sure beats printing up **LET'S**
BOOGIE bumper stickers.
The hangdog banjo-pickers
Of Albion could choose
From half a hundred hues
And ten degrees of luster
From out-and-out gut-buster
To whispered spectral wail.
But thereby hangs a cautionary tale.

It fell upon a day
In Lammastide, the way
So many episodes
Keep falling in the odes
Surviving from the period.
A maker of a myriad
Of madrigals, a very
Orpheus, the merry
Milton of his age
(Preceded by a page
And jugglers in procession)
Was plying his profession
The best way he knew how.
Some think he had been hexed because a cow
Had bleated in his path.
At any rate the wrath
Of something must have struck,
Or he just had phenomenal bad luck.

He was, as was his wont,
Extemporizing. Don't
Imagine something scuzzy
Or slapdash just because he
Didn't have a script.
The couplets fairly dripped
With lyric ornament.
Whole bestiaries went
Bananas to provide
A moment's versified
Illustrative material.
Whole glittering aethereal
Kathismata, replete
With deities in sweet
Olympian repose,
Came tumbling when he chose
To hustle things along
By calling down the gods to do the song.

The faster he proceeded
 The featlier he speeded.
 This cat was in the pink
 Unstoppable. You'd think
 With all the thee-and-thouing,
 Ywissing and I-trowing,
 Thou-dosting and he-dohing,
 A poet would get nothin'
 But megrims for his pain.
 You'd think an olden English minstrel's brains
 With all that extra grammar
 Would have took up the hammer
 And chisel and cried "Out!"
 You'd think he would have turned into a lout
 With porridge in his beard.

Yet here he was, a weird
 Coherence to his ravings
 And here they came, their savings
 Ajingle in their fists,
 His abject gang of groupe-lutanists.
 He liked these proofs-of-prowess.
 To show the yokels how es-
 Ppecially delicious
 A flat and inauspicious
 Subject could become,
 He launched, ad libitum
 One last improvisation:
 A rhyme in celebration
 Of Rhyme. It went like this:

"Good countrymen, ywis
 We take great things for granted.
 We know God never scared
 Us wind and wold and wave.
 We thank Him, that He gave
 The bog, the holt, the heather,
 To heap, against the weather,
 A crofter's good hearth fire.
 All vitals we require—
 Space, Power, Substance, Time—
 He lavishes. But best of all is Rhyme.

"For what if rhyme got scant?
 Would gallants gallivant
 Through battlefield and boudoir?
 A vexed hex would hoodoo our
 Impassionedest pursuits
 And leave us lallygagging like galoots.

"And if rhyme got still scanter?
 That palliative banter
 Conjunctive to desire
 Would sputter, stumble, crepitate, expire.

"If rhyme got really scarce,

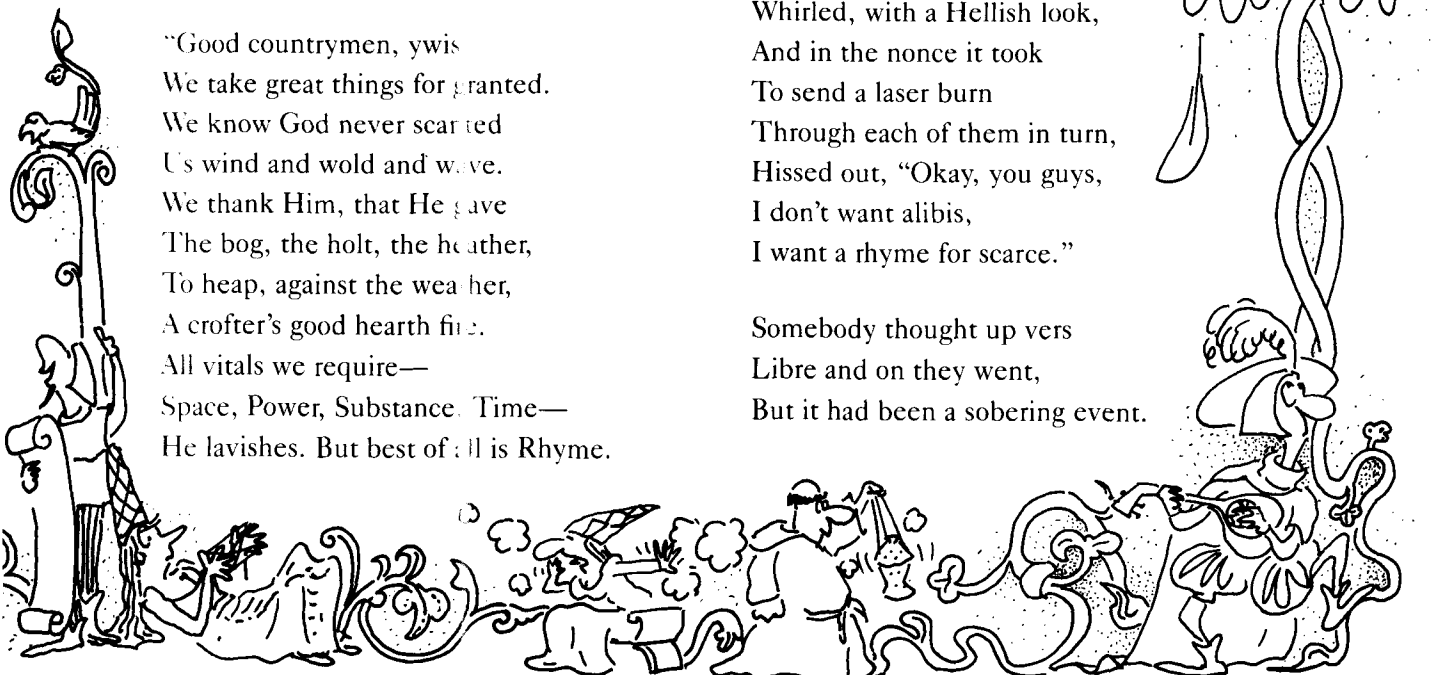
"If rhyme got really scarce,"

(A whole-line repetition
 Is right in the tradition
 Of mainstream Dirty Blues
 And proper for a troubadour to use.

But this long breath he draws?
 This *second* Pregnant Pause?
 A horrid thought was dawning.)

His retinue, nine fawning
 Bards' Guild apprentices,
 Were suddenly abuzz.
 Their master, posed as though
 To mouth one mighty mot,
 Whirled, with a Hellish look,
 And in the nonce it took
 To send a laser burn
 Through each of them in turn,
 Hissed out, "Okay, you guys,
 I don't want alibis,
 I want a rhyme for scarce."

Somebody thought up vers
 Libre and on they went,
 But it had been a sobering event.



HOW TO CREATE A COUNTRY WITHOUT A KING

THE BIGGEST POLITICAL STORY OF THE LAST 200 YEARS

Nations have different strengths. Military or industrial might. Mineral wealth. Population for some, sheer size for others. History teaches us, however, that character survives, principles last. The government of the United States of America is

on the CBS Network, Part II of the life of George Washington: The Forging of a Nation.

Based on James Thomas Flexner's Pulitzer Prize biography, it shows how Washington proved that a country could have a head of state who was not a king.

was defining the role of Chief Executive for the generations to come.

History makes perspective possible. With the present and future in mind, General Motors is proud to present this period of the American past. It is human, dramatic, and without question, the biggest political story of the last 200 years.

We hope you and your family will join us on Sunday, September 21st and Monday, September 22nd for the General Motors Mark of Excellence presentation, **George Washington: The Forging of a Nation**.

GEORGE WASHINGTON ★ THE FORGING OF A NATION ★

Sunday and Monday, September 21 and 22 on CBS

Barry Bostwick and Patty Duke return in their roles as George and Martha Washington

now one of the oldest on Earth and, by any measure, surely one of the best.

The U.S. Constitution set forth the principles which embody the character of this nation. And as we near the bicentennial of this great document, it is clear: The more we understand the principles of freedom it set forth, the more surely those principles will endure.

In this spirit, General Motors is proud to present,

Personal and political currents swirled around him. Thomas Jefferson's concern for individual rights clashed with Alexander Hamilton's support for a strong central government. The French were demanding that our new government take their side against England. At the same time there was open rebellion in the countryside and bitter criticism in the press.

The principles of freedom were being tested by reality. And through it all, Washington's moderate approach to the Presidency

This advertisement is part of our continuing effort to give customers useful information about their cars and trucks and the company that builds them.



Chevrolet • Pontiac
Oldsmobile • Buick
Cadillac • GMC Truck

*Our man in Japan admires the efficiency
and social cohesion he sees everywhere around him.
But he finds certain Japanese practices and beliefs less admirable*

THE JAPANESE ARE DIFFERENT FROM YOU AND ME

BY JAMES FALLOWS



JAPAN IS TURNING ME INTO MRS. TROLLOPE. She was the huffy Englishwoman who viewed the woolly American society of the 1820s and found it insufficiently refined. ("The total and universal want of good, or even pleasing, manners, both in males and females, is so remarkable, that I was constantly endeavoring to account for it," and so forth.) Her mistake, as seems obvious in retrospect, was her failure to distinguish between things about America that were merely different from the ways of her beloved England and things that were truly wrong. The vulgar American diction that so offended her belongs in the first category, slavery in the second.

I will confess that this distinction—between different and wrong—sometimes eludes me in Japan. Much of the time I do keep it in mind. I observe aspects of Japanese life, note their difference from standard practice in the West, and serenely say to myself, who cares? Orthodontia has never caught on in Japan, despite seemingly enormous potential demand, because by the local canon of beauty overlapping and angled-out teeth look fetching, especially in young girls. It was barely a century ago that Japanese women deliberately blackened their teeth in the name of beauty. The delicate odor of decaying teeth was in those days a standard and alluring reference in romantic poetry. This is not how it's done in Scarsdale, but so what? For their part, the Japanese can hardly conceal their distaste for the "butter smell" that they say wafts out of Westerners or for our brutish practice of wearing the same shoes in the dining room and the toilet.

Similarly, child psychologists and family therapists have told me that the Japanese parent's way of persuading his children to stop doing something is not to say "It's wrong" or "It's unfair" but rather to tell the child, "People will laugh at you." This is not my idea of a wholesome child-rearing philosophy, but I'm not preparing my children for membership in a society that places such stress on harmonious social relations. Several American psychologists have recently claimed that the Japanese approach may in fact equip children for more happiness in life than American

practices do. Americans are taught to try to control their destiny; when they can't, they feel they've failed. Japanese children, so these psychologists contend, are taught to adjust themselves to an externally imposed social order, which gives them "secondary control"—that is, a happy resignation to fate.

Now that Japan has become so notoriously successful, American visitors often cannot help feeling, This is different—and better. Practically anything that has to do with manufacturing and economic organization falls into this category. Recently I toured a Nissan factory an hour outside Tokyo, escorted by a manager who seemed almost embarrassed by the comparisons I asked him to make between his company's standards and GM's or Ford's. Yes, Nissan did insist on a higher grade of steel for its cars. No, the foreign companies had not matched its level of automation. Yes, the gap between managers' earnings and those of assembly workers was tiny compared with that in Detroit. No, the company did not expect trouble surmounting the challenge of the higher yen.

From what I have seen, a tight-knit, almost tribal society like Japan is better set up for straightforward productive competition than is the West. It places less emphasis on profit than on ensuring that every company and every worker will retain a place in the economic order. (Apart from raw materials and American movies, most Japanese would be content, I think, if the country imported nothing at all. Who cares about high prices, as long as everyone is at work?) Its politics is ridden with factions—because of certain peculiarities of the electoral system, politicians can win seats in the Diet with only 10 or 12 percent of their district's vote. (Each district elects several representatives to the Diet, but each voter has only one vote. In a four-member district, for example, the leading candidate might get 35 percent of the total vote, and the next three might get 15, 12, and 8 percent. All four of them would be winners.) But there are few seriously divisive political issues, and the country has a shared sense of national purpose, as the United States last did between 1941 and 1945.

Even beyond the measurable signs of its productive success, Japan seems different and better in those details of daily life that reflect consideration and duty. During my first week here another American journalist told me that only when I had left would I realize how thoroughly Japan had had me. At the time, I was still reeling from exchange-rate shock and thought she was crazy. But I am beginning to understand what she meant. A thousand times a day in modern society your life is made easier or harder, depending on the care with which someone else has done his job. Are the newspapers delivered on time? Are vending machines fixed when they break? Are the technocrats competent? Do the captains of industry really care about their companies, not just about feathering their own nests? In general, can you count on others to do their best? In Japan you can. Mussolini gave trains that ran on time a bad name. After seeing Japan, I think that on this one point Mussolini had the right idea.

From bureaucrats at the Ministry of Foreign Affairs (who, I am told, average six hours of overtime a *day*) to department-store package-wrappers, the Japanese seem immune against the idea that discharging their duty to others might be considered "just a job." Tipping is virtually unknown in Japan; from the Japanese perspective it seems vulgar, because it implies that the recipient will not do his best unless he is bribed. The no-tipping custom is something you get used to very quickly, because it seems so much more dignified and honorable, not—at least in Japan—because it's a way of gypping the working class. Japan is famous for the flatness of its income distribution. Year in and year out more than 90 percent of the Japanese tell pollsters that they think of themselves as "middle class"—and here the perception seems accurate, not a delusion as it might be in the United States. Indeed, from the Japanese perspective America seems fantastically wrapped up in and bound by class. American commercials are basically targeted along class lines: one kind of person drinks Miller beer, another buys Steuben glass. Japanese commercials are not—or so I am told by people who produce them. They may aim at different age groups—new mothers, teenage boys, and so forth—but otherwise they address the Japanese as one.

I can't say exactly, but I would bet that 100,000 people live within half a mile of the apartment where I live with my family. Yet in the evening, when I walk home through the alleyways from the public baths, the neighborhoods are dead quiet—unless my own children are kicking a can along the pavement or noisily playing tag. The containedness and reserve of Japanese life can seem suffocating if you're used to something different, but they are also admirable, and necessary, if so many people are to coexist so harmoniously in such close quarters. Because the Japanese have agreed not to get on one another's nerves (and because so much of Tokyo is built only two or three stories high), the city, though intensely crowded, produces nothing like the chronic high-anxiety level of New York. The very low crime rate obviously has something to do with

this too. "Is this not, truly, Japan's golden age?" one American businessman exclaimed, spreading his arms in non-Japanese expansiveness and nearly knocking over the passersby, as we walked near the Imperial Palace on a brilliant sunny day recently. Everyone was working, Japan was taking a proud place in the world, there were no serious domestic divisions, and the drugs, dissoluteness, and similar disorders that blight the rest of the world barely existed here. Wasn't it obvious that Japan had figured out what still puzzled everybody else?

On the whole, I had to agree. What most Americans fear about Japan is precisely that it works so well. Foreigners who have lived for years in Japan tell me that the legendary Japanese hospitality toward visitors suddenly disappears when you stop being an "honored guest" and slide into the "resident alien" category. In effect, the country is like an expensive, very well run hotel, making the guest comfortable without ever tempting him to think he's found a home. But while it lasts, the hospitality is a delight. Those I interview at least feign more attention and courtesy than their counterparts in the United States have done. A few people have moved beyond the tit-for-tat ritualistic exchange of favors to displays of real generosity. Still, after making all appropriate allowances for the debts I owe them, and all disclaimers about the perils of generalizing after a few months on the scene, I find that two aspects of Japanese life bring out the Mrs. Trollope in me.

ONE IS THE PROMINENCE OF PORNOGRAPHY IN DAILY life. I realize that no one from the land that created *Hustler* and *Deep Throat* can sound pious about obscene material. The difference is the degree of choice. In the United States pornography did not enter my life unless I invited it in, and I had no trouble keeping it from my grade-school children. Here it enters unbidden all the time.

Like most other residents of Tokyo, I spend a lot of time on the trains—about three hours a day. There I am surrounded not just by people but also by printed matter—advertising placards all over the trains, and books, magazines, and newspapers in everyone's hands. The dedicated literacy of Japan is yet another cause for admiration, but the content of the reading matter—especially on the trains, where no one knows his neighbor and in principle everyone is unobserved—is not. Some of the men are reading books, but more are reading either "sports papers" or thick volumes of comics, the size of telephone books, known as *manga*. What these two media have in common is the porno theme. Sports papers carry detailed coverage of baseball games or sumo tournaments on the outside pages and a few spreads of nearly nude women inside. (The only apparent restriction is that the papers must not display public hair.) The comic books, printed on multicolored paper and popular with every segment of the population, are issued weekly and sell in the millions. They run from innocent kids' fare to hard-core pornography.

To some degree the sports papers and the more prurient *manga* exist to display female bodies, no more and no less, and they differ from their counterparts in other cultures only in the carefree spirit with which men read them in public. I don't know whether Japanese men consume any more pornography than American ones, but in the United States men look guilty as they slink out of dirty movies, and they rarely read skin magazines in front of women. Japanese men are far less inhibited—perhaps because of the anonymity of the crowded train car, or perhaps because their society is, as often claimed, more matter-of-fact about sex. In any case, the trains and subways are awash in pornography, as are television shows starting as early as 8 P.M. My sons, ages nine and six, very quickly figured out this new aspect of Japanese culture. On train rides they stare goggle-eyed at the lurid fare now available to them.

In addition to its pervasiveness, Japanese subway pornography differs from the *Playboys* and *Penthouses* of the West in the graphic nastiness of its themes. Voyeurism plays a big part in the *manga*, and in a lot of advertisements too. One new publication recently launched a huge advertising campaign billing itself as “the magazine for watchers.” Its posters showed people peeping out from under manhole covers or through venetian blinds. In the comics women—more often, teenage girls—are typically peeped up at, from ground level. A major weekly magazine recently published two pages of telephoto-lens shots of couples in advanced stages of love-making in a public park. Most of the teenage girls in Japan spend their days in severe, dark, sailor-style school uniforms, with long skirts. As in Victorian-era fantasies, in the comics the skirts are sure to go. But before the garments are ripped off, the girls are typically spied upon by ecstatic men.

The comics are also quite violent. Women are being accosted, surprised, tied up, beaten, knifed, tortured, and in general given a hard time. Many who are so treated are meant to be very young—the overall impression is as if the Brooke Shields of five years ago had been America's exclusive female sexual icon, with no interference from Bo Derek or other full-grown specimens. One advertising man, who has been here for ten years and makes his living by understanding the Japanese psyche, says that everything suddenly fell into place for him when he thought of a half-conscious, low-grade pedophile as the underlying social motif. It affects business, he said, where each year's crop of fresh young things, straight out of high school, are assigned seats where the senior managers can look at them—until the next year, when a newer and younger crop are brought in. It affects TV shows and commercials, which feature girls with a teenage look. The most sought-after description in Japan is *kawaii*, or “cute” (as opposed to “beautiful” or “sexy”), often pronounced in a way equivalent to “Cuu-uuute!” The *kawaii* look is dominant on television and in advertising, giving the impression that Japanese masculinity consists primarily of yearning for a cute little thing about fifteen years old. “A director can shoot an act of sodomy or rape for a TV drama programmed

for the dinner hour with impunity so long as he allows no pubic hair to be shown,” a recent article by Sarah Brickman in the *Far Eastern Economic Review* said. “He is, of course, particularly assured of immunity from legal repercussions if the female star of the scene is prepubescent.”

A few years ago Ian Buruma, a Dutch writer who had lived here for years and has a Japanese wife, published *Behind the Mask*, a wonderful book that closely analyzed the *manga*, soap operas, low-brow movies, and other aspects of Japanese popular culture. He richly illustrated how the Japanese, in many ways so buttoned up and contained, sought outlandish fantasy releases. Buruma attempted to trace the oddities of *manga*-style fantasy to the deep bond between Japanese boys and their mothers, who typically raise their children with little help from the father. I don't know enough to judge Buruma's theory, or otherwise to make sense of Japan's standards of pornographic display. My point is that they rest on theories and values at odds with the West's. According to the *Far Eastern Review* article, the director-general of Japan's Agency for Cultural Affairs once endorsed physical exercise this way: “When asked my reasons for jogging, I used to answer ‘although it is shameful for a gentleman to rape a woman, it is also shameful for a man not to have the physical strength necessary to rape a woman!’”

In the United States more and more people are claiming that pornography contributes to sex crimes. If you look at Japan—with its high level of violent stimulation but reportedly low incidence of rape and assault—you have your doubts. But even if it leads to few indictable offenses, and even if Japanese women themselves do not complain, the abundance of violent pornography creates an atmosphere that gives most Westerners the creeps.

THE OTHER OFF-PUTTING ASPECT OF JAPAN IS THE ethnic—well, racial—exclusion on which the society is built. I hesitated to say “racial” or “racist,” because the terms are so loaded and so irritating to the Japanese. I can understand why they are annoyed. In their dealings with the West the Japanese have traditionally seen themselves as the objects of racial discrimination—the little yellow men looked down on by the great white fathers. A new book by the historian John W. Dower, called *War Without Mercy*, provides hair-raising illustrations of the racism with which both Japanese and Japanese-Americans were viewed during the war. For instance, Ernie Pyle explained to the readers of his famous battlefront column that the difference between the Germans and the Japanese was that the Germans “were still people.”

Rather than talking about race—as white Americans did when enslaving blacks and excluding “inferior” immigrants—the Japanese talk about “purity.” Their society is different from others in being purer; it consists of practically none but Japanese. What makes the subject so complicated is the overlap between two different kinds of purity, that of culture and that of blood.

That the Japanese have a distinct culture seems to me an open-and-shut case. Some economists here have given me little speeches about the primacy of economic forces in determining people's behavior. Do the Japanese save more, stick with their companies longer, and pay more attention to quality? The explanations are all to be found in tax incentives, the "lifetime-employment" policy at big firms, and other identifiable economic causes. I'm sure there is something to this outlook, but I am also impressed by what it leaves out. We do not find it remarkable that the past 250 years of American history, which include revolution, settling the frontier, subjugating Indians, creating and then abolishing slavery, and absorbing immigrant groups, have given the United States a distinctive set of values. Is it so implausible that 2,500 years of isolation on a few small islands might have given the Japanese some singular traits?

Japan is different from certain "old" Western cultures because it has been left to itself so much. In the same 2,500 years the British Isles were invaded by Romans, Angles, Saxons, and Normans—and after that the British themselves went invading and exploring. Blood was mixed, and culture was opened up. During all that time the Japanese sat at home, uninvaded and disinclined to sail off to see what the rest of the world might hold. The effect of this long isolation was a distinctive culture *and* the isolation of a "pure" racial group, which tempted people to think that race and culture were the same.

I'm sure that someone could prove that the Japanese are not really mono-racial, or not clearly separate from the Koreans or the Chinese. The significant point is that as far as the Japanese are concerned, they *are* inherently different from other people, and are all bound together by birth and blood. The standard Japanese explanation for their horror of litigation and their esteem for consensus is that they are a homogenous people, who understand one another's needs. When I've asked police officials and sociologists why there is so little crime, their explanations have all begun, "We are a homogenous race . . ." Most people I have interviewed have used the phrase "We Japanese . . ." I have rarely heard an American say "We Americans . . ."

The Japanese sense of separateness rises to the level of race because the Japanese system is closed. The United States is built on the principle of voluntary association; in theory anyone can become an American. A place in Japanese society is open only to those who are born Japanese.

When I say "born," I mean with the right racial background, not merely on rocky Japanese soil. One of Japan's touchiest problems is the second- or even third-generation Koreans, descended from people who were brought to Japan for forced labor in the fascist days. They are still known as Koreans even though they were born here, speak the language like natives, and in many cases are physically indistinguishable from everyone else. They have long-term "alien residence" permits but are not citizens—and in principle they and their descendants never will be. (Obtaining naturalized Japanese citizenship is not

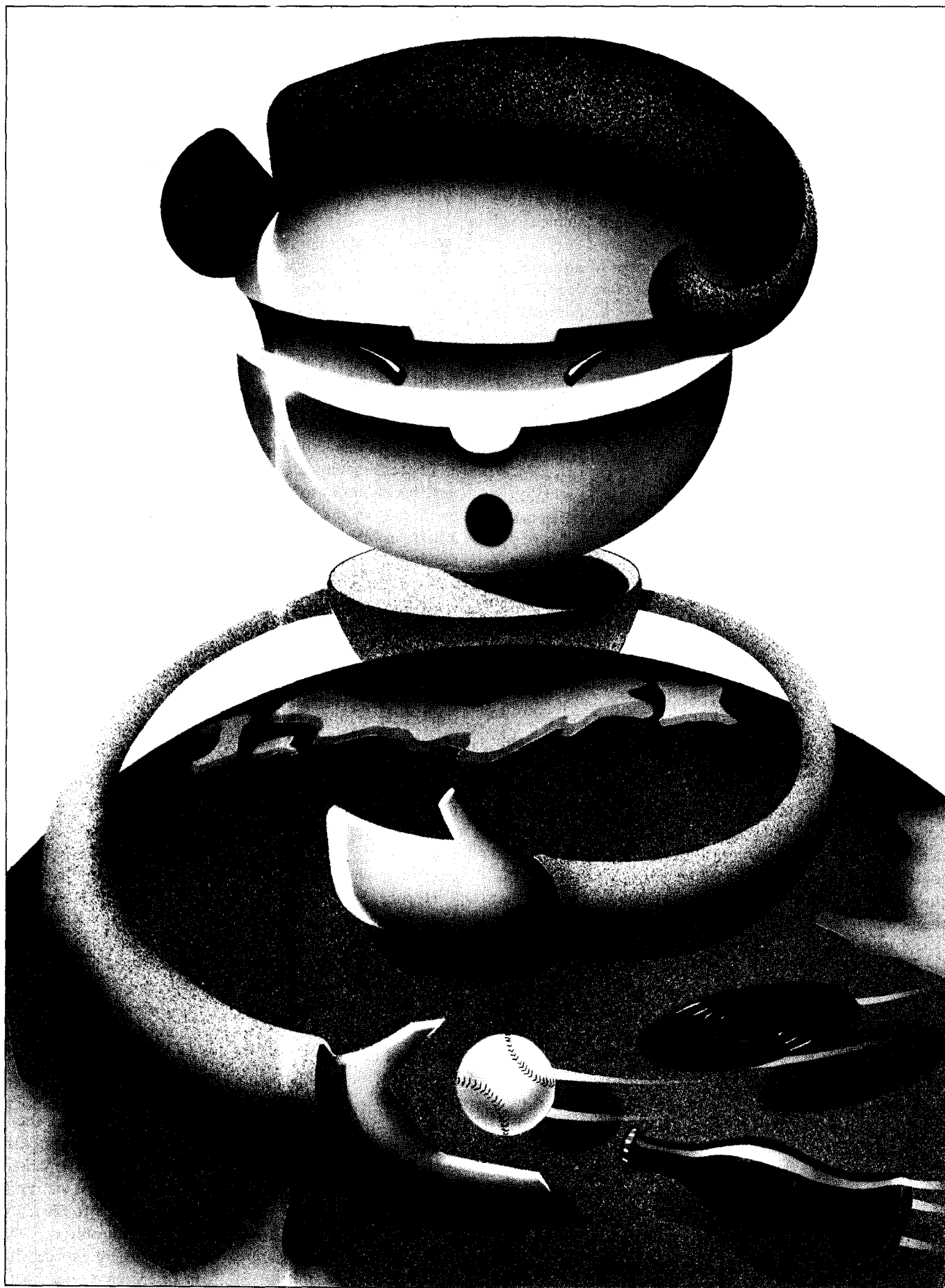
impossible but close to it.) They must register as aliens and be fingerprinted by the police. The same prospect awaits the handful of Vietnamese refugees whom the Japanese, under intense pressure from the United States, have now agreed to accept for resettlement.

The Japanese public has a voracious appetite for *Nihon-jinron*—the study of traits that distinguish them from everyone else. Hundreds of works of self-examination are published each year. This discipline involves perfectly reasonable questions about what makes Japan unique as a social system, but it easily slips into inquiries about what makes the Japanese people special as a race. Perhaps the most lunatic work in this field is *The Japanese Brain*, by a Dr. Tadanobu Tsunoda, which was published to wide acclaim and vast sales in the late 1970s. The book contends that the Japanese have brains that are organized differently from those of the rest of humanity, their internal wiring optimized for the requirements of the Japanese language. (Tsunoda claims that all non-Japanese—including "Chinese, Koreans, and almost all Southeast Asian peoples"—hear vowels in the right hemispheres of their brains, while the Japanese hear them in the left. Since the Japanese also handle consonants in the left hemisphere, they are able to attain a higher unity and coherence than other races.)

I haven't heard anyone restate the theory in precisely this form. And in fairness, during the war British scientists advanced a parallel unique-Japanese-brain theory (as John Dower points out), asserting that Japanese thought was permanently impaired by the torture of memorizing Chinese characters at an early age. But British scientists don't say this any longer, while Tsunoda is still a prominent, non-ridiculed figure in Japan. Whatever the Japanese may think of his unique-brain theory, large numbers of them seem comfortable with the belief that not just their language but also their thoughts and emotions are different from those of anyone else in the world.

The Japanese language is the main evidence for this claim. It is said to foster the understatement for which the Japanese are so famous, and to make them more carefully attuned to nuance, nature, unexpressed thoughts, and so forth, than other people could possibly be. Most of all, it is a convenient instrument of exclusion. Mastering it requires considerable memory work. Japanese businessmen posted to New York or London often fret about taking their children with them, for fear that three or four years out of the Japanese school system will leave their children hopelessly behind. It's not that the overall intellectual standards are so different but that in Japan children spend much of their time memorizing the Chinese characters, *kanji*, necessary for full literacy—and for success on the all-important university-entrance tests.

Until a few years ago only a handful of foreigners had bothered to become fully fluent in Japanese, and they could be written off as exceptions proving the general rule: that Japanese was too complicated and subtle for non-Japanese to learn. Now the situation is changing—many of the Americans I meet here are well into their Japanese-lan-



guage training—but the idea of uniqueness remains. Four years ago an American linguist named Roy Andrew Miller published a splenetic book titled *Japan's Modern Myth*, designed to explode the idea that Japanese was unique, any more than Urdu or German or other languages are. Edward Seidensticker, a renowned translator of Japanese literature, makes the point concisely: “But how do you manage the nuances of Japanese?” the Japanese are fond of asking, as if other languages did not have nuances, and as if there were no significance in the fact that the word ‘nuance’ had to be borrowed from French.”

As Roy Miller pointed out, the concept of an unlearnable language offers a polite outlet for a more deeply held but somewhat embarrassing belief in racial uniqueness. In a passage that illustrated his book's exasperated tone but also his instinct for the home truth, Miller wrote:

Japanese race consists in using the Japanese language. But how does one become a member of the Japanese race? By being born into it, of course, just as one becomes a member of any other race. . . . But what if someone not a Japanese by right of race . . . does manage to acquire some proficiency in the Japanese language? Well, in that case, the system literally makes no intellectual provision at all for his or her very existence. Such a person is a nonperson within the terms and definitions of Japanese social order. . . . The society's assumption [is] that the Japanese-speaking foreigner is for some unknown reason involved in working out serious logical contradictions in his or her life. . . . He or she had better be watched pretty carefully; obviously something is seriously amiss somewhere, otherwise why would this foreigner be speaking Japanese?

As applied to most other races of the world—especially other Asians, with whom the Japanese have been in most frequent contact—the Japanese racial attitude is unambiguous: Southeast Asians and Koreans are inferior to Japanese. Koreans are more closely related to the Japanese than are any other Asians, but they are held in deep racial contempt by the Japanese. (A hilarious, long-running controversy surrounds excavations in central Honshu that seemed to indicate that the Imperial Family was originally . . . Korean! The digs were soon closed up, for reasons that are continually debated in the English-language but not, I am told, the Japanese-language press.) Recent opinion polls show that the nation the Japanese most fear is not the United States, on which they depend for their export market, nor the Soviet Union, which still occupies four of their northern islands, but Korea—which threatens to beat them at their own hard-work game and which fully reciprocates Japan's ill will. China—the source of Japan's written language and the model for much of its traditional culture—presents a more difficult case. The Australian journalist Murray Sayle offers the model of China as the “wastrel older brother,” who forfeited his natural right of prominence through his dissolute behavior, placing the family burden on the steadfast younger brother, Japan. This is one reason why stories of Chinese opium dens were

so important in pre-war Japan: the older brother had gone to hell and needed the discipline of Japanese control.

For Westerners the racial question is more confusing than even for the Chinese. For a few weeks after arrival I seized on the idea that being in Japan might, for a white American, faintly resemble the experience of being black in America. That is, my racial identity was the most important thing about me, and it did not seem to be a plus.

I AM JUST BEGINNING TO UNDERSTAND HOW COMPLICATED the racial attitude toward Westerners really is. Whereas Southeast Asians in Japan are objects of unrelieved disdain, Westerners are seen as both better and worse than the Japanese. One timeless argument in Japan is whether the Japanese feel inferior to Westerners, or superior to them, or some combination of the two. Feeling equal to them—different in culture, but equal as human beings—somehow does not emerge as a possibility, at least in the talks I have had so far.

There is evidence for both propositions—that the Japanese feel superior to Westerners, and that they feel inferior to them. On the one hand, Japanese culture is simply awash in Western—mainly American—artifacts. The movies and music are imported straight from America; the fashion and commercial models are disproportionately Caucasian; the culture seems to await its next signal from the other side of the Pacific. A hundred years ago, Japan began its Meiji-era drive to catch up with the West's industrial achievements. Prominent figures urged Japanese to interbreed with Westerners, so as to improve the racial stock, and to dump the character-based Japanese language in favor of English, which was the mark of a more advanced race. To judge by the styles they affect and the movies and music they favor, today's young Japanese seem to take Europe as the standard of refinement and America as the source of pop-cultural energy. Even when nothing earthshaking is happening in America, the TV news has extensive what's-new-in-New-York segments.

Herbert Passin, a professor of sociology at Columbia University, who came to Japan during the Occupation and has been here off and on ever since, contends that the sense of inferiority is so deep-seated that a few years of economic victories cannot really have dislodged it. The longer I have been here, and the better I've gotten to know a few Japanese, the more frequently I've seen flashes of the old, nagging fear of inferiority. Americans often talk, with good reason, about the defects of their “system.” Many Japanese take pride in their economic and social system but still act as if something is wrong with them as a race. I talked with a group of teenage entrepreneurs, who had set up a mildly rebellious magazine. We talked about Japan's economic success, and then one of them burst out: “We're just like a bunch of ants. We all teem around a biscuit and carry it off. That's the only way we succeed.” A famous scientist who has directed successful research projects for the Ministry of International Trade

and Industry—precisely the kind of man American industrialists most fear—described Japan's impressive scientific work-in-progress. Then he sighed and said, "Still, my real feeling is, Everything new comes from the States. We can refine it and improve it, but the firsts always come from outside."

On the other hand, many Japanese can barely conceal their disdain for the West's general loss of economic vigor. Many people I have interviewed have talked about the United States the way many Americans talk about England: it had its day, but now that's done. One influential businessman in his early forties told me that members of his generation were not even daunted by the wartime defeat. Our fathers were beaten, he told me with a fierce look—not us. This is shaping up as the year of "economic-adjustment" plans: every week a new ministry comes out with a scheme for reducing Japan's trade surplus. I have yet to see the word *fairness* in the English versions of these documents. Instead they are all designed to promote "harmony." The stated premise is that Japan has to give foreigners a break, so that it doesn't make needless enemies overseas. The unstated but obvious corollary is that Japan could crush every indolent Western competitor if it tried. Even the things some Japanese still claim to admire about America suggest racial condescension. Among the American virtues that Japanese have mentioned to me are a big army, a sense of style and rhythm, artistic talent and energy, and raw animal (and supposedly sexual) strength. In their eyes we are big, potent, and hairy.

The Japanese have obviously profited, in purely practical terms, from their racial purity. Many of the things that are most admirable about the society—its shared moral values, its consideration for all its members' interests, the attention people pay to the collective well-being as well as to their own—are easier to create when everyone is ethnically the same. Three years ago, at a commemoration for those killed by the atomic bomb at Hiroshima, Prime Minister Nakasone made this point as cruelly as possible. He said, "The Japanese have been doing well for as long as 2,000 years because there are no foreign races."

I have always thought that, simply in practical terms, the United States had a big edge because it tried so hard, albeit inconsistently and with limited success, to digest people from different backgrounds and parts of the world. Didn't the resulting cultural collisions give us extra creativity and resilience? Didn't the ethnic mixture help us at least slightly in our dealings with other countries? The Japanese, in contrast, have suffered grievously from their lack of any built-in understanding of foreign cultures. Sitting off on their own, it is easy for them to view the rest of the world as merely a market—an attitude harder to hold if your population contains a lot of refugees and immigrants. This perspective has as much to do with "trade frictions" as does their admirable management style. I am exaggerating for effect here—the most cosmopolitan Japanese I have met have a broader view than most people I know in America—but in general a homogeneous population with

no emotional ties to the rest of the world acts even more narcissistically than do others. When the United States threatened to drown the world in its trade surpluses, it started the Marshall Plan. The Japanese, to put it mildly, have been less eager to share their wealth.

Practicalities aside, the United States, like the rest of Western society, has increasingly in the twentieth century considered it morally "right" to rise above differences of race, inconvenient and uncomfortable as that may sometimes be. Few Western societies, and few people, may succeed in so rising—but they feel guilty when they fail. The Japanese do not.

The integrationist dream has few supporters in this half of the globe. The Japanese are unusual in having so large a population with so little racial diversity, but their underlying belief that politics and culture should run on racial lines is held in many other parts of Asia. Directly or indirectly, the politics of most Asian countries revolve around racial or tribal divisions, especially those between the numerous Chinese expatriates and the Malays, Vietnamese, Indonesians, and others among whom the Chinese live. It's hard to think of a really stable or happy multi-racial Asian state. Asians look at the Hindu-Moslem partition of India and see acquiescence to fate. Japanese look at America and see a mongrel race.

Edward Seidensticker, now a professor at Columbia, lived here for many years after the war—and then, in 1962, announced his intention to depart. "The Japanese are just like other people," he wrote in a *sayonara* newspaper column. "But no. They are not like other people. They are infinitely more clannish, insular, parochial, and one owes it to one's self-respect to preserve a feeling of outrage at the insularity. To have the sense of outrage go dull is to lose the will to communicate; and that, I think, is death. So I am going home."

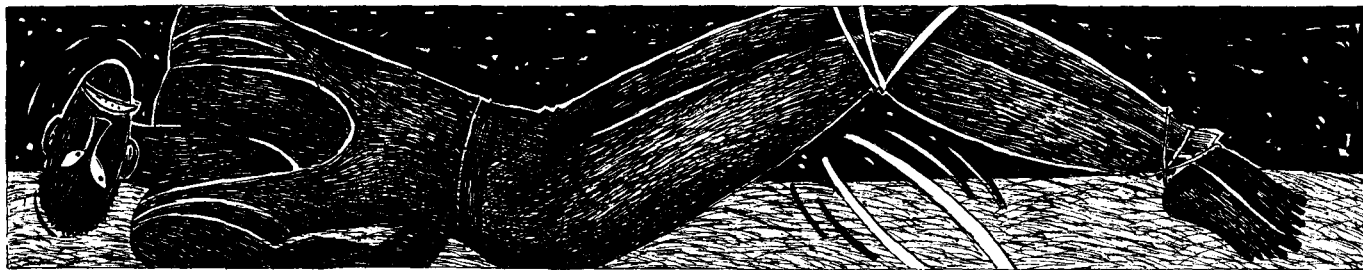
I've just gotten here, but I think I understand what Seidensticker was talking about. And it is connected with my only real reservation about the Japanese economic miracle. Even as Japan steadily rises in influence, the idea that it should be the new world model is hard for me to swallow. I know it is not logical to draw moral lessons from economics. But everyone does it—why else did Richard Nixon brag to Nikita Khrushchev about our big refrigerators—and the Japanese are naturally now drawing lessons of their own. Their forty-year recovery represents the triumph of a system and a people, but I think many Japanese see it as the victory of a *pure* people, which by definition no inferior or mixed-blood race can match. The Japanese have their history and we have ours, so it would not be fair to argue that they "should" be a multi-racial, immigrant land. Most of the world, with greater or lesser frankness, subscribes to the Japanese view that people must be ethnically similar to get along. But to me, its ethic of exclusion is the least lovable thing about this society. And I hope, as the Japanese reflect upon their victories, that they congratulate themselves for diligence, sacrifice, and teamwork, not for remaining "pure." □

A Short Story



INCIDENT AT MHLABA JAIL

BY ERNST HAVEMANN



VISITORS OFTEN STOPPED TO TAKE PICTURES OF THE jail parking area, with its big central oval of dark green grass and trees, and the black convicts in their red shirts, meticulously pulling up small weeds, one by one. The convicts chattered quietly or hummed little songs in unison, giving an impression of peace and of men contented with their gentle occupation. There was rarely much traffic, but this Saturday morning three farm trucks were parked across one end of the tarmac, and a little group of white men stood near the jail gate, admiring a sheet of plywood propped against a two-by-four. On it, in luminous orange paint, was the legend NKULU RECEPTION COMMITTEE. I stopped on the opposite side of the road and leaned out to see what was going on.

Ronnie Roland's leopard-skin cap stood out above the heads of the other men. He waved. "Hallo, Jim. Come and see my new burdizzo. On the double, now, Corporal. Lef' ri', lef' ri'."

The others joined in sycophantically, "Lef' ri' right. Come on, Corp, lef' ri'."

We had all been together in the army ten years before, on the Angola border, in 27 Squad (Special Duties). Ronnie had been our sergeant—a good sergeant—and he liked to remind us of it by addressing us by our military ranks and by buying the first round and the last round whenever he met any of us at the bar. "Sergeant's privilege," he would explain, smiling but steely-eyed, brooking no argument.

I parked and walked across. Ronnie flourished a big stainless-steel instrument, like a pair of pincers with wide jaws and a complicated double joint. He picked a thick twig off a hibiscus shrub, put it between the instrument's jaws, pushed the handles together, and then released them and held up the twig in triumph.

"See—the core is cut through but the bark is undamaged. Clever, eh? Invented by a cunning old Italian veterinarian, Dr. Burdizzo."

"Whatever for?"

"Bloodless castrator, Jim boy. Fit the top of the ram's testicle in here, press the handle, and thwap! the cord's cut. It's the vas deferens, I believe. Same for the other testicle. The tube's cut but the skin's intact. No wound, no infection, but the ram can't ram no more. Yes, sir," he sang, "he ain't gonna ram no more, no more, he ain't gonna ram no more."

"Only today it's not a sheep," Piet Smuts said. "It's a big black buck. A sable antelope, you could say. Eh, that's witty, man, isn't it? A sable antelope is a black buck. Get it? When they release Nkulu through the jail gate, here we shall all be waiting to meet and greet him. Surprise! Surprise! Eh? I can't wait to see his face."

"It's not his face I'm after," Bill Robinson said.

He and the rest of the reception committee demonstrated how they would pull a grain bag over Nkulu's head, gag him, tie his ankles, and rip open his trousers, so that Ronnie could use the burdizzo. "From the time he emerges till the exercise is over we'll need one minute forty-three seconds—you'll see. Precision commando operation, like old Twenty-seven Squad. Want to join us, Jim? Actually, we don't need another man, but you could take pictures for the record. Show those girls what we go through to protect them. Use my camera—I've just put in a new roll of film."

"Hell, chaps," I said. "You can't do this. It's a bloody criminal assault. And the fellow's innocent."

"Well, why did they arrest him, then?" Dave Barnard demanded.

"They made a mistake," I said. "Mrs. Oosthuizen is now certain it was not Nkulu."

"I thought she said it was too dark to see. So how can she be sure it wasn't him?" Piet asked triumphantly.

Bill clicked the burdizzo's jaws next to my ear. "Say, why do you care so much about this Bantu? Is he a buddy of yours? You don't want to be known as the friend of a native rapist, Jim. But I'd do the same if he was white." He clicked the burdizzo again.

I snatched ineffectually at the instrument. "I don't have to be his friend to be against your sadism," I said. "It's bloody pathological."

"Ooh, long words," Dave said. "And they're insulting, too, I'll bet."

"Watch it, Jim," Ronnie interrupted. "You'll get these fellows all worked up and wanting to practice on you." He gave a face-contorting wink and took me by the arm. "Come on, Jim. We know you don't like rough games."

He walked me resolutely across the road. "Jim lad, we've got to keep the Squad going." He shifted his hand to my shoulder. "Once men have seen action together, danger and death and blood together, like you and I and the other chaps have, there's a bond, Jim. It's like the old comrades' esprit, and we've got to preserve it. You know as well as I do a few drunk-ups don't do it. It needs something that will get the old adrenalin moving. Like today's little affair." He opened my door for me. "Remember, Jim, once a comrade, always a comrade."

"Sure, Ronnie. But how can you sacrifice this poor bloody native? He didn't do anything!" I could hear my voice going high and a little hysterical.

He laughed his warm, deep laugh. "I bet he would have done it if he had had the chance. I wouldn't mind giving Betty Oosthuizen a touch or two myself." He poked a finger in my ribs and left.

A number of white passersby stopped at the reception-committee placard, where Piet and Ronnie described what they were going to do. Scandalized giggles and shrieks were heard from women as the bu-dizzo was held up and explained. Now and then one heard a male squawk, when Ronnie playfully lunged the instrument at a man's crotch. Meantime, the rest of the reception committee did a few rehearsal drills, manhandling one of their number to the ground and getting busy with gags and ropes. They looked like a first-aid class playing a game.

A few natives also paused, but the reception committee ushered them on, saying courteously, "No, boy," or "No, my friend, this not for you." Most natives left, but some merely moved across the road, asking one another what was happening. Then there was a sudden murmur of anger, and a boy sprinted down the road to where a native road gang was at work. They followed him back, carrying their crowbars and pickaxes.

Their *induna*, or leader, ducked into the scrub at the roadside and emerged beside my truck, where he could not be seen by the reception committee. He was a heavy, villainous-looking man, with a long scar down his cheek and across his mouth.

"Baas," he said in a deep whisper.

"Yes, boy, what is it? Do I know you?"

He said, tentatively, in Zulu, "Baas. It is said Baas is a friend of Nkulu."

"I know him slightly. We have met at meetings."

"It is said you are a friend."

I did not reply. He waited a few seconds and then said, "I have never spoken with him."

I remained silent.

"Baas Jim," he said. "We do not want to make a procession to walk down the street with Nkulu as if he is a great chief. We want only to let him get away before Baas Roland can do a bad thing to him. To take away his manhood! A man's manhood is the seed corn of his tribe."

"It is a matter for the police," I said firmly.

He ignored my remark. "The door in the jail gate always opens at nine o'clock. My men and I will be there. When they let Nkulu out, we shall seize him and hustle him over here into your truck. You must be ready to drive off before Baas Roland and his friends can get here. But in any case we shall stand guard till you are off."

"I don't want to get mixed up in this affair," I said. "It is not my business. And it is not yours. Leave it."

He answered patiently, "Baas, God sent you to this place, on this day, when you are needed, and God put me and my gang close by, where we could find out what Baas Roland means to do. Also, think: If Nkulu is hurt, there will be deaths in the village tonight. Then the other white people will ask, Why did Baas Jim not interfere and prevent the riot? Why did Baas Jim not help Nkulu get away?"

"It is a matter for the police," I repeated.

"The police know all about Nkulu. If they wanted him to be safe, then they would be here. But the police are not here. Baas Roland is here, with his shiny iron castrator. So my gang and our crowbars must be the policemen. You will be safe, Baas. No one argues with ten crowbars. I shall put down your tailgate now, so that we can throw Nkulu in without pausing, like a bag of grain." He sidled to the rear of the truck and let the flap down. "Start your motor, Baas, *brrrm, brrrm*. It is nearly nine o'clock."

"No!" I insisted. "I am not going to help you. You are making trouble. Big trouble."

"Start your motor, Baas!" the *induna* hissed urgently. "If we do not succeed, there will be bloodshed today."

I started the motor. The *induna* said, "That is good," like an adult praising a child. He made his way back through the bushes and reappeared, leading his men across the road and over the forecourt to the jail gate. They lined up opposite Ronnie's committee. The spectators had all drifted away, and so the two groups had the forecourt to themselves.

I got out of my cab to watch, leaving the door open and the motor running for a quick getaway.

Piet Smuts addressed the road gang politely, "Move away, please. We need this space," and motioned with his arm.

The gang did not move.

He turned to the *induna*. "Shift your gang, please, *induna*."

The *induna* said impassively, "We have work here, Baas."

"You can go in when we have finished. We shall not be long," Piet said, a little impatiently.

"Our work is here." The *induna* pointed at the asphalt in front of his feet, and spat, as if to mark the spot.

"What work? I don't see any work."

"Come on, you kaffers, get to work!" the *induna* growled.

One of the gang broke into a work song. "*Ma-simtate! Simti! Nyigiti!*" The others joined in, chanting very slowly. They bent down, miming intense effort, as if their crowbars were part of a heavy beam. "*Si-i-imti,*" they groaned, swinging the phantom beam back, and then "*Nyigiti,*" as they swung it forward.

"Goddamn insolence," Piet said.

"*Simti,*" the gang intoned. "*Simti. Nyigiti.*"

We had all heard the song scores of times, at railway sidings, factories, construction sites. After five or six *Simtis* the gang would have established a team rhythm; then the song leader would yell "*Shaaa-ya!*" and they would heave the load on up to wherever it was to go. We tensed, expecting the song leader to give the word, but he went on stolidly chanting with the rest. "*Simti. Nyigiti. Simti. Nyigiti.*"

"Get on with it, man," Dave Barnard muttered. "Say *Shaya*, man. Say *Shaya*."

The gang maintained its slow beat. "*Simti. Nyigiti.*"

"Christ, Ronnie," Bill said. "You didn't say anything about this. I didn't bring a sidearm or anything. We'd better get some wrenches and tire levers out of the trucks, man."

"We're not in Angola now—no violence unless we're attacked," Ronnie commanded. "Just stand your ground, boys. We'll be fine."

"This isn't what I came for," Dave Barnard complained. "You know I can't afford trouble right now, Ronnie. I'm on a suspended, man. If I get in trouble, I go inside for twelve months. Twelve months! And my wife's expecting." He was almost screaming. "She's expecting!"

"There won't be any trouble," Ronnie said. "Just remember your unarmed combat, boys. But we won't blame you if you skip out, Dave."

"It's not what I came for!" Dave cried. "It's not fair!"

"Okay, Dave, okay," Piet said. "But don't howl in front of the, the"—he struggled for a word—"the other people, ch."

The road gang's chant was speeding up and they were now rhythmically stamping their feet as if starting a war dance. "*Simti, nyigiti, simti, nyigiti, simti, nyigiti. Eee-yoh!*" The *induna* stood aloof, silent, watching Ronnie. Piet Smuts took his hunting knife from the sheath on his belt, looked at it, and put it back, keeping his hand on it with the flap unbuttoned.

"Might as well abort, with this mob around," Bill said.

"Can't back down now," Ronnie replied. "Everybody in town would know by lunchtime."

Suddenly the *induna* gave a high double whistle. The gang stopped singing and stood still. The door in the jail gate creaked and opened. The *induna* and Piet Smuts craned forward, their heads almost touching. A native guard came out; he hesitated at the sight of so many men around him and then continued forward, followed by ten

or twelve native convicts carrying garden trowels. They walked nervously down the path between the road gang and the committee. Another native guard began closing the door, but Ronnie put his boot in it.

"Where's Nkulu?" he demanded. The guard held the door hard against Ronnie's boot and apparently signaled someone. A white warder appeared.

"You're obstructing a prison officer in the course of his duty, Mr. Roland," he said. "What do you think you're doing?"

"Where's Nkulu?" Ronnie demanded again.

"I believe a prisoner was taken by the police and set free somewhere else during the night."

"The bloody bastards!" Ronnie shouted. "The low-down, deceiving bastards!"

"He's lying, they've got him in there," Piet Smuts cried, trying to push in past the native guard. The warder slapped his pistol holster angrily. "I've never yet shot a man who was trying to break *into* prison. But there's always a first time, eh. What business is Nkulu of yours, anyway?" He kicked Ronnie's foot out of the way and viciously slammed the steel door.

The *induna* relayed to his men what the warder had said. "Is it true?" he shouted to the native guard inside. The guard confirmed it: the police had had a special paper from the magistrate and had said they would release Nkulu in the Native Reserve at dawn.

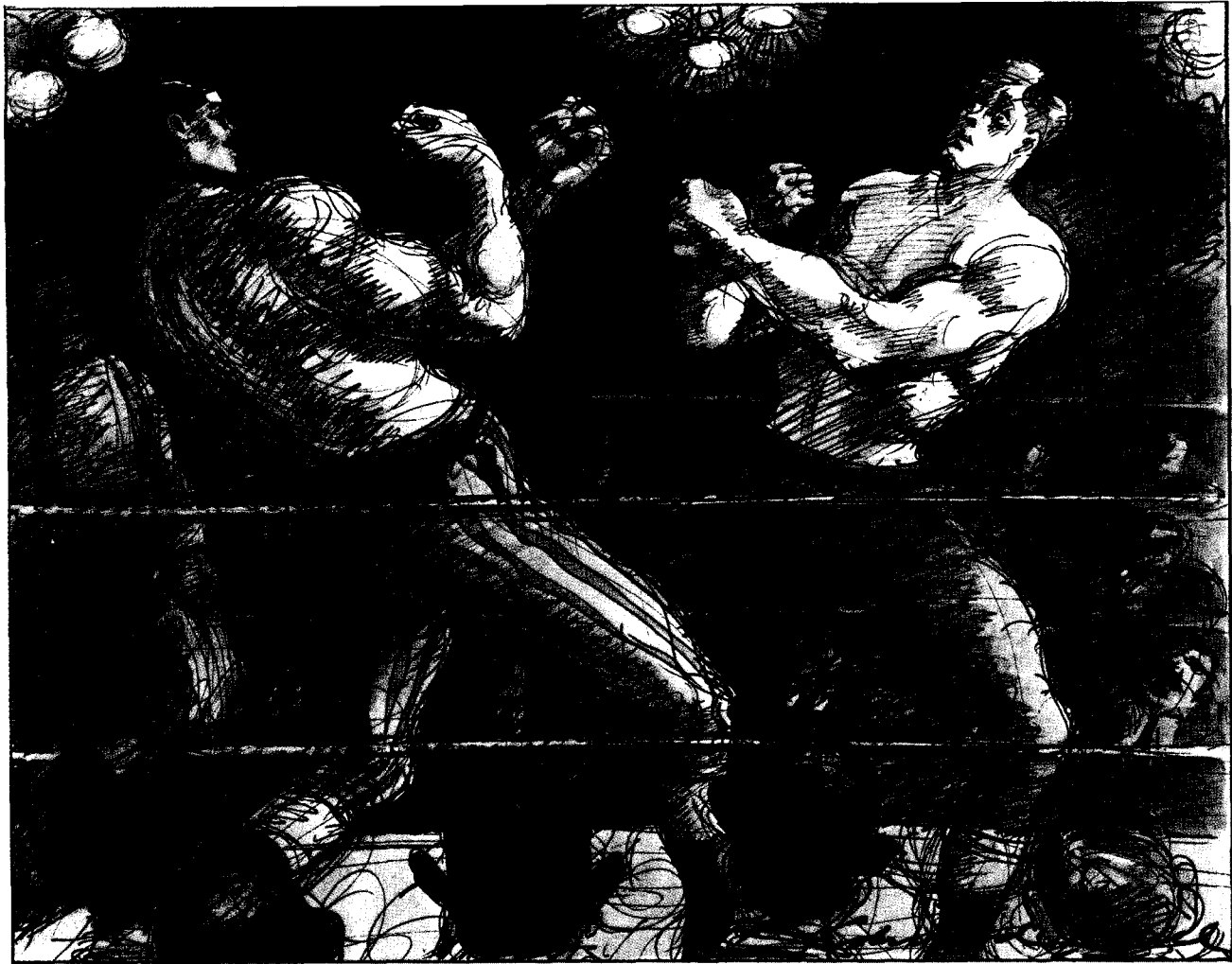
The *induna* shouted, "Nkulu has gone. He is safe. The affair is over." He gestured to his men to follow him. He carefully avoided looking in my direction, and made a small detour to go past the reception committee's vehicles. As he passed Ronnie's truck he dropped his crowbar on the vehicle's immaculate wing, denting it and cracking off a long streak of paint. "Sorry, Baas," he said. "Very sorry." Each of the laborers dropped or scraped a tool on a truck as he went by, and said quietly, as if to himself, "Excuse, please, Master," or "Sorry, Baas."

By the time Ronnie's party realized what had happened, the road gang was back at work.

ONE DAY SIX MONTHS AFTER THE INCIDENT THE *INDUNA* waved me down a few miles outside the village. "Are you well, Jim?" ("Jim," I noticed, not "Baas Jim.") "I bring praises from Nkulu. I told him he is only a man whom you used to meet at meetings, but he insists that you are a friend. He could not risk being seen in the white village, and so he could not personally thank you for leading the rescue party at the jail."

"I did no such thing, and you know it," I protested.

He shrugged. "It is what is being said among black people. It cheers some of the old ones. Of course, my men and I are heroes too. The lion makes the kill, but the jackals also get to share the meat." He smiled an evil grin, showing broken teeth where the scar cut across his lip. "When I am asked if you are a friend of mine, I reply, 'No, we are battle comrades.' That is so, is it not?" □



FIRST ENCOUNTERS

JOHN L. SULLIVAN AND ALFRED I. DU PONT

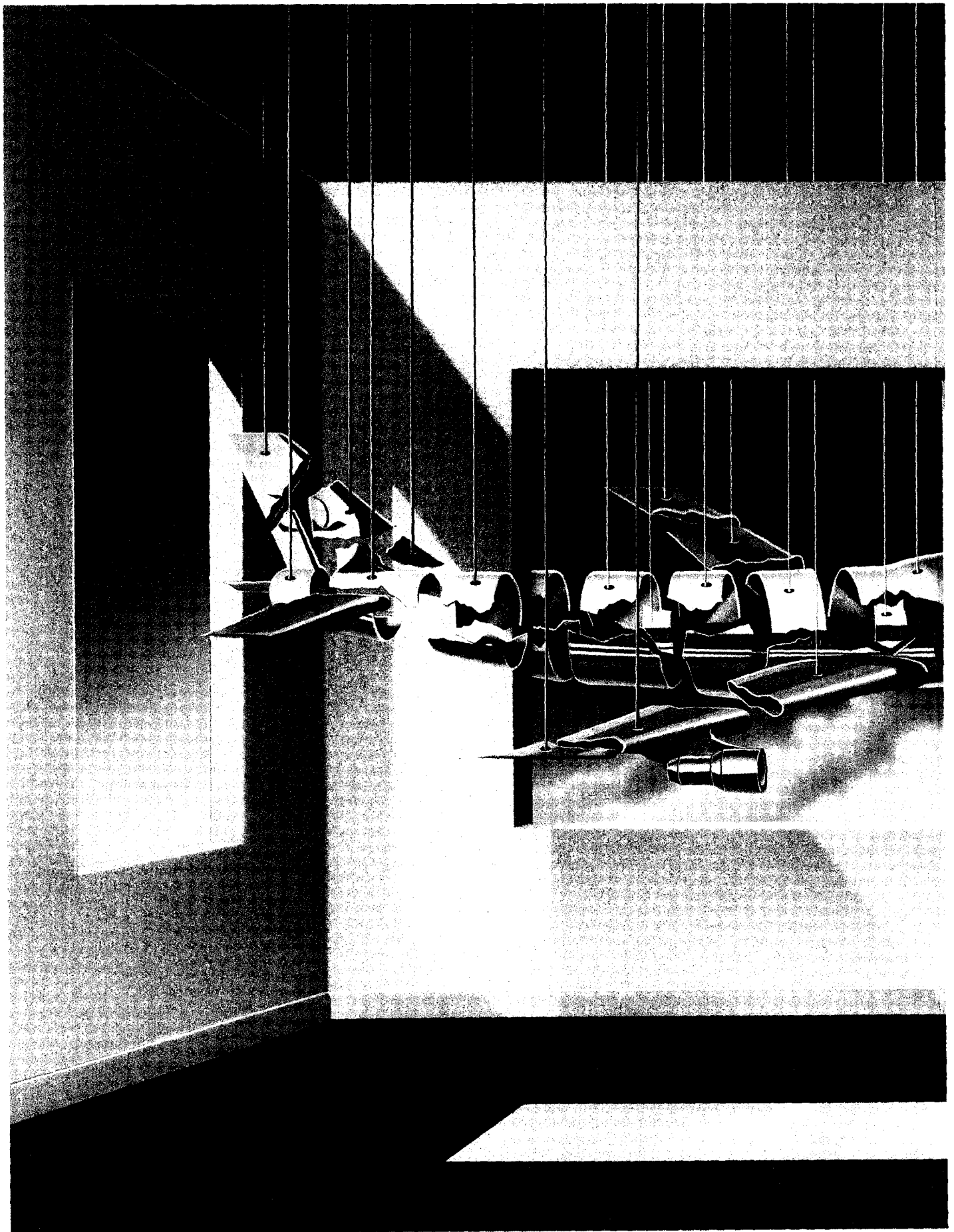
BAREKNUCKLE PRIZEFIGHTING was an illegal sport in the 1880s, but the new heavyweight champion was nonetheless a national hero. He took the role seriously: after each win he would raise his celebrated right arm and, in sonorous tones, assure his fans that he could whip any man "born of woman," or "in the house," or "breathing," and then conclude, "Thanking you one and all very kindly, I remain, yours truly, John L. Sullivan."

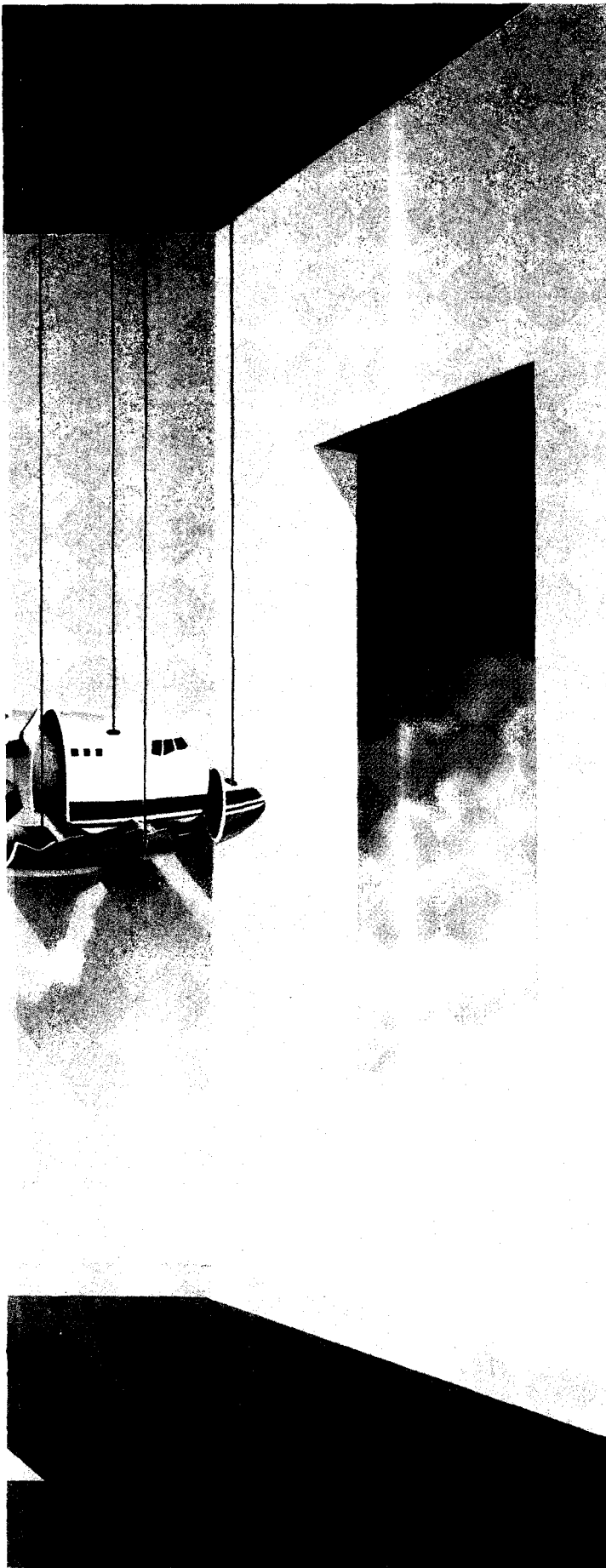
That winter of 1883 Sullivan appeared at Howard's Athenaeum, a Boston burlesque house, where he took on all comers for a prize of \$1,000. Most were first-generation Irish street toughs like himself, but one evening his contender was a handsome, blond young man who said that he was Alfred I. du Pont, a freshman at MIT, and that he was there because his allowance of \$30 a month was inadequate. John L. was sympathetic. His nightly bar bills were worse than that. Besides, he admired book learning. So he sparred with Alfred I. over sufficient rounds to ensure him the \$50 consolation prize.

But this was no one-fight stand. Although a du Pont, Alfred I. had grown up among the workers in the black-powder mills; like their children, he had settled all disputes with his fists. He felt drawn to the expansive, generous Sullivan, only six years his senior, who in turn gave him pointers for the ring, debated the new Marquis of Queensbury rules, and kept him by his side through long evenings in local saloons. That Alfred I. was the eldest son of the eldest son of the founder of E. I. du Pont de Nemours was of no consequence.

In time John L. was defeated and shifted his talents to the New York stage. Alfred I., in town from Delaware, would attend; on learning of his presence, Sullivan would interrupt the melodrama, advance to the footlights, and thunder out, "My greetings to Mr. Alfred I. du Pont!" And in John L.'s final round it didn't matter that he had drunk up or given away all that prize money, because Alfred I. provided a monthly pension and a little farm in Massachusetts for his friend.

—Nancy Caldwell Sorel





*What really happened
to Flight 007*

“THE TARGET IS DESTROYED”

BY SEYMOUR M. HERSH

In Moscow

TODAY, THREE YEARS AFTER THE SOVIETS SHOT down Korean Air Lines Flight 007, killing all 269 people aboard, they remain convinced that some evidence somewhere will prove to the world that the airliner was sent over their skies by the Reagan Administration. In May of 1984, shortly after beginning research on Flight 007, I was granted permission to visit the Soviet Union and conduct interviews about it. My visit to Moscow culminated in a long meeting with Marshal Nikolai V. Ogarkov, the head of the Soviet General Staff, which oversees all Soviet military forces, and Deputy Foreign Minister Georgi M. Kornienko, in an ornate conference room belonging to the Defense Ministry. After five days of interviews and briefings, I had been provided with no evidence to support the thesis—which Ogarkov and Kornienko seemed to believe—that Flight 007 was a deliberate provocation. I raised what seemed to be obvious questions. Why not simply tell the world, “We made a mistake and shot down the airliner in the belief that it was an American reconnaissance plane”? Why say that it had to be a spy plane when there obviously was no proof?

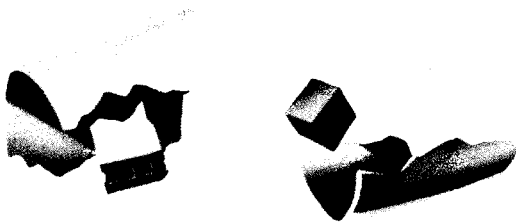
Kornienko answered by telling me why I had been invited to Moscow: he and Ogarkov had agreed to my visa in the hope that they could persuade me, as a journalist, to investigate the Central Intelligence Agency’s role in the shootdown. Taken aback, but realizing that the two senior Soviet officials were serious, I asked Kornienko with a laugh whether he was trying to be my editor. His response came in English: “Your assignment is to find that it was an intruder.” The Deputy Foreign Minister added that the

This article is drawn from Mr. Hersh’s book of the same name, which will be published this month by Random House.

American public would never accept the shootdown as a rational act on the Soviets' part unless it could be proved that the overflight of sensitive military installations was deliberate. I could not decide which was more surprising—his faith in the American First Amendment or the explicit acknowledgment that his government, for all of its public finger-pointing, had no evidence of American involvement in the flight path of the Korean airliner. Marshal Ogarkov said, "We do not know all the intentions that preceded Flight 007. I'm sure that the day will come when we know the reasons why this mission was arranged."

I spent the next two years investigating the very questions posed by Kornienko and Ogarkov, and found that Flight 007 was not on an intelligence-gathering mission for the CIA or any other agency of the United States or South Korea. But just why the plane ended up hundreds of miles off course may never be fully understood. How had the sophisticated navigational equipment on the Boeing 747, widely considered one of the safest planes in commercial use, failed to alert the crew? What did the Russians know about its going off course, and at what point did they know it? How did they mistake, as they insist they did, a commercial airliner for an American reconnaissance mission they had routinely monitored for more than twenty years? Why did they fail to shoot the plane down right away? What did United States intelligence agencies learn about the flight, and when? What basis did President Ronald Reagan and his top advisers have for publicly insisting that the Soviet Union had identified the plane as a commercial airliner before shooting it down?

I learned many new facts in my researches, and they make clear that the destruction of Flight 007 had its beginnings not in international intrigue but in the ordinary human failings of the Korean Air Lines crew members who were responsible for the lives of hundreds of innocent airline passengers.



Preparing for Departure

THE CAPTAIN OF KOREAN AIR LINES FLIGHT 007 ON the night of August 31–September 1, 1983, was Chun Byung-in, forty-five years old, who had been flying for KAL since 1972, after ten years of service in the Korean Air Force. He was highly regarded for his safety record and had been chosen as a backup pilot on three of South Korean President Chun Doo Hwan's state visits. Captain Chun had flown the North Pacific route between Anchorage and the Far East eighty-three times, including twenty-seven flights along R-20, the specific route

that Flight 007 had been assigned that night by the Anchorage Air Route Traffic Control Center. R-20 is fifty miles wide, like all North Pacific routes, and comes within twenty miles of Soviet air space along the Kamchatka Peninsula, about 450 miles from the Aleutian Islands. Captain Chun's copilot, Son Dong-Hwin, forty-seven years old, also had extensive experience in the North Pacific, having flown between Anchorage and Asia fifty-two times in his four years with KAL, while logging nearly 3,500 hours in Boeing 747s. He had flown R-20 only seventeen days earlier, one of thirty such trips he had made. The flight engineer, Kim Eui Dong, thirty-two years old, had traveled North Pacific routes forty-four times, including three trips in the previous year. This was to be his first trip along R-20. Captain Chun and his colleagues were well rested; another crew had flown the first leg of Flight 007, from New York City to Anchorage.

There was little reason for the experienced crew to look forward to its assignment. Piloting a modern jetliner is far less glamorous than is popularly perceived. Nearly all of the significant navigation would be done by the plane's inertial navigation system, which controlled the automatic pilot. The INS, which is amazingly accurate in point-to-point navigation, has taken much of the work out of flying—as well as much of the fun. The second leg of Flight 007 would take about eight hours and cover 4,100 miles, most of them over water, most of them in darkness. Even the fact that the flight plan called for the airliner, with its 240 passengers and twenty-nine crew members, to fly within fifty miles of the Soviet Union was routine.

The flight plan for Captain Chun's trip across the ocean that night, detailing the speed and altitude for the airliner en route to Seoul, had been drawn up in advance by computer. Many pilots routinely follow such a prepackaged plan; others, after checking weather and other flight conditions, modify the plan. Captain Chun made his own decision on what altitude to fly at. The plan called for the airliner to climb from its initial cruising altitude of 31,000 feet to 33,000 feet after about two hours of flight, when, it had been computed, enough fuel would have burned off to lighten the aircraft and enable it to fly more efficiently in the thinner and colder air. Yet the airliner did not request permission to reach that altitude until more than three hours had passed. A copy of the plan that Chun had seen, left on file at Korean Air's flight-operations office in Anchorage, was printed in the appendix to a later report investigating the flight. It showed jottings made by Captain Chun indicating that he had spent a few minutes before takeoff revising the flight plan. He apparently was seeking ways of making the flight more fuel-efficient and elected to delay the aircraft's climb to 33,000 feet. Chun reworked the data and concluded that it would be more efficient to delay the climb until more fuel had been burned off, lightening the plane.

Chun's last-minute revision to the flight plan may have led him and his crew to rush through the other, more routine, preflight checks. For instance, there is evidence that

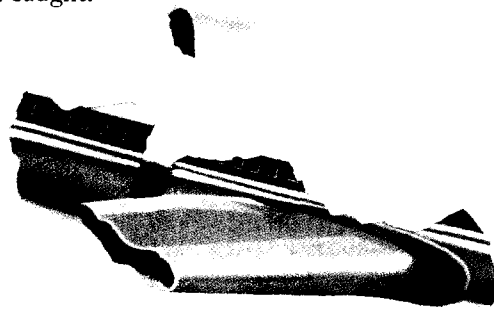
the Captain made a monumental error in computing the aircraft's weight and balance—the most important factor, as any pilot can attest, determining takeoff speed and distance. Other documents reproduced in the appendix to the same report showed that before departure Chun had signed a flight-release sheet listing the on-board fuel at 253,700 pounds. A few moments later he signed a weight-and-balance manifest incorrectly listing the fuel at 263,700 pounds (a later analysis of refueling records showed that the actual fuel on board at takeoff was 253,700 pounds). Under some circumstances an additional 10,000 pounds can mean the difference between a successful takeoff and a crash. For example, if the Captain was carrying 10,000 pounds more fuel than he realized, and if the aircraft was already at its maximum weight for takeoff—as many airliners are, but not Flight 007 that night—the miscalculation could have led to an aborted takeoff or a disaster.

IN THEORY, A CAPTAIN AND HIS CREW STRIVE NOT ONLY TO work together but also to reinforce each other and make it more difficult for significant mistakes to take place—such as the error in computing the amount of fuel aboard. In practice, the personal dynamics in the cockpit often make it difficult to correct errors—even potentially deadly ones.

The captain, invariably senior in experience and prestige, is king of the flight deck; copilots and flight engineers are reluctant to challenge his judgment and have been known to remain silent even when confronted with catastrophe. Not surprisingly, the captain's dominance is most pronounced among airlines in Asia, where elders and superiors are traditionally highly respected. Western crews are more willing to challenge their pilots, but in a crisis will also defer to a captain's orders, even when clearly dangerous. The cases most often cited include a March, 1977, runway collision of two 747s in the Canary Islands. The crash was triggered by a KLM captain who, despite a warning by his copilot, started to take off without clearance from the control tower. "Wait a minute, we do not have a clearance," the copilot said, according to the cockpit recorder. The captain paused as the copilot radioed the tower. He received no takeoff clearance, only navigation instructions. As the copilot was repeating those instructions to the captain, the captain suddenly exclaimed, in Dutch, "We're going—check thrust." The 747 then slammed into a taxiing Pan Am 747, killing 583 people, in the world's worst airline disaster. Similarly, in December of 1974, a Trans World Airlines jet crashed into a mountain near Dulles International Airport, outside Washington, D.C., when the captain decided that the air-traffic controller had cleared the plane for initial approach altitude, a predetermined height for approaching the runway. His copilot disagreed. A brief discussion ended with the captain abruptly cutting off his copilot and saying: "When he [the air controller] clears you, [expletive deleted], that means you can go to your . . . initial approach altitude." The captain was wrong.

The INS has not eliminated such behavior, nor could it

have prevented the Canary Islands collision. But it has made it easier for crews with good working relationships to discover and rectify navigational mistakes. Of the twenty-one instances of significant INS malfunction and misprogramming referred to the Federal Aviation Administration's Aviation Safety Reporting System from 1978 to 1983, only one resulted in a deviation of 250 miles or more from the flight path. And none of the planes, until Flight 007, had crashed or intruded into hostile airspace. Investigators have determined that most of the errors were caught by crew members within moments, precisely as the system's manufacturers intended them to be. But the errors are not always caught.



The Flight Plan

THE INERTIAL NAVIGATION SYSTEM REPRESENTS A leap in technology. Navigation has always depended on outside points of reference, such as the stars or the magnetic North Pole or, more recently, radio beacons, to fix location and chart a course. The needs of space exploration changed all that. The National Aeronautics and Space Administration developed a new guidance device for its spacecraft—the inertial navigation system—that had immediate implications for commercial air traffic. The heart of an INS is a tiny platform inside the aircraft, stabilized by gyroscopes, from which it is constantly able to compute the airplane's position without reference to any outside point. The mechanism has the ability constantly to measure what is known as the earthrate precession—one of the measurable motions of the earth as it turns on its axis. The rate of precession varies with latitude, and the INS is capable at any given latitude of determining what it is. The INS not only computes its present position but senses any change in direction or speed; it therefore can navigate to any point on the earth by making simple computations. Flying over the North Pole, where magnetic distortion is severe, thus poses no special problem and calls for no special navigation by the crew. The INS is programmed always to fly the most direct route between two points, a segment of what is known as a Great Circle track (the term refers to the circle around the earth defined by the two points). As further assurance that the plane will remain on course, the INS constantly computes the effect of winds on the plane's course and feeds that information seven times a second to the plane's automatic pilot. This complex system has been in widespread use on airliners, including the fleet of Boeing 747s owned by Korean Air Lines, since the late 1970s.

One of the basic questions facing the initial investigators of the shootdown of Flight 007, an ad hoc team of experts assembled by the International Civil Aviation Organization—a Montreal-based group under the auspices of the United Nations—was whether the INS units aboard Flight 007 had been working properly. The ICAO investigation had been authorized as part of the resolution of condemnation of the Soviet action that had been overwhelmingly approved by the ICAO Council—after intense U.S. lobbying—on September 16, 1983. The investigators were given only until mid-December to complete their inquiry, and they turned to INS malfunction or misprogramming as the most logical place to begin to seek an answer to the essential problem posed by the shootdown: the failure of the seemingly competent Korean crew members to know they were lost. Sheer necessity was another reason for the ICAO team to turn to the INS: there was little else to work with. None of Flight 007's recorded communications with air-traffic controllers in Anchorage and Tokyo seemed out of the ordinary, and no apparent clues were found in the preflight logs and documents on file at Anchorage.

Most Boeing 747s have three INS units in the cockpit, one each for the captain, the copilot, and the flight engineer. On most flights, as on Flight 007, the captain's INS actually controls the autopilot and thus navigates the plane; the other units are backup. The devices are designed to be separately programmed and to cross-check one another—making it extremely difficult to go astray. And yet, as airline officials throughout the world describe it, the uncanny perfection of the INS has created a new generation of problems arising from the simple fact that there is little to do after takeoff and before landing except periodically monitor the instruments; complacency becomes almost inevitable. Pilots and the crew members of major international airlines have become experts in the seemingly simple business of staying awake and alert and not falling into the trap of flying by rote.

In the debate over what went wrong on Flight 007, many pilots and airline officials have argued that, even assuming that the airliner's INS malfunctioned or was incorrectly programmed, there were many other systems that should have warned the crew members that they were off course. The most obvious of those is the aircraft's ground-mapping radar, which has a range of 200 nautical miles and is displayed in front of both the pilot and the copilot. If Flight 007 had been on course, the radar would have shown nothing but water until the aircraft had flown beyond the Kamchatka Peninsula. Instead, Flight 007 flew directly over the land mass of Kamchatka for at least twenty-five minutes. Later, en route to Sakhalin Island, when the pilots should have been looking at the configuration of the northern Kurile Islands, there was nothing to see on radar, for the airliner was then over the vast Sea of Okhotsk. How could the crew have missed all that?

The fact is that many pilots do not rely on ground-mapping radar, because—given the competence of the INS—

they don't believe that it will tell them anything they need to know, and when it does depict conflicting data, they frequently choose to believe that it is malfunctioning. Many airliner pilots have acknowledged to me in interviews that they pay little attention to the radar, but few were willing to be quoted. One exception is Harold H. Ewing, of Sumter, South Carolina, an airline captain who spent much of 1984 and 1985 independently investigating the flight path of the Korean airliner. Ewing has flown R-20 between Anchorage and the Far East repeatedly since 1980; in his view, a major function of ground-mapping radar on that route is "to tell you where the Kuriles are . . . to tell you if you're a little to the right [toward the Soviet Union]." He says, "You don't look down and see a hundred percent ground cover and figure that it's Kamchatka—no way. You figure the radar's screwed up again, which it is half the time. If you're not okay, you just assume the radar's wrong." For many pilots, Ewing claims, ground-mapping radar serves as "a confidence check." A government aviation expert expresses the same thought in a somewhat different way. Pilots, he says, will use ground-mapping radar until it begins to depict something out of the ordinary; "then they shut it down."

The accuracy of the internal navigation system depends on the accuracy of the navigational information supplied to it before takeoff. The copilot or flight engineer aboard a Boeing 747 is required by all airlines to enter the precise location of the plane into each of the three INS units separately, as the plane is sitting on the ramp awaiting passengers; any discrepancy in the information in the units would be sensed immediately and the INS's warning light would blink on. Next the crew member must enter the flight plan into the system. This is done with the help of what are known as waypoints, a series of navigational stepping-stones (on R-20 they are about forty-five minutes apart) that serve as guideposts for the INS during flight. INS errors usually begin here. The units can be "remote loaded": a crew member, after entering into the captain's INS the more than one hundred digits that represent the plane's navigational points, can select a remote-loading switch and automatically load the flight-plan waypoints into the other two units. Many airlines forbid remote loading, but pilots acknowledge that it goes on, largely because it saves a great deal of time in the busy moments before takeoff.

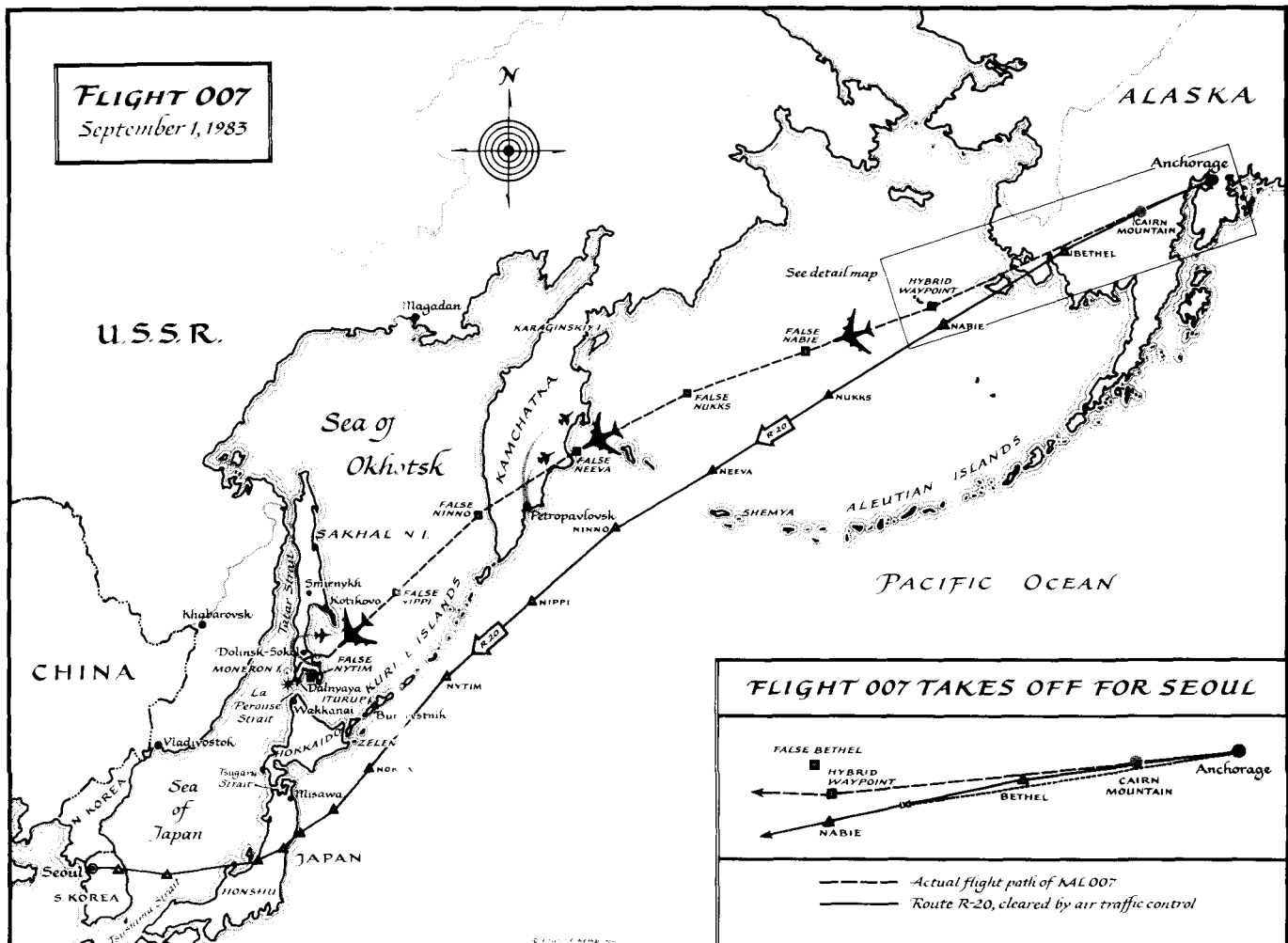
Only nine waypoints can be loaded at one time. This means that on extremely long flights the crew member must enter additional waypoints into the INS while in flight to keep the aircraft on course. (On the flight over the North Pacific to Seoul, which requires seventeen waypoints, he must enter eight additional waypoints.) The INS has two display points at the pilot's knee that always depict which waypoint is being flown from and which is being flown to. On many flights the crew member updates the INS units between the eighth and the ninth waypoint, when waypoints one through seven, which no longer have any navigational function, can be reprogrammed.

If the crew member mistakenly enters the seven new waypoints too early in the flight, say between waypoints seven and eight, the INS—finding itself suddenly directed to fly to waypoint eight from the new waypoint seven, which is thousands of miles ahead—will conclude that something is wrong. Under such conditions it is programmed to move forward to the next set of waypoints in the sequence—in this example, to waypoints eight and nine. The INS will direct the autopilot to pick up the Great Circle track, defined by waypoints eight and nine, at the point nearest the present position of the plane. On R-20 the new track would be just a few seconds—little more than a mile—to the north. Pilots in such situations on other routes have had their planes suddenly turn ninety degrees to fly to the new track and, upon reaching it, abruptly straighten out again to maintain it.

The present position of the aircraft while in flight is maintained in the INS as waypoint zero. The pilot has the ability at all times to instruct the INS to proceed directly from waypoint zero to any other waypoint. Pilots on late-night flights in the United States will often be cleared shortly after takeoff directly to their destination, from Los Angeles to Kansas City, for example, or to a waypoint more than halfway to their destination. The pilot in such a case simply directs the INS to fly from waypoint zero to the

destination or the newly assigned waypoint, and the plane's autopilot bypasses the unnecessary waypoints en route.

Commercial pilots respect the complexity of the INS and, upon detecting in flight that the system was programmed with inaccurate coordinates before takeoff, will often jettison fuel and return to the initial airport ramp, or to any airport with a known position, to start all over again. The system is impossible to reprogram from scratch while in flight. Such costly and time-consuming interruptions have happened on Korean Air flights. An experienced accident investigator, William Hendricks, of the National Transportation Safety Board, an independent federal safety agency, together with another expert, Frank S. Del Gandio, of the Federal Aviation Administration, quietly flew to Seoul a few days after Flight 007 was shot down to assist Korean Air officials in their preliminary inquiry. The Americans learned from airline officials that in the six months preceding the disaster at least three KAL flights—from Honolulu, Paris, and Anchorage—had been aborted, and fuel jettisoned, in a series of misprogrammings. The airline's management in Seoul had responded to the aborted flights by placing its pilots on notice that there would be severe sanctions in case of future INS misprogramming. By the time they left Seoul, Del Gandio and Hendricks,



who were later assigned as liaison officers to the ICAO investigatory team, were convinced that the crew of Flight 007 had disregarded company rules—and common sense—by not comparing all of the INS coordinates before takeoff with the entries in the original flight plan or, to avoid the possibility of typographical error, with the data in navigational charts. The two Americans told ICAO, an ICAO official says, that the Koreans “didn’t know what they were doing.”

The ICAO team, headed by M. Y. Wazirzada, of Pakistan, did not publish the unflattering information about Korean Air’s prior INS problems in its final report, in deference to what was described as a general reluctance inside ICAO to criticize a member state’s airline publicly. ICAO officials said that it would be wrong and unfair to conclude that the Korean Air crew on duty that night was part of an overall pattern of incompetence and lackadaisical flying by the airline. “At that point KAL was doing reasonably well,” one senior ICAO official notes. “There were some horror stories being told, but you could find some in most airlines. It wasn’t the best, but it wasn’t the worst. Their crews were very well disciplined—perhaps too well.”

TWO AND A HALF MONTHS AFTER THE SHOOTDOWN, OPERATING in secrecy, ICAO assembled more than a dozen INS experts from industry and government at the Boeing Company’s flight-crew training facilities in Seattle, to try to simulate the last flight of the Korean airliner. The tests were conducted with the aid of engineers from Boeing, the manufacturers of the 747, and from Litton Aero Products, whose INS may have malfunctioned or been misprogrammed. The ICAO effort was impeded by the refusal of the Soviet Union to supply its military-radar data on the flight of KAL 007. The United States, which had collected the same data by monitoring the Soviets, also did not turn it over. Such information would have revealed Flight 007’s precise flight path over the Soviet Union.

The ICAO report was published in December of 1983 and, although hampered by severe time constraints and a reluctance to tell all that ICAO knew about Korean Air, remains the most comprehensive official investigation of the shootdown to date. The report presented five scenarios in an attempt to account for the navigational failure of Flight 007 and the plane’s subsequent destruction over Sakhalin. In two of the scenarios the errant flight path approximates the one that Flight 007 is now believed to have followed.

One scenario suggests that the crew of Flight 007 failed to engage the INS at all and flew on a direct magnetic heading that would take the aircraft to Cairn Mountain, 170 miles southwest of Anchorage, on the Alaskan mainland; this route, if unchanged, would lead the plane close to Sakhalin Island, where it was shot down. This type of error, known to have happened on at least five other INS-equipped flights since 1978, centers on a switch in the cockpit that enables the crew to go back and forth among three different navigational systems that can be linked to

the automatic pilot. Turning the switch farthest to the left activates the INS, the aircraft’s main navigational mechanism and the system used most frequently on transoceanic flights. The next position is a magnetic heading mode, which allows the pilot to fly the plane in a straight line toward any compass heading he chooses. The third position enables the plane to respond to a radio beacon known as a VOR, for very-high-frequency omnidirectional radio range. A VOR consists of a scattered array of high-powered ground transmitters that emit thin radio beams known as radials. A pilot can set his course by choosing a series of VORs to fly along. There were several times in the early stages of Flight 007’s final flight when the crew, if it had chosen to do so, could have tuned to a VOR—pilots call it capturing a radial—and discovered the navigational error.

In the magnetic-heading scenario, the ICAO investigators noted that Flight 007’s initial course that night was toward Cairn Mountain. To get there, the crew could have set the switch to the heading mode and flown on a course of 246 degrees. The pilot ordinarily would couple the INS to the automatic pilot upon verifying that the system was on track—perhaps after reaching Cairn Mountain, the flight’s first waypoint and the site of a radio beacon, or perhaps after flying to the tiny Alaskan fishing village of Bethel, the second waypoint, twenty-five minutes away, and the site of a VOR transmitter. According to the scenario, instead of switching to the INS the pilot mistakenly remained in the heading mode, continuing to fly to the southwest at a course of 246 degrees. That heading, the ICAO simulation showed, came close to duplicating the course of the flight but placed the airliner at least eighty miles farther south than it is known to have flown. The discrepancy is evidence that Flight 007 did not end in catastrophe because the crew simply forgot to move a switch one position to the left.

A more likely possibility is that the crew of the flight, in loading the aircraft’s ground coordinates into Captain Chun’s INS, which actually controlled the flight, inadvertently put in one wrong digit. If the position had been entered as W139 degrees instead of the correct W149 degrees, Flight 007’s path would have been close to the one actually flown. Such misprogramming, which airline pilots call finger trouble, is known to have been the cause of at least four of the twenty-one INS programming errors reported to the FAA’s Aviation Safety Reporting System.

An unavoidable problem facing the ICAO investigators was that there were no witnesses to what actually happened aboard the Korean airliner. Flight 007’s crash site in the Sea of Japan had not been located and thus there was no possibility of recovering the plane’s flight data and cockpit voice recorders, the so-called black boxes. Moreover, if the recorders were found, there would be no assurance—assuming that the Korean crew members did not deliberately plan to go off course—that the recorded information would solve the basic problem of how the airliner ended up where it did. Another problem was political pressure.

The inquiry was being closely watched by the United States and the Soviet Union, influential members of ICAO, and the international committee was reluctant to find itself in the middle of a controversy between the superpowers, especially since it had only a few months to prepare its study of the shootdown. In the final report, titled simply "Destruction of Korean Air Lines Boeing 747 Over Sea of Japan," the investigators emphasized facts. They presented extensive detail about the specific navigational and radio equipment aboard the flight, and included the full FAA transcripts of all Flight 007 pilot-to-air-controller exchanges as well.

The report attracted only cursory attention from the media in the United States and elsewhere—people had already made up their minds about the shootdown—but some who did study the findings found them unpersuasive. For example, the ICAO report candidly noted a major flaw in its ten-degree-error scenario: such an error in programming Chun's INS would have brought Flight 007 thirty-eight miles north of course at the time it was supposed to fly over the village of Bethel, the second waypoint and the last on the Alaskan mainland. The airliner, as charted by radar, actually flew twelve miles north of Bethel. The report's critics argued that as gross an error as thirty-eight miles should have been easily noticed and corrected by the crew of Flight 007—if the flight had proceeded as the scenario suggested.

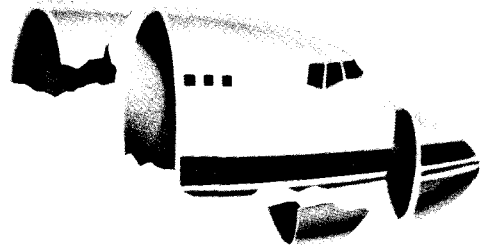
ICAO's council, always leery of disputes among members, agreed shortly after the report was submitted, in December, to have it reviewed by ICAO's Air Navigation Commission, its in-house experts. That study, published in February of 1984, acknowledged that the commission was "unable to establish the exact cause for the significant deviation from track." It further reported that the commission could not "validate and endorse" the ICAO simulations, because "any one of them contained some points which could not be explained satisfactorily." It explicitly said what had not been said in the earlier report—that the "magnitude of the diversion cannot be explained, particularly as the aircraft was equipped with navigation equipment which should have enabled the crew to adhere to its track."

The findings of the commission encouraged those critics in the United States and elsewhere who were convinced that the Reagan Administration was withholding information about the true mission of Flight 007. It also gave a few of ICAO's aviation experts, and a few international pilots as well, new motivation to continue working on what had become a haunting question: Why had the INS failed to warn the crew? Similar questions were being raised by the Soviet Union publicly and privately as part of its continuing campaign to fix blame for the shooting—and the loss of 269 lives—on the United States.

Harold Ewing, who by the time of the ICAO report was a virtual commuter between Alaska and the Far East on Boeing 747s over the North Pacific, remained perplexed by the many unanswered questions of Flight 007 and final-

ly, late in 1984, decided to do something about them. He reviewed the ICAO data and then took it a step further while on his own flights: he began entering the waypoints given in the various scenarios into one of the backup INS units in the Boeing 747 he was flying. He was disturbed, he recalls, by the public's perception that the INS could not have been misprogrammed because of the system's redundancy checks. He knew better: "The INS is fraught with danger. It's not foolproof." After a year of on-the-job testing, Ewing was convinced that he had learned some of the answers to the saga of Flight 007, and he said as much in an unsolicited report that he forwarded to ICAO's Air Navigation Commission last fall. A senior ICAO official, speaking privately a few months later, described Ewing's account as the "most studious and comprehensive to date." Those at ICAO who still research the mystery of Flight 007 have incorporated many of Ewing's findings in their own informal scenario, which is constantly being updated.

What follows is a scenario, as devised by Ewing and elaborated upon unofficially by several aviation experts at ICAO, that explains what is known and what has not yet been revealed about Flight 007. It is consistent with information obtained and kept secret by American intelligence agencies—not known to Ewing or anyone at ICAO, but told to me during my research on Flight 007—about the exact flight path of the airliner just prior to the shootdown. It begins as the original ICAO scenarios did, with pilot error.



The Ewing Scenario

KOREAN AIR LINES RECORDS SHOW THAT THE FIRST crew member to enter the cockpit that morning was Kim Eui Dong, the flight engineer. It was his responsibility to activate the INS and to enter the aircraft's present position separately into each unit. This was one of the few periods during which the INS, with its built-in gyroscopes and its ability to function as an internal navigational point of reference, would be vulnerable to error. Kim Eui Dong began with Captain Chun's unit, which would control the autopilot during the flight, and it was at this point that he made the finger error—entering the runway ramp position as W139 degrees longitude instead of W149 degrees, which meant that as far as the plane's controlling INS was concerned, Flight 007 was 300 nautical miles to the east of the runway. If Kim had erred while entering the latitude, rather than the longitude, the INS would have caught the error. The system has an inherent ability, since it constantly measures the speed of the earth's rotation, to detect even small errors in latitude.

94 Proof, 100% grain neutral spirits ©1986 Imported by Kobrand Corp., N.Y., N.Y.



What did you do to deserve Beefeater?



BEEFEATER
IMPORTED ENGLISH GIN



The best of times deserve the best of taste.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

However, INS units are not sensitive to errors in longitude. (Ewing's scenario is consistent at this point with the ICAO scenario describing the ten-degree error.)

Once the computer running the captain's INS had accepted the information, the engineer switched the INS display to "desired track/status"—a step in determining the flight-readiness of the INS. The position coordinates were no longer displayed. Kim then put the correct coordinates into the copilot's INS and immediately got a warning—an amber light indicating that something was wrong. The computer in the copilot's INS had noted the difference between the W149 degrees correctly entered in its system and the W139 degrees in the captain's. Human nature then took over. The warning came while Kim was loading coordinates into the number-two INS. Therefore, he assumed—as many experienced members of a flight crew would—that his problem was somewhere in number two. It couldn't be number one; that INS was loaded and ready to go. The coordinates of the copilot's INS were digitally displayed for easy reading (as they had been on the captain's INS), and Kim checked the data that he had entered in the second INS against his worksheets. He saw that they were the same, and so he "cleared" the machine, merely pressing a button on the INS. He resolved the problem by getting rid of it: by turning off the warning light and leaving the error intact. There were precedents for his action; flight crews find that the INS's sensitivity to changes in latitude, or even to shifts or movements while a plane is awaiting servicing and passengers at the airport ramp, often makes the computer reject as inaccurate the correct coordinates for present position. A shift of only a few feet will make the INS go tilt. In such cases the crew members—faced with a choice of either clearing the system or reprogramming it—invariably clear the INS.

Kim now turned to the third INS, the one he was to monitor, and again entered the correct coordinates. There was no complaint from the number-three INS, because the INS's warning system was programmed, once cancelled, not to react to any further discrepancy among the INS units. Now all three units seemed to agree, although the captain's machine, which was going to fly the plane, was programmed incorrectly. The other two units did not have the ten-degree error.

By the time the pilot and copilot joined the flight engineer in the cockpit, about half an hour later, the INS was ready to accept waypoint coordinates, which are frequently entered by the copilot. The airline requires an elaborate procedure of cross-checking of both ground and waypoint coordinates. However, as FAA and ICAO officials acknowledge, such checking is not always done.

The entry of the first nine waypoints for a flight from Anchorage to Seoul is usually done prudently. Some U.S.-owned airlines insist that their crews list the plane's ramp position at the Anchorage airport or the VOR at Anchorage, six miles away, as the first waypoint in their flight plan. The goal is to verify immediately after takeoff the present position entered in the INS, and to verify the dis-

tance to the first waypoint. The Anchorage VOR was out of commission on August 31 for routine maintenance, a fact that had little impact on the planning for Flight 007, because many international pilots routinely use Cairn Mountain, to the southwest, as the first waypoint. Ewing's scenario uses Cairn Mountain as the first waypoint for Flight 007, an assumption described by ICAO officials as valid. Cairn Mountain and Bethel, the first two waypoints, had ground-based navigational aids that could be used to verify the accuracy of the INS programming. Once Flight 007 overflew Bethel, the final waypoint on the Alaskan mainland, verification would be much more difficult. For the next 2,500 miles Flight 007 would be flying over a series of artificially created waypoints in the North Pacific. These waypoints, about 300 miles apart, have been given a series of colorful, albeit meaningless, names—waypoints three through nine were called NABIE, NUKKS, NEEVA, NINNO, NIPPI, NYTIM, and NOKKA.

FLIGHT 007 TAXIED TO THE RUNWAY. ITS TAKEOFF, A MINUTE or so after 1:00 A.M., was uneventful. Less than two minutes later, as the airliner began to turn toward the southwest, the Anchorage control tower routinely told the plane to "proceed direct Bethel when able"—a shortcut in order to save time and perhaps some fuel. The airliner now should have been on a direct path for Bethel, flying from waypoint zero—present position—to waypoint two, bypassing the original waypoint one, Cairn Mountain.

At this point, according to the scenario, Captain Chun Byung-in switched to the INS mode without confirming that he was on course. Korean Air Lines flight rules forbid coupling the INS to the autopilot without a VOR fix, but with the Anchorage VOR out of commission, the Flight 007 crew, as most crews would do under the circumstances, committed a technical violation of the rule book in its handling of the INS. The VOR at Bethel would not be in range for at least another fifteen to twenty minutes.

The crew members, Ewing's scenario continues, should have received an immediate clue that something was wrong with the flight plan: the displayed distance to Bethel in Captain Chun's INS would have been not 350 miles or so but closer to 650 miles, the actual mileage plus the 300 miles added by the ten-degree error in programming.

Harold Ewing's goal was to take the INS misprogramming thesis, which he found credible, and rework it to see if it could be made to fit what he knew the actual flight path to have been. His basic theory was that Captain Chun, who was always interested—as his earlier modification of the flight plan had suggested—in flying efficiently and saving fuel, did much more than merely couple the INS system to the autopilot upon being cleared by the control tower to "proceed direct Bethel." Ewing's hypothesis about Captain Chun's next step is speculative, but Ewing and his supporters at ICAO believe it to be compatible with what happened: the Captain chose to enter a new second waypoint into his INS only, one bypassing Bethel. In other words, although he was cleared to go directly to

Bethel, he never went there. If he had set out to overfly Bethel, Ewing believes, it would have been difficult for him not to notice that the distance to go there, as displayed by the INS, was greater than it should have been. And even if he somehow missed that contradiction, he would have realized when he came abreast of the VOR—that is, when the VOR was ninety degrees to the left or right of the plane (in this case, to the left, or south)—that he was thirty-eight miles north of it. But he did not learn that he missed Bethel, because he never wanted to go there anyway. The Captain's new second waypoint was a navigational point 190 nautical miles to the southwest of Bethel, chosen because it seemed to be on a more direct line from his present position near Anchorage to a point on R-20 between Bethel and the third waypoint, NABIE, 658 miles from Anchorage. Flight 007's new route would save time and fuel, and it would not deviate significantly from the original flight plan as filed in Anchorage; any major deviation in the first twenty-five minutes of flight, when the airliner was still within radar range of Anchorage, would be noticed and would possibly generate reports.

Even if Chun had followed his new flight plan, it would not correspond to the actual route Flight 007 took, because the airliner did not go to the newly entered waypoint. Ewing's scenario says that Captain Chun made another programming mistake. Chun failed to change the original INS longitude coordinates for Bethel in the computer. (Latitude is always entered before longitude when a new waypoint is being programmed.) The longitudinal coordinates for Bethel remained for his new waypoint two—still ten degrees off, because of the original programming error. Flight 007 was now en route to the unknown—flying toward a new "hybrid" waypoint, as Ewing calls it. Ewing acknowledges that his scenario calls for a leap of faith at this point, but he notes that Captain Chun could have been interrupted while entering the new waypoint and might not have returned to the task of entering the longitudinal coordinates. Another possibility is that the INS simply refused to accept the longitude component; such a rejection of coordinates had happened before.

Ewing's scenario provides a flight model that is consistent with the known flight path; it provides specific theories about the poor performance of the crew; it posits, according to Ewing, "only a tragic lack of attention to detail while engaged in an unauthorized operation which, had the disaster not occurred, would have been considered a minor violation at most."

A KEY TO EWING'S HYPOTHESIS IS COCKPIT BEHAVIOR. IN the first weeks after the shootdown of Flight 007, ICAO investigators interviewed many pilots and officials of Korean Air, including the crew of Korean Air Flight 015, who were flying from Anchorage to Tokyo the same night and talked with the Flight 007 crew at least eight times. The investigators became convinced that the most significant event in the cockpit had taken place well before Flight 007 reached its initial cruising altitude of 31,000 feet, and perhaps soon

after the passenger-seat-belt sign was turned off, at 10,000 feet. Captain Chun, having established the plane on what he believed was the flight path he wanted, left the routine monitoring and reporting of waypoints to his crew members. It was time to do what was required of him as a senior Korean Air officer: he moved back into the passenger section to greet the various dignitaries on board, including Representative Larry P. McDonald, the Democrat from Georgia who had been chairman of the John Birch Society. McDonald was to attend a commemoration of the signing thirty years earlier of the U.S.–South Korean mutual-defense treaty. There were also three off-duty Korean Air Lines captains and three other nonworking crew members in the first-class cabin, all being ferried to Seoul for new flight assignments. ICAO officials believe that the Captain spent much of the next five hours chatting away. He was not heard from again on the plane's radio, not even by the crew of Korean Air Flight 015, who would spend some time in the early morning relaying position reports from Flight 007, now out of normal communication range, to the Anchorage traffic-control center. The two Korean airliners, initially minutes apart but flying ever farther away from each other, were able to talk back and forth with ease throughout the night, although none of their conversations was recorded. It was the usual chitchat, the crew members of Flight 015 later told ICAO investigators, about future assignments, rest facilities in Anchorage, where to eat, and, of course, the boredom of flying all night over water. These conversations would certainly have involved Captain Chun if he had been in the cockpit.

Flight 007's crew would have found it difficult to challenge the Captain's jury-rigged flight path, if anyone had noticed it. Junior officers did not second-guess the pilot on Korean Air, particularly one as prestigious as Captain Chun Byung-in. American pilots who have served with Korean Air Force crews in the military agree that the crew would probably have acquiesced. "Those Korean copilots and second officers don't say boo," one American told me. "They just sit there like vegetables." The copilot and the flight engineer of an errant Korean Air 747 that struck a parked vehicle and burned upon landing at Seoul in November of 1980 are said to have remained in the burning aircraft at the order of the captain, who was later blamed for the crash. The order, which has never been reported in the press, was heard by another Korean Air pilot, who was traveling as a passenger and who raced into the cockpit to urge his two colleagues to flee. They chose to share their captain's shame and perished with him in the fire, along with twelve others.

There is every reason to believe that if Captain Chun had remained in the cockpit at least until the VOR at Bethel was passed, he would have uncovered the INS programming error. The newly entered coordinates in his INS should have placed Flight 007 about six miles south of Bethel en route to the new waypoint two; the aircraft instead flew twelve miles to the north of the village. Given the accuracy of the INS, the deviation should have warned

him that something was wrong. The captain's INS, with its initial ten-degree programming error, was still flying from waypoint zero to the new waypoint two when Bethel was passed. The copilot's and flight engineer's INS units, once abeam of Bethel, routinely noted its passing by shifting from waypoint two, Bethel, to the third waypoint, NABIE.

The crew must have noticed that they were twelve miles north of Bethel when they made their routine position and altitude report to the Anchorage Air Route Traffic Control Center. The report, made by the copilot, was cryptic, as such reports invariably are; he merely said, "Report Bethel," and proceeded to give the altitude and the estimated time of arrival at NABIE. By the time 007 passed north of Bethel, it was well out of radar range of the Anchorage Air Route Traffic Control Center, which nonetheless continued to monitor 007 by radio.

At any point after reprogramming his INS the Captain—had he been in the cockpit—could have noticed a discrepancy between the distance to go to what he thought was his new waypoint two and the distance to go as actually displayed by his INS, which, unbeknownst to any of the crew, was navigating to the new hybrid waypoint far to the north. The distance from Anchorage to what the Captain thought was his new waypoint was 528 miles; the actual distance to the hybrid waypoint was 637 miles, a discrepancy of 109 miles. The Captain's reprogramming of waypoint two masked the magnitude of the initial ten-degree programming error. If the Captain had chosen to fly directly to any other waypoint—NABIE, for instance—the displayed distance to go from Anchorage would have been wrong by approximately 300 miles because of the ten-degree error. Creating the hybrid waypoint reduced the discrepancy by two thirds at the point during the flight when the navigational error could most easily have been detected.

Other airline crews have made preflight programming errors similar to Flight Engineer Kim's, but they are quickly detected in most cases, because the crew sees that there is a discrepancy between the distance to go to the first waypoint as shown on their flight plan or navigation chart and the distance displayed on the INS to go to the first waypoint. Captain Chun, by picking a new waypoint and then misprogramming it or failing to observe that the INS had rejected one of its coordinates, significantly diminished the amount of discrepancy. More important, his new waypoint was not printed on his flight plan, and his navigation charts had no distance information to it. The Captain could not readily compare the distance to go on his flight plan with the distance to go displayed by his INS. He had lost his ability to cross-check distances—the ability that has saved other flights. Any alertness on the part of the crew would have been made all but useless by the Captain's personal detour.

The original flight plan called for the airliner to reach NABIE, the third waypoint, ninety minutes after takeoff. The plane would have arrived at the hybrid waypoint in

ninety-three minutes—much longer than the trip to the Captain's new waypoint should have taken, because his failure to enter the longitude for it and the original ten-degree error made the plane fly 109 miles out of its way. The crew perhaps concluded that the Captain had simply programmed his INS directly to NABIE—that is, from waypoint zero to waypoint three—in the first moments after takeoff from Anchorage. The discrepancy of 109 miles would have meant little to the crew members, who would have known that the Captain had changed waypoints but not much else. Moreover, neither the copilot nor the flight engineer would dare ask for an explanation or question what the Captain did.

There was still another INS discrepancy, which the Captain, had he been in the cockpit the moment the hybrid waypoint was overflown, would have found hard to miss. The distance from the Captain's intended new waypoint to NABIE, the third waypoint, should have been displayed as 122 miles. The Captain assumed that the plane would fly from his new waypoint to NABIE. According to the scenario, it was instead en route for more than 300 miles from the hybrid waypoint to what Harold Ewing and ICAO officials call a "false NABIE"—a position far north of the third waypoint but considered by Captain Chun's INS to be NABIE. Because of the initial ten-degree programming error (in only the captain's INS), Flight 007 was now abeam of the real NABIE—ninety degrees to the side of and north of the waypoint. The INS computers were programmed to sense the passage of a waypoint even if the airliner was hundreds of miles to the north or south of it. Flight 007's second and third INS units, used by the copilot and the flight engineer, sensed correctly that they were abeam of NABIE and moved up to the next set of waypoints, from NABIE to NUKKS, the fourth waypoint in the North Pacific. But Chun's INS was still proceeding from the new waypoint two to the false NABIE, its third waypoint. Flight 007's inertial navigational system was now in total disarray, with the plane far off course and two of the INS units contradicting the third.

At this point, reassuringly, the actual distance from the hybrid waypoint to the false NABIE, to which Chun's INS was directing the airliner, was 303 miles, a distance very close to the 296 miles shown on navigation charts as that from NABIE to NUKKS. According to Ewing's scenario, this coincidence of distance to go would have helped to assuage any doubts that the crew members may have had: they knew they had passed a waypoint at just about the time the flight plan called for the airliner to pass NABIE, and if they had bothered to look they would have seen that the distance to go displayed on the captain's INS unit was very close to what the flight plan said was the distance to go to NUKKS.

As far as air-traffic officials at Anchorage could later determine, the copilot, Son Dong-Hwin, was busy with routine work during this early phase of the flight, although some of his reports were relayed through KAL 015—a common enough occurrence, since, as the ICAO investiga-



tion noted, "communication difficulties frequently arose" in many parts of the North Pacific. The copilot's reports consisted of little more than routine messages telling Anchorage that the flight had reached a waypoint, estimating when it would reach the next reporting point, and giving fuel, weather, and altitude information. The INS was essential to those reports. At each waypoint all three systems would flash a light to alert the crew that a waypoint had been reached. On other flights, with more complicated routes, the INS would automatically make any required turn at that moment. But R-20 was a continuum of evenly spaced waypoints needing only minor course adjustments. This quirk of geography may be another reason that the crew members did not notice that the aircraft was off course.

Another quirk of geography, according to Ewing's scenario, came into play after Flight 007 left the Alaskan mainland. The initial discrepancy of 100 miles that resulted from the ten-degree error in programming Chun's INS was roughly the same distance, give or take a few minutes of flying time, as that between the waypoints along R-20

across much of the North Pacific. And so, after the plane passed abeam of the real NABIE, this coincidence would ease any lingering concern—if there was any—that the copilot and the flight engineer might have had. All three INS computers' signals indicating that a waypoint had been passed would flash at nearly the same time. There would be no way for anyone but the most alert crew member to realize that the INS was going haywire.

Thus the copilot's and flight engineer's INS computers would continue to count waypoints in a sequence different from that of Chun's. Harold Ewing does not see any implication of unusually sloppy cockpit performance in a failure to discover this discrepancy. "No pilot I've talked to has ever actually checked, on any flight, whether or not all of the INSs were displaying the same waypoint selection, or ever thought it was necessary to do so," he says.

When the aircraft flew abeam of the fourth waypoint, NUKKS, Captain Chun's misprogrammed INS showed that it was over the third waypoint, NABIE. The other two INS units correctly noted the passing of the fourth waypoint and were programmed to move to the fifth waypoint,

NEEVA. Chun's INS continued to guide the airliner far to the north of R-20, toward the Kamchatka Peninsula and the flight path of an American RC-135 intelligence plane, code-named Cobra Ball, which operates out of a little-known Strategic Air Command base at Shemya, in the Aleutian archipelago of the North Pacific.



Cobra Ball

AIR FORCE MEN CALL SHEMYA "THE ROCK," AND FOR good reason: assignment to the tiny island in the far reaches of the Aleutians, 450 miles from the Kamchatka Peninsula, is equated with a tour of duty on Alcatraz. There are in fact few rocks on the island, which is geologically little more than a nine-mile-square sandpit halfway between Anchorage and Tokyo, containing barracks, a few operations buildings, an all-weather airstrip, and a vast antenna field. Shemya is bordered on the north by the Bering Sea, on the south by the Pacific Ocean; the result is seemingly constant high winds and overcast conditions.

The island became home to American B-29 bombers in the last year of the Second World War, and the base there has remained in operation since. It was converted in the early days of the Cold War into a secret military-intelligence base, whose main target was the Soviet Far East. In the early 1960s, with the development of land-based intercontinental ballistic-missile (ICBM) systems, Shemya took on additional importance. RC-135 reconnaissance aircraft (modified Boeing 707s) outfitted with high-resolution cameras and radar began operating from Shemya to monitor Soviet missile tests. These reconnaissance missions were given the code name Cobra Ball. The impact area for many of the Soviet warheads was on the Kamchatka Peninsula, an hour's flying time from Shemya; warheads also landed to the east, in the North Pacific, and to the west, in the Sea of Okhotsk, the large body of water between Kamchatka and the Soviet mainland.

Cobra Ball missions became an essential element in America's strategic intelligence over the years. At the same time, the need for the expensive and manpower-intensive monitoring of Soviet radar stations lessened with the advent of satellites. In the early 1970s there was an inevitable reassessment of how much meaningful information was being obtained from the ground-based operations at Shemya, and in 1975 it was decided to shut down the Army and Air Force intelligence sites on the island.

In 1983 Cobra Ball was still flying—more often than ever. At least ten missions a month were flown from Shemya that year, with the workload shared by the two RC-135

aircraft permanently on alert there. Each plane carries two sophisticated camera systems: a ballistic-framing camera that can photograph the re-entry of a Soviet nuclear warhead on five-inch film, and a medium-resolution system that records the wake of the re-entry vehicle, an essential factor in calibrating the size of the warhead. Cobra Ball also carries computerized receivers for intercepting, recording, and displaying the intelligence—dealing with such matters as speed, trajectory, and rate of fuel consumption—relayed by the ICBM and its re-entry vehicle to Soviet ground stations. Such signals are known as telemetry intelligence, or TELINT, and provide further data about the warhead weight, guidance systems, and accuracy of Soviet missiles. Cobra Ball is capable, for instance, of photographing the warheads flung from each Soviet re-entry vehicle and helping to determine their number and whether they could be directed to separate targets. Such information was critical to monitoring Soviet compliance with the SALT I and II agreements. The SALT II agreement set limits on the size of missiles and launchers and the number of missiles equipped with multiple warheads that each side could develop and deploy.

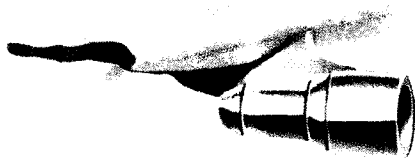
Cobra Ball depends on others to flush its quarry. For the system to work, the intelligence community must know when the Soviet Union is preparing to launch a missile test, and it must know far enough in advance to alert the Cobra Ball crews. Such alerts, known as tipoffs, are the responsibility of the highly secretive Defense Special Missile and Astronautics Center (DEFSMAC), operated at Fort Meade, Maryland, jointly by the National Security Agency and the Defense Intelligence Agency.

Cobra Ball's mission on the night of August 31 seemed no different from the hundreds before. The alert process began—as it had for many previous flights—at a secret intercept site at Vardø, a few miles from the Soviet border in the far north of Norway. There technicians from the Norwegian Intelligence Service picked up evidence of increased activity at Plesetsk, where the Soviets had been testing a new solid-fueled missile, the PL-5 (later designated the SS-25). The Norwegian report was quickly relayed to DEFSMAC, and officials there maneuvered a photo-reconnaissance satellite to overfly the area. The satellite's photographs, which were relayed instantly to Washington, confirmed the evidence of PL-5 activity, and the Cobra Ball crew on standby at Shemya was alerted—by the blaring of a klaxon—to take to the air.

Its mission would be to fly northwest from Shemya about 300 miles toward Karaginskiy Island, halfway up the Kamchatka Peninsula. The pilot would station the plane off the coast and begin loitering in a familiar pattern, slowly flying figure eights at an altitude of 29,000 feet or less, taking care to fly the loops closest to the Soviet Union with the plane turning away from land. Prudent navigation is a necessity, because the Soviets, like all coastal nations, have established an arbitrary zone off their coasts, known as the Air Defense Identification Zone, or ADIZ, that cannot be entered without prior notification.

Since the Soviets carefully track Cobra Ball, the ground rules for the flights call for extraordinary caution. If in-flight refueling is needed, the tanker aircraft is to fly beyond Soviet radar range. American intelligence officials have no desire to provoke the Soviets by having Cobra Ball and its refueler operate in the same area inside radar range. Such caution is necessary because the Soviet radars, known to NATO as Tall King, are not considered especially reliable in terms of differentiation—that is, they cannot provide accurate information on the height and size of a distant object. Often, while waiting for a Soviet test to take place, a Cobra Ball mission will circle in and out of the Soviet radar zone in its figure eights. Because of the U.S. planes' need to refuel and their occasionally erratic loops, Soviet radar operators have become accustomed to watching Cobra Ball fly in and out of radar coverage.

The Soviet Union, for reasons unknown, did not fire a missile on the night of August 31. Cobra Ball was told to come home early and did so. Men who have served aboard Cobra Ball missions recall that the usual procedure after being ordered to abort a mission is to turn for home, and do one final check of the various radio frequencies for signs of Soviet activity. If that is negative, it's "Miller time"—the crew slips off its headsets and relaxes. The pilot and crew of the Cobra Ball told Air Force intelligence officers twelve hours later that they had heard and seen nothing as they flew out of the range of Soviet radar, heading back to Shemya. They landed less than ten hours after takeoff, shortly after 2:00 A.M. Tokyo time, September 1.



The Soviet Trackers

PRECISELY WHAT HAPPENED INSIDE THE SOVIET AIR Defense Force will probably never be known, even if the Soviet military takes the unprecedented step of making available its internal reports on the incident. Soviet Air Defense, which is separate from the Soviet Air Force, is a vast network of interceptor aircraft, radar stations, and anti-aircraft weaponry, whose sole mission is to protect the national borders. Many American intelligence officials believe that the Soviet General Staff had trouble getting accurate information in the days following the shootdown—and still may not know all the facts. The head of the General Staff, Marshal Nikolai Ogarkov, at a highly unusual news conference in Moscow nine days after the shootdown (Soviet marshals almost never hold news conferences for Western reporters), reported that Soviet radar operators first noticed what they assumed to be an

American reconnaissance plane at 12:51 A.M. Tokyo time. In his account the plane was tracked as it rendezvoused nine minutes later with a second American reconnaissance plane, which the Soviets had been tracking off the coast of Kamchatka for hours, assuming that it was carrying out another American intelligence mission. Ogarkov claimed that the two aircraft, in what Soviet analysts took to be a prearranged meeting, flew alongside each other for ten minutes, at roughly the same height and speed. One of the reconnaissance planes broke away to return to Shemya, while the other plane apparently headed southwest, straight toward Petropavlovsk, the largest city and most important installation on Kamchatka, where as many as thirty missile-firing submarines—half the Soviet fleet—were stationed.

At this point, Ogarkov told the press, "the conclusion was made at Soviet anti-aircraft command posts: An intelligence aircraft is approaching the Soviet Union's airspace. The suggestion arises: How can this be a question of a mistake in this case? It is perfectly evident that this aircraft's flight was being controlled, I would say precisely controlled. And therefore this flight was premeditated."

A very different explanation for the Soviet error in identification, however, was provided by Marshal Piotr S. Kirsanov, a former Air Defense commander in the Far East, during an interview with me at a military air base near Moscow in May of 1984. Kirsanov, who had left the Far East for an assignment in Moscow several weeks before the shootdown, said that his Air Defense experts had witnessed many rendezvous of American RC-135s in the international waters off Karaginskiy Island. "We know that the one-thirty-fives fly together for refueling purposes," he said. "In this particular case our specialists thought it was just refueling." Once one of the planes began to fly toward the Soviet mainland, Kirsanov said, it was "firmly fixed" as an RC-135. Moreover, before taking any direct action against the plane, the Air Defense commander at Kamchatka asked the local air-traffic control, which monitors civilian air traffic, whether it knew of any unscheduled or unaccounted-for military or civilian airplanes in the area. "It was late at night," Kirsanov said, "when it was unlikely that any military exercises were going on." After being told no, the Air Defense commander attempted to contact the plane on emergency frequencies, with no success. Four Soviet interceptors on alert, Kirsanov said, were "scrambled" (ordered to take off) as soon as the aircraft—still identified as an RC-135—crossed the border, but they got into the air too late to force down the intruder or destroy it.

Ogarkov and Kirsanov were wrong about the parallel flight over Kamchatka by Flight 007 and Cobra Ball, and either have chosen not to tell the whole story or were lied to by subordinates. American technicians searched through thousands of feet of National Security Agency recordings and files to re-create, to the extent possible, the Soviet radar tracking of both Cobra Ball and Flight 007 over Kamchatka that morning, and no such side-by-side

flying was found. Nor was there any refueling operation in the area. The American intelligence community, while disagreeing about some details, has categorically concluded that the regional Air Defense commander at Kamchatka merely watched what he assumed was an American reconnaissance plane approach the border a few minutes after 1:30 A.M. Tokyo time. The Soviet commander was convinced, despite the target aircraft's unusually high altitude and speed (which might not have been clearly indicated by his radars), that the plane was a second reconnaissance mission and would do what similar flights had done for years: stop short of the Soviet border and fly looping figure eights in international airspace, going in and out of Soviet radar range.

It was not until 1:37 A.M. that the four Soviet interceptors were scrambled, a delay that most American analysts believe was due not to prudence—as Kirsanov suggested in our interview—but to that mistaken assumption on the part of the regional commander. The Air Defense officers at Kamchatka must have panicked when Flight 007 did not turn away, as American reconnaissance planes always did, but instead raced—at a speed of more than eight miles a minute—southwest. It flew for thirty minutes or more past the offshore buffer zone, across the Kamchatka Peninsula, and into the Sea of Okhotsk, heading on a direct course for Sakhalin Island, a heavily fortified Soviet military outpost 500 miles to the south of Kamchatka. The NSA later monitored messages showing that the Soviet interceptors had been given incorrect coordinates by the Air Defense radar facility at Talinskaya Bay, a few miles northeast of Petropavlovsk. Even if the pilots had been scrambled more quickly, they would never have found their target in time to take any action against it.

THE CREW MEMBERS OF THE KOREAN AIRLINER SEEMED TO have no inkling of what was going on below. At 1:23 A.M. Tokyo time, as the plane was nearing the mainland at Kamchatka, Son, the co-pilot, tried to clear up his radio-transmission problems. He established contact with the International Flight Service Station at Anchorage and asked for a check of his assigned frequency. Communication was difficult; ICAO would later report that Anchorage could barely hear him. None of this could have been especially troubling to Flight 007's crew members. They knew that they could still communicate with Anchorage through their sister ship if necessary, and because they assumed that the flight was minutes away from NINNO, the sixth waypoint, and well on the way to waypoint NIPPI, they believed that soon control of the flight would be transferred to the aviation authorities at Tokyo, to whom they would report during the final leg. Once beyond NIPPI, Son would have to enter new waypoints into the INS to take the flight all the way to Seoul. There was nothing in Son's early-morning reports indicating any stress or concern.

There had to have been acute fear at the Soviet Air Defense headquarters on Kamchatka. What if this was a repeat of the 1978 fiasco, in which a Korean Air Lines pas-

senger flight that the Soviets mistook for a military spy plane had been allowed to penetrate Soviet airspace over Murmansk? The plane had been shot at, with two killed and thirteen badly injured in a forced landing. Many of the Soviet officials involved, as the men at Kamchatka knew, had been demoted or transferred. Careers were on the line once again. By the time the Soviet interceptors were in the air and over Kamchatka, the fighters could do nothing but track the airliner as it moved into international airspace over the Sea of Okhotsk. The next penetration of Soviet airspace would be at Sakhalin Island, 500 miles to the south across the Sea of Okhotsk.

Incredibly, there is no evidence that the Soviet Air Defense unit at Kamchatka shared what information it had with its superiors at either the district command post at Khabarovsk, on the Soviet mainland 750 miles to the southwest, or the post at Sakhalin. One theory is that the Air Defense officials at Kamchatka delayed making their reports in the hope that the American reconnaissance plane would realize its mistake (if it was one) or end its mission (if it was one) and fly, unmolested, out of the area through the Sea of Okhotsk. If that was the outcome, the less said or reported the better. No command would be eager to volunteer details of having allowed a foreign plane to fly over restricted Soviet territory.

THE AMERICAN INTELLIGENCE AGENCIES WOULD DEBATE for many months after the shootdown just what had happened to the Soviet Air Defense Force. They agreed that Soviet radar technology and procedures were unreliable. The Soviet Air Defense Force was known to have repeatedly made identification errors in the past and had in fact mistakenly authorized the destruction of Soviet passenger airliners, with heavy loss of life.

The U.S. Air Force's Electronic Security Command, a military component of the National Security Agency, working through its intelligence-gathering sites, or "floor" stations, at Anchorage, Honolulu, and Misawa, Japan (Misawa is the most important station in the Far East), conducted exhaustive reviews in an effort to understand what had gone wrong inside the Soviet Air Defense Force. In the view of American ESC analysts, the Soviet radar operators at Kamchatka may well have been utilizing a standard tracking technique known as dead reckoning, which would have had the effect of complicating the already difficult procedure of sorting passerby from foe. These analysts believe that the Soviet radar technicians confused the radar track of Flight 007 with that of Cobra Ball, and that they assumed from that point on that they were dealing only with another American RC-135 reconnaissance plane. One Air Force officer who reviewed the intercepted Soviet radar data concluded that one of the Soviet Air Defense trackers "practice-tracked"—that is, used dead reckoning in an effort to guess where the American reconnaissance plane would re-enter the range of Soviet radar if it decided to do so. The American officer says that as Flight 007 moved into the Soviet radar zone for the first time, the So-

viet operator would have erased his practice track for Cobra Ball and replaced it with Flight 007, assigning the airliner (as American intelligence analysts believe he must under Soviet standard operating procedure) a separate track designation, but believing that he was still tracking the reconnaissance plane.

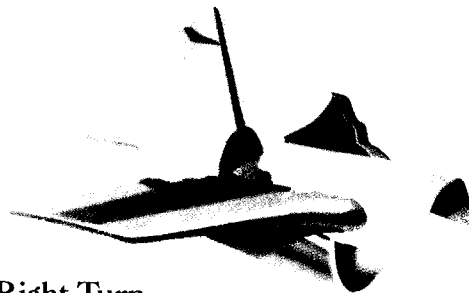
The National Security Agency presented a different explanation of the Soviet reaction in secret briefings to the Senate and House intelligence committees within two weeks of the shootdown. The NSA revealed that the Soviet radar operators had indeed reported to higher commands, as Ogarkov claimed at his news conference, that they were monitoring two aircraft tracks over the Kamchatka Peninsula. The NSA told Congress that the Soviets had tracked one of the aircraft—the Cobra Ball—as it flew back to Shemya. What the Soviets had done about the second plane, Flight 007, which they had also continued to monitor, the NSA said, was to make a leap of faith and simply assume it also was an American reconnaissance plane.

Congress was not told that the Soviet leap of faith was less irrational than it might have seemed. For years the United States has been routinely flying reconnaissance missions, called Rivet Joint missions, around the southern tip of Kamchatka and into the Sea of Okhotsk, a protected deployment area for the Soviets' missile submarines. The goal of such missions, like that of similar reconnaissance flights in Western Europe, is to monitor Soviet communications and Air Defense activities. The Rivet Joint flights, which operate out of Eielson Air Force Base, near Fairbanks, Alaska, approach Kamchatka from the northeast—much as Flight 007 did—and then, if not assigned to patrol in the Sea of Okhotsk, slide down the coast toward Sakhalin Island. Because there are more Soviet communications and more planes to monitor during the day, the vast majority of reconnaissance flights take place then—but not all. "We go there in odd hours every month or month and a half or so," one former Rivet Joint crew member recently recalled, "just to make sure that they aren't running exercises. A lot of times it's dead, but it's dead because of us. And sometimes we just walk into an exercise." On those few occasions when Cobra Ball and Rivet Joint have operated simultaneously off Kamchatka, they have been totally independent of each other. Yet both would be monitored by the Soviet Air Defense Force.

A senior Air Force intelligence officer recently speculated on the difficult decision that the Soviet Air Defense Force faced that night, assuming that it had identified the Cobra Ball flight and watched it turn back toward Shemya, only to be replaced by what Air Defense assumed was another American military plane. "The radar operators are young troops, inexperienced," the officer said. "There is at least one senior man on duty who has seen—or known of it through word of mouth—an R-J [Rivet Joint] and a Cobra Ball mission operating together. He provides the credibility and says, 'Hey, three months ago there was a joint mission.' They were never told of the possibility that it was a civilian plane."

The NSA and the Electronic Security Command have not been able to agree on whether the Soviet radio operators assumed that Flight 007 was the Cobra Ball re-entering radar coverage or a separate RC-135, on a Rivet Joint mission. But neither disputes that the Soviet Air Defense Force was convinced that it was dealing with an American reconnaissance plane—one whose flight path, whether it was a Cobra Ball or a Rivet Joint mission, they knew all too well. It was this certitude, American intelligence officials agree, that led to the Soviet decision not to challenge the aircraft as it began to drift closer to the Soviet mainland. There was little reason for Soviet Air Defense officials to become alarmed: the old days of American cross-border penetrations had ended in the early 1960s, with the advent of satellite intelligence. The American reconnaissance plane, they assumed, would turn aside.

Out of all this emerges a consensus that the Soviet military command system failed to respond appropriately to an unusual situation, thus dishonoring its top leadership. The panic and confusion among the various command elements, compounded by anxiety over future promotions, would have made it difficult for any officers who argued for caution to prevail. The Soviet failure would become much worse once Flight 007 reached Sakhalin.



The Right Turn

THE SEA OF OKHOTSK WAS NOT THE PLACE FOR A commercial passenger plane to have lost its way. The sea is the home waters of the Soviet Union's navy in the Far East. It is a strategic area, fundamental to the Soviet Union's perceptions of its responsibility and strength as a superpower: a refuge for ballistic-missile submarines capable of striking targets in the United States. The increasing skill of the United States and Japan in monitoring and tracking the Soviet submarine fleet in open waters has led the Soviets to withdraw some of their strategic submarines from patrols in the North Pacific and the Sea of Japan to the Sea of Okhotsk, where they are more protected.

The Soviets claim the sea as part of their sovereign territory and insist that foreign vessels seeking access obtain prior approval. Some officers in the U.S. Navy have advocated sending destroyers on patrol there to establish rights of transit as part of the Navy's "forward strategy," but the Reagan Administration has instead chosen to operate covertly. The area has become a focal point for American intelligence activities. Rivet Joint RC-135 missions routinely overfly it, as do the Navy's P-3 anti-submarine aircraft,

whose assignment is to keep track of Soviet underwater activity. America's most sophisticated high-altitude intelligence planes, U-2 Black Widows and SR-71 Blackbirds, also overfly the sea. Below the surface American submarines track Soviet submarines and monitor Soviet underwater communications.

AT 1:58 A.M. TOKYO TIME FLIGHT 007 LEFT SOVIET AIRSPACE above Kamchatka and flew into international airspace over the Sea of Okhotsk; its crew members were unaware that a group of Soviet fighters had previously failed by minutes to intercept the plane. There was still a chance, if the crew members could somehow discover their plight, for the airliner to turn to the east and avoid entering Soviet airspace again. At 2:08 A.M. the crew thought that NIPPI, the seventh waypoint, was being overflown; Captain Chun's INS was overflying what it thought to be NINNO, the sixth. Another routine position-and-weather report was due. Flight 007 should have been a little more than 1,800 nautical miles from Anchorage, and communication should have been easy. Once again, however, it was difficult for the off-course airliner to raise Anchorage. Son Dong-Hwin, unruffled by what he must have assumed was a routine communications glitch, sent the report to Tokyo air-traffic control instead. His next report would not have to be sent for eighty minutes, until 3:26 A.M., when he would be approaching what he thought was NOKKA, the ninth waypoint. Sometime before then, however, Son would need to enter new waypoints into the INS to navigate the flight to Seoul.

In its secret briefings to Congress the National Security Agency noted that the Soviets at Sakhalin first picked up Flight 007 at 2:44 A.M.; the radar at Burevestnik Air Field, on Iturup Island, in the Kuriles, detected it, along with at least two radars on Sakhalin, including the main facility at Yuzhno-Sakhalinsk. Flight 007 was then about 225 miles northeast of Sakhalin, still over the Sea of Okhotsk and traveling at eight miles a minute. The radar operators on Iturup and Sakhalin had an advantage over their colleagues at Kamchatka: they knew that what they were looking at was unusual. American reconnaissance planes routinely flew on an east-west track as they moved deeper into the Sea of Okhotsk. They had never been known to fly in a direct southwest heading, as Flight 007 was doing, into radar range of Sakhalin.

For the next thirty minutes Japanese and American intelligence stations in the far north of Japan collected evidence of the impending destruction of Flight 007. The information was collected in "real time," as the American intelligence community puts it, but it was not understood, or "analyzed," in time to warn Flight 007—in fact, not until more than four hours after the shootdown. At least one Soviet interceptor was airborne from Sakhalin by 2:56 A.M. Four planes, three SU-15s and a MiG-23, were monitored during the chase; two other MiGs, following Soviet procedure, flew at a much lower altitude and in radio silence, ready if needed. Nine minutes after takeoff one of

the SU-15s began tracking its target on radar and, missiles at the ready, confirmed that it and the intruder were on the same heading.

It is not clear how far and how fast information traveled up the Soviet chain of command. The regional officials on Kamchatka, as well as those on Sakhalin, were obliged to report all significant radar data to the military district headquarters at Khabarovsk, 250 miles southwest of Sakhalin on the Soviet mainland. Under a reorganization of the Soviet military command structure which began in the late 1970s, the district commander at Khabarovsk directly controlled both the Soviet Air Force and the Air Defense units. His deputy for Air Defense was abruptly awakened by a duty officer and told that the regional Air Defense forces at Sakhalin had gone on alert. He was also informed about the scramble of interceptor planes at Kamchatka and the failure of the Air Defense Force there to make a positive identification of the intruder. Was anyone at Khabarovsk told about the events of Kamchatka before the first alerts from the radar sites on Sakhalin? Some NSA officials believe not. The commanders at Kamchatka had simply hoped that the intruder, once out of range of their radar, would disappear from Soviet airspace. The deputy commander for Air Defense at Khabarovsk had to decide what to do without knowing just what was heading toward Sakhalin. It would be inexcusable to destroy an innocent aircraft but far worse to fail to prevent an American intelligence plane from overflying militarily crucial territory. The deputy commander's thoughts must have turned to the first KAL incident, over Murmansk, and to the colleagues who had been relieved of their posts and had their careers ruined for allowing an unidentified airliner to penetrate the coast.

IN THE COCKPIT OF THE KOREAN AIRLINER IT WAS STILL yawn-and-stretch time. There was a final desultory conversation between Son Dong-Hwin and the men piloting the sister ship supposedly fifteen minutes behind on R-20. Crew members of Korean Air Flight 015 later told ICAO investigators that they initiated the chitchat at around three in the morning, when there were still three hours left to fly. "It's quiet," a Flight 015 crew member remembered saying. Son agreed, replying with equal banality that it was the strange time between night and day. "The sun will come up soon," he was quoted as saying. There was still no indication of the Captain's presence in the cockpit.

It was at this point, too, according to Harold Ewing's scenario, that Son decided to reprogram the aircraft's three INS units. His INS was showing that Flight 007 was en route from waypoint eight, NYTIM, to waypoint nine, NOKKA. Son knew that he could not replace waypoints eight and nine with new ones while he was still between them, but he could reprogram the seven already passed. He was concerned at this stage only with his INS, one of Flight 007's backup units. Once he had entered the seven new waypoints, he would do what had been done on scores of previous flights—remote-load the new waypoints from

his INS into the other two units. The new waypoints would navigate Flight 007 to the Seoul airport.

No crew member could imagine how fouled up things were. It was now a few minutes after three, and Flight 007 was approaching the coast of Sakhalin. Captain Chun's INS was flying from what it thought was the seventh waypoint, NIPPI, to the eighth, NYTIM. Son, having finished the tedious task of entering the new waypoints into his INS, remote-loaded them into the other two units. Chun's INS was confronted with a new waypoint seven to fly from—the VOR navigational facility a few miles outside of Seoul, more than 1,500 miles ahead of its actual position. The new information was beyond toleration, and in such cases the INS was programmed to jump ahead automatically to the next set of waypoints—in this case from waypoint eight, NYTIM, to waypoint nine, NOKKA—and to fly between those points via the Great Circle route. Flight 007 began to turn right, to the northwest, as it searched out its new route. The shift in course put the plane on a flight path between two major Soviet air bases—Smirnykh, in the center of Sakhalin, home of a MiG-23 regiment, and Dolinsk-Sokol, in southern Sakhalin, where a regiment of SU-15s was stationed. The senior Air Defense officials at Sakhalin must have concluded that the plane had turned deliberately, to avoid flying directly over the extensive anti-aircraft-missile installations that protected both air bases.

Son was caught unawares by the turn, which began just after he remote-loaded the INS. It took him at least forty-five seconds, according to the scenario devised by Harold Ewing, to observe what was going on and to react. Still, there was no cause for alarm. Mistakes in reprogramming INS waypoints happened often enough and were invariably recognized for what they were. The pilot would either immediately reprogram the INS to fly the plane from present position to the next waypoint or take the wheel himself for a few moments to guide the plane gently back to the proper course, taking care not to disturb sleeping passengers.

Harold Ewing's scenario—speculative as it may be—melds perfectly with the Korean Air flight-path information collected by American intelligence (to which Ewing did not have access). The Air Force's Electronic Security Command floor station at Misawa monitored at least three major Soviet radar sites as Soviet operators tracked Flight 007 through its last-minute change in course early that morning. The Soviet Union, in its public statements and in subsequently published maps and charts, depicted Flight 007 as making a sharp turn, of more than fifty degrees, to the right just before reaching Sakhalin, and then turning back toward its original heading until its destruction, at 3:26 A.M. The Electronic Security Command's monitoring of the Soviet radar tracking produced a flight path that was more consistent with Ewing's scenario; it showed a far more gradual turn—"more of a jog, really," as one intelligence analyst puts it. "Not a dramatic curve," another says. The American data are believed to depict the

airliner's flight path more accurately than the chart re-created by the Soviets, simply because the Soviet General Staff was forced to rely on the personal recollections of its radar operators. The Soviets do not keep videotapes of what their radars pick up, as the NSA does.

The Soviet interceptor pilots assigned to Sakhalin were old hands; they had scrambled hundreds of times in exercises or to check out RC-135 Rivet Joint missions from Okinawa as they flew east of Japan and passed Sakhalin en route to the Sea of Okhotsk. One of the SU-15 pilots calmly reported at 3:06 A.M., twenty minutes before the shoot-down, that he was flying behind the intruder. He was about eighty miles from the coast. The interceptor pilot could not see the airliner but understood from his ground controller that his target plane was turning to the right. He apparently found this hard to believe, because the Soviet mainland lay to the right—it seemed to be the last direction in which an enemy plane would attempt to flee. "Repeat the course," he said to his controller. "To the left, probably? Not to the right." Sixteen seconds later the SU-15—apparently after a direct order from the ground controller—also turned to the right. At this point the pilot had to have been aware that this mission was different. Whatever doubts the pilot may have had (he later claimed publicly to have had none) disappeared once the intruder aircraft began what seemed to be its evasive turn.

Within the next sixty seconds, according to the Ewing scenario, the crew aboard Flight 007 responded to its INS problems and began guiding the airliner back to its original track, unintentionally heading for Vladivostok. At 3:09 the SU-15 pilot confirmed what must have been a radar report from his ground controller: "Yes, it has turned. . . . The target is eighty degrees to my left." Over the next four minutes the SU-15 pilot, apparently following standard Soviet interception techniques, sought to maneuver his plane closer to the target, in what seems to be an attempt to make a visual identification. At 3:12 he reported that he could "see it visually [apparently the aircraft's running lights] and on radar." A minute later the pilot announced to his ground controller that he was ready to fire if so ordered: "I see it. I'm locked into the target."

For the first time since Flight 007 had been observed on the Kamchatka radar, two and a half hours earlier, a Soviet military plane was in a position to take action against it. The SU-15 pilot was waiting for further instruction—prepared, of course, to pull the trigger if so ordered. But the pilot had spent thirteen years chasing down real and suspected intruders off the coast of Sakhalin and undoubtedly had announced many times to ground controllers that he was locked onto the target and ready to fire. He could not have been surprised that somebody down below was being cautious.

Ten seconds after announcing that he was locked onto the target, the pilot was ordered to make another attempt, by electronic means, to identify the intruder or, at least, to ensure that the target was not a Soviet military aircraft. The SU-15 was capable of making contact with other Sovi-

et planes by activating an electronic interrogator, which is standard equipment on most Soviet military aircraft. The device is known in aviation as an IFF, for "identification, friend or foe." If Flight 007 had been a Soviet military cargo plane, for example, its transponder would automatically have responded to the SU-15's IFF interrogation, thus ending any doubt as to its identity. The transponders on American and other nations' military aircraft operate on different frequencies and are not capable of responding to Soviet interrogation. Similarly, Soviet—and American—interceptors are equipped with lightweight ultra-high frequency (UHF) radio systems and cannot communicate with commercial airliners, whose radios transmit on high frequencies (HF) or very high frequencies (VHF).

All commercial airliners that fly the North Pacific routes near the Soviet Union are equipped with transponders that, upon interrogation, identify them as civilian. However, they respond not to interrogation by other planes but only to that by ground-based equipment known as secondary-surveillance radar, which is in widespread use in military and civilian installations around the world, including the Soviet Union. In a Boeing 747 these transponders, when interrogated, flash a green light in the cockpit. Pilots who have flown R-20, Harold Ewing among them, recall being occasionally interrogated while in flight along the coast of the Soviet Union. There is no evidence that any of the Soviet radar facilities on Kamchatka, Sakhalin, or the Kurile Islands did, in fact, interrogate Flight 007 and receive a response indicating that the aircraft was civilian. Even if the plane had been identified as civilian, as was the Korean airplane that was shot down over Murmansk in 1978, with two passenger deaths, that would not necessarily have prevented the Soviet Air Defense officials from concluding that they were dealing with a military intruder.

American intelligence officials consider the controller's call for a plane-to-plane IFF interrogation as a break with usual Soviet procedure for intercepting American reconnaissance aircraft and another indication that the Soviets were uncertain of the identity of the intruder aircraft. IFF was used, Americans believe, to assure Soviet Air Defense officials that they were not targeting one of their own.

Fourteen seconds after the SU-15 pilot reported a lack of IFF response, he told ground control that his weapons system was switched on. Flight 007 had by now returned to its original course. The SU-15, poised to fire if ordered, was in position and traveling fast enough, so its pilot told the ground controller, "I have [enough] speed. I don't need to turn on my afterburner."

It was now 3:15 A.M. The crew of Flight 007, still oblivious of the armed Soviet interceptors trailing behind, continued to proceed routinely. Son Dong-Hwin radioed Tokyo for permission to climb from 33,000 to 35,000 feet, in another stage of the fuel-saving maneuver that Chun had worked out before takeoff. A minute later, according to the chronology presented by the Soviet Union to the ICAO investigation, Flight 007 flew directly over the east coast of

Sakhalin. The Soviet Air Defense officers had only a few minutes to decide what to do.

With the intruder aircraft not much more than ten minutes from the southwest corner of Sakhalin and international airspace, the ground controller apparently ordered the SU-15 pilot to try to signal the intruder and force him to land. There were some clouds and storm centers in the area, and it was difficult to see. Part of normal signaling procedure, which called for great caution, was to approach an intruder only with cover—that is, with at least a second interceptor flying above and to the left of the first, providing protection in case of hostile fire. But the Soviet scramble over Sakhalin continued to be chaotic and poorly coordinated. None of the SU-15's colleagues was in a position to help. The pilot would have to act by himself.



Shootdown

AT SOME POINT EARLIER IN THE DRAMA IN THE SKY above Sakhalin, the deputy for Air Defense at district headquarters at Khabarovsk decided that he could not order an intruder, even one believed to be an American military plane, to be shot down independent of higher authority. There would be severe repercussions. He attempted to reach Marshal Aleksandr I. Koldunov, in Moscow, the commander in chief of the Soviet Air Defense Force and a deputy minister of defense. It was after ten at night in Moscow. A special unit of the NSA that is targeted on transmissions to and from Soviet satellites later learned the specifics of the call through a combination of luck and skill—mostly luck.

Incredibly, as the NSA learned, the Soviet reorganization had left the deputy commander for Air Defense at Khabarovsk with no secure satellite voice link of his own to Moscow. In order to forward an urgent verbal message that needed encoding, he had to send an aide to another building ("across the street," as one NSA analyst described it to me), to Air Force headquarters, where the aide could arrange to talk in secret with the Soviet General Staff by using a prearranged call sign that activated the encoding system. The use of the Soviet encoding system is a model of simplicity. The two military units that need to communicate—in this case, Khabarovsk and Moscow—establish what amounts to an ordinary microwave telephone link, in this case via the Soviet satellite *Raduga*. Such communications are easily intercepted by the NSA's monitoring stations and satellites, as the Soviets know. At a designated moment the two officers activate a sophisticated encoding system and carry on their conversation. The Americans

monitoring the call, or, more likely, listening later to a tape recording of the call, as captured by satellite, are suddenly confronted with a form of encrypted speech that sounds like a buzz saw.

As it turned out, the *Raduga* satellite was in a decaying orbit when the men in Khabarovsk and Moscow needed to talk using the encoding system. The aide was desperate; nothing like this had happened before at such a critical moment. He tried the call sign at least three times before giving up and carrying on his conversation with Moscow in the clear—that is, uncoded. The message was straightforward, one analyst told me: “He obviously was under pressure to get a decision [from Moscow]. He wasn’t going to shoot down an American aircraft without getting some authorization from higher headquarters. He knew he had a bogey”—an American military intruder.

The deputy commander’s message got through to a duty officer at the Air Defense headquarters in Moscow, who—as would happen in America—promptly put the aide on hold. At this point the direct NSA intercept trail dwindles, because the duty officer, when he returned a moment later to the conversation, did manage to activate the encoding system. “The cipher signal snapped on,” an NSA official says, “and some long-precedence [high-priority] message was sent” from Moscow to Khabarovsk. The NSA officials would not say anything further about the message.

Thus it is not known whether Marshal Koldunov or any of his personal deputies on the Air Defense Force staff in Moscow directly ordered the destruction of the intruder. There are some in the NSA who believe that the order to shoot may have originated with Colonel General Semenovskiy, who was the duty officer that night at the Air Defense Force’s command bunker and operations center at Kalinin, just north of Moscow, and who may have been alerted to the call from Khabarovsk.

What is known is that within minutes an urgent encoded message was sent from the deputy commander’s office in Khabarovsk to the command center at the large Dolinsk-Sokal airfield in Sakhalin. According to an NSA official, “That’s when the order to shoot came down.” The message that Khabarovsk relayed to the regional Air Defense headquarters at Sakhalin was not categorical but pointedly reminded the officers in the field of a Soviet rule of engagement: the officers must make a visual identification of the intruder before shooting it down. The message from Khabarovsk (and perhaps Kalinin) also reviewed the question of which field commanders were authorized to give an order to fire.

AT 3:17 THE PILOT OF THE SU-15 WAS CONTINUING TO PURSUE Flight 007 over Sakhalin with his weapons system ready to fire. A fellow interceptor, one of the MiG-23s, made contact with him, relaying a question from a ground controller: “Do you see the target or not?” Apparently, the message from the deputy commander at Khabarovsk had gotten through. The SU-15 pilot asked, “Who’s calling?” and then requested that the message be repeated. Thirty-

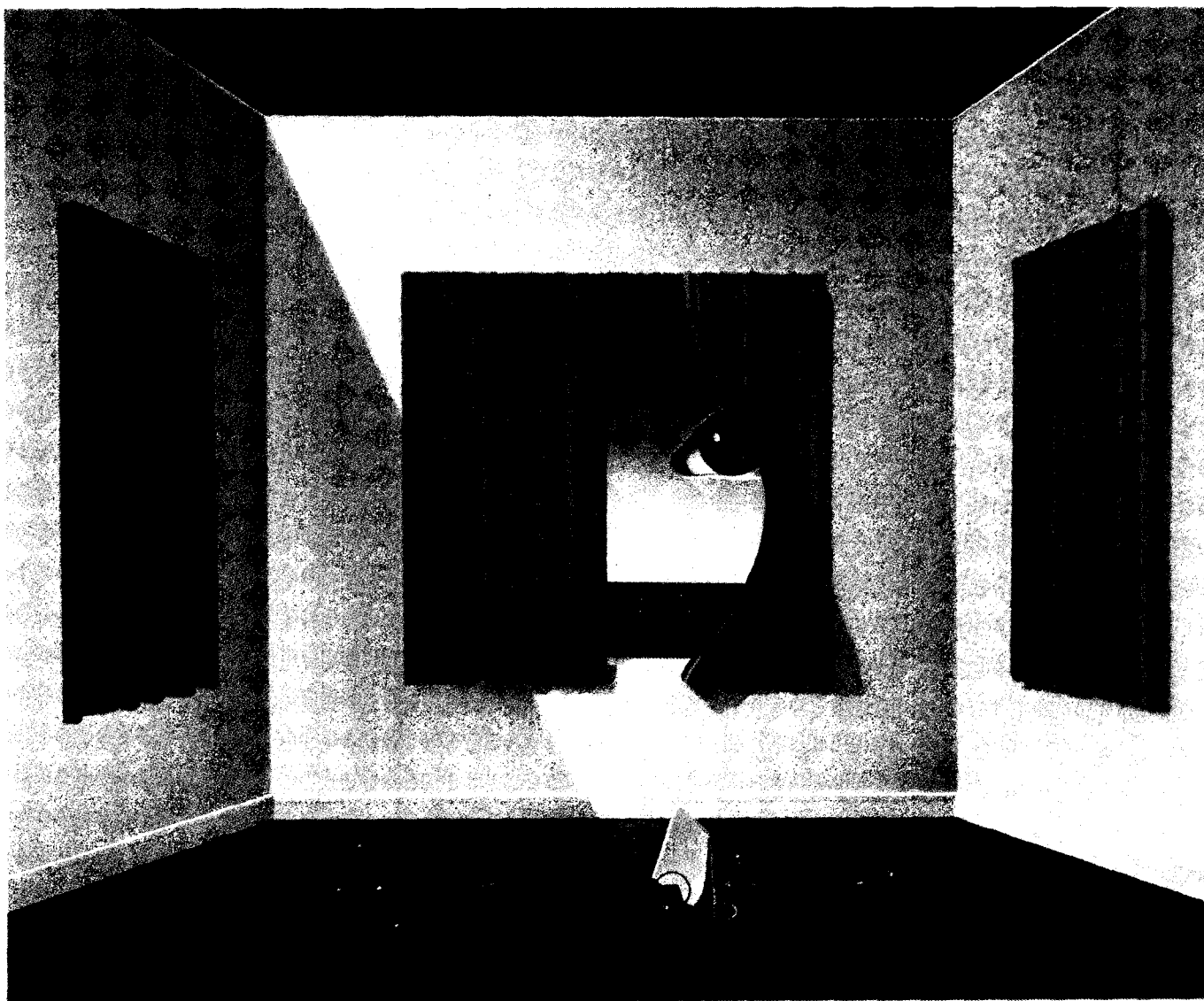
six seconds passed before the SU-15 pilot reported once again that he could see the aircraft’s flashing navigation lights. Merely seeing the navigation lights, of course, was not enough to identify the target. Thirty seconds later, at 3:19, he announced, “I am closing on the target. . . . I have enough time.” During the last stages of the chase, according to a much reworked transcript that finally emerged at the NSA and has yet to be made public, the pilot reported that he could not see the target. It could not be learned at exactly what point in the final chase the remark, which apparently was not initially decipherable by NSA linguists, had been made.

At 3:20 the Soviet interceptor was ordered by his local commanders to make a final attempt to signal the intruder with cannon fire and, if unsuccessful, to shoot down the aircraft. “Oh, my God!” (“*Yolki palki!*”) the pilot exclaimed. He had spent thirteen years tracking American intelligence planes as an Air Defense Force officer in the Far East—thirteen years of chasing but never destroying. There was an inevitable camaraderie and respect for competence among the professional military aviators. The American officers piloting the RC-135 Rivet Joint or Cobra Ball missions often exchanged visual communications with the Soviets as the interceptor pilots flew by—usually just nods and smiles, but occasionally a *Playboy* magazine centerfold was held up for Soviet approval. Perhaps before the order came, the Soviet pilot had been preparing himself for yet another order to break off contact.

In the next sixty seconds the SU-15 drew much closer to the intruder and, following instructions from the ground controller, fired four bursts of cannon fire—120 shells in all, the Soviets later claimed—in a last-ditch attempt to attract the intruder’s attention. At the time, according to later American analysis, the SU-15 was at least 3,000 feet below the intruder—a relative position it maintained throughout the chase. Military men agree that the shells, initially bright red, would have burned out before coming close enough to the airliner to be visible, and thus it would have been extremely difficult, if not impossible, for the Korean crew members to see them—even if the crew had been alert.

There is no evidence that they were. A moment earlier, just as the Soviet interceptor pilot was exclaiming “Oh, my God!” over his new orders, Tokyo radio had granted Flight 007 permission to climb to 35,000 feet. The Boeing 747 was climbing, with its nose pointed up, as the Soviet trackers flew by far below.

In beginning its climb, the huge airliner slowed up. The Soviet pilot had flown to within little more than a mile of the airliner to fire the cannons—the closest he had yet come to the airliner—and watched as the intruder, seemingly in response, began to climb. By 3:22 he angrily complained to his ground controller that the intruder’s sudden slowdown had forced his high-speed craft to bolt past its target and that he had missed an opportunity to fire. He slowed down and began to fall back. The tension was acute. “It should have been earlier,” he lamented, refer-



ring to the delay in issuing the shoot-to-kill order. "How can I chase it? I'm already abeam of the target"—that is, parallel with the airliner although still 3,000 or so feet below it. At 3:23 Son Dong-Hwin, ever dutiful, reported to Tokyo that the airliner had reached 35,000 feet. While Son was talking, the SU-15 pilot continued to fall back, and by 3:25 he was once again behind the intruder. "I am closing on the target, am in lock-on," he reported. There were no more course changes, and the pilot had little more to say to his ground controller. The mission was in his hands now. There was no hesitancy in the Soviet command system at this point, with the intruder only minutes from international waters. NSA intercepts show that at the last moment the Air Defense Force's most deadly anti-aircraft weapon, the SAM-5 surface-to-air missile, was placed on alert at Dalnyaya, the site of an extensive anti-aircraft battery on the southern tip of Sakhalin. Nothing further was monitored about that morning's demand from the deputy commander at Khabarovsk that the interceptor actually see the intruder before firing. Someone on Sakhalin took the rules into his own hands, and later paid with his job.

THE END CAME SWIFTLY. BETWEEN 3:26 AND 3:27 THE SOVIET interceptor fired two air-to-air AA-3 ANAB missiles. Flight 007 was struck, and the SU-15 pilot reported, "The target is destroyed." One missile probably devastated the airliner's engines on the left wing; the subsequent explosion and fire undoubtedly damaged the fuselage. The second missile could have struck the rear of the plane, blowing out a bulkhead and immediately depressurizing the passenger cabin. There was confusion in the cockpit as the missiles struck and the crew members sought to understand what had happened; they literally didn't know what had hit them. No Mayday calls were made. Instead, forty seconds after the impact, Flight 007 radioed Tokyo air-traffic control a message, only a few words of which were intelligible: "... rapid compressions ..." (decompression?) and "... descending to one zero thousand"—the standard emergency level of 10,000 feet, at which passengers can breathe depressurized air. Even at that moment there was nothing to suggest that they realized they had been struck by hostile fire.

Ironically, given the crew's lack of attention to so many

basics during the flight, Son or whoever was at the helm of Flight 007 is credited by an American member of the ICAO investigation team with having performed professionally once under attack. The pilot, perhaps not realizing the extent of the damage, instinctively sought to make a turn and pull the aircraft away from and parallel to what he thought was the R-20 commercial flight track. "He did right," the investigator says. It didn't matter. Japanese radar trackings suggest that the Boeing 747, still partially under the pilot's control, made an emergency descent over the next eight minutes to about 16,000 feet. At that altitude the pilot may have tried to slow down the rate of descent, but the plane, by now depleted of hydraulic fluid, gyrated increasingly out of control for four more searing minutes. As it went into its final uncontrollable roll—perhaps it was on its back—the pilot, who may have throttled back on the remaining intact engines in an effort to slow down, had no choice but to use engine power in a last-ditch effort to regain enough control to avoid the inevitable. It was too late.

THE SENTENCE "THE TARGET IS DESTROYED"—WIDELY represented as a cry of triumph—would become a centerpiece in the initial press and television reporting on the shootdown of Flight 007. American signals-intelligence experts read much less into that phrase, however. They have overheard it for more than thirty years while monitoring Soviet training exercises. To a communications expert "The target is destroyed" means only that an enemy interception—whether real or simulated—has been brought to a successful end. "We hear it twenty times a day in training," one Electronic Security Command officer explains. "In this case the pilot saw something—an explosion—but it was not a confirmed kill." In the view of many intelligence experts, the SU-15 pilot might have been exultant when his missile struck the aircraft, but his statement "The target is destroyed" is faulty and incomplete evidence for any such conclusion, which simply may not be correct.

In fact the American and Japanese transcripts show that the Soviet interceptor pilot and two of his colleagues remained in the area for twenty minutes, apparently trying to confirm that the plane had indeed been destroyed. During that period they repeatedly asked one another about the location of "the target." At 3:32 A.M., for example, one of the MiG pilots accompanying the SU-15 asked, "What is the distance to the target?" Six minutes later the same pilot told his ground controller, "I don't see anything in this area. I just looked."

EACH SIDE FOUND SUPPORT FOR ITS ACTIONS concerning Flight 007. The Reagan Administration viewed the shootdown and the Soviet refusal to apologize for it as proof of the regime's essential brutality and indifference to human rights—and also as justification for its own hard-line policies. The Soviets continued to insist that the incident had been provoked by the United

States and then distorted at the United Nations and elsewhere to slander their nation. They saw the American leaders as dishonorable men who could be counted on to manipulate the truth in a crisis.

The Soviets did not know that Secretary of State George P. Shultz, CIA Director William J. Casey, and Ronald Reagan had initially rushed to judgment over Flight 007—their strong hostility to communism had led them to conclude, on the basis of the first intelligence, that the Soviets had knowingly shot down a civilian airliner for intruding into their airspace. The Soviets—and the American people—also did not know something much more ominous: that Shultz, Casey, and Reagan chose to look the other way when better information became available about the Soviet confusion of Flight 007 with longstanding American reconnaissance missions. Those who ran the American government did not want to learn that the Soviets had been honestly confused and panic-stricken about the enemy intruder, and so they continued to believe what they wanted. They found it easy to agree that the American public could be told only that, as the White House Press Office repeatedly said, there was "irrefutable" intelligence showing that the Soviets had visually identified Flight 007 as a civilian airliner before destroying it. It was decided that the real story of the shootdown intelligence could not be told, not only because it was highly classified but also because it would raise doubts about all that the United States had said after the shootdown about the impossibility of mistaking Flight 007 for an American spy plane.

The full story, perhaps, would also diminish the widespread American anger toward the Soviet government that continued long after the destruction of Flight 007. That anger would be an obvious political asset in the 1984 elections. Twelve months after the shootdown, but only two months before the election, a mid-level State Department official was upbraided by the White House after volunteering, during a background press briefing, his opinion that the Soviet pilot did believe he was shooting down an American intelligence plane. The line between what had happened and what had not became blurred with time; what stood out after one year and continues to stand out today is a generally accepted belief that the Soviets, in their brutal fashion, deliberately shot down the Korean passenger airliner.

The Flight 007 accident demonstrates the importance of objective intelligence, objectively received, in a world where the concept of deterrence is predicated on the belief that the men with their fingers on the trigger have accurate information. Those in Washington who chose to increase international tension, and their counterparts in Moscow who responded in kind, were acting in ignorance of the facts. Flight 007 was a crisis made far more dangerous by the extent of misunderstanding and anti-Soviet feeling it engendered. And yet, for all of the outcry and misunderstanding, deliberate and otherwise, the shootdown did not increase international tensions to the flash point. The world may not be so lucky the next time. □

A tale spun from the archives of the BBC, in which a star chamber of eminences sets out to refine, improve, purify, and otherwise put aright the Mother Tongue, with consequences that fall far short of those intended and yet somehow amount to more than meets the ear

WORDS FROM THE WISE

BY VIVIAN DUCAT

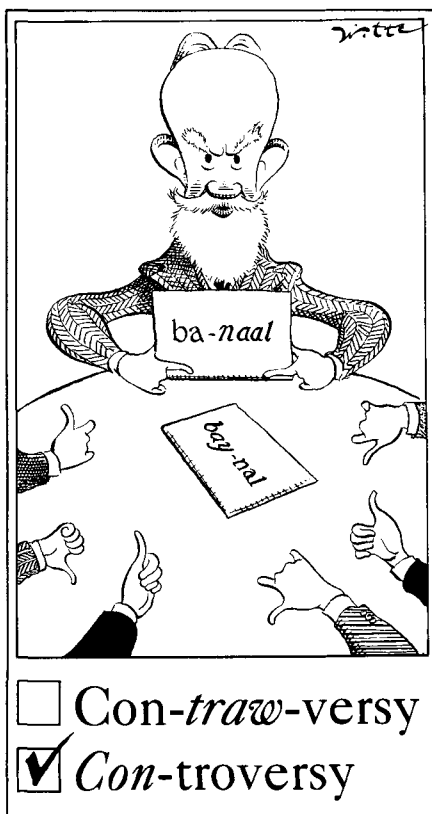
IT WAS A FRUITFUL WINTER FOR ASTRONOMERS, BUT, partly as a result, a vexing one at times for radio and television announcers around the English-speaking world. Broadcasters found themselves coming into nightly collision with the names of celestial bodies—from Halley's Comet to the planet Uranus—and thus with the need to settle on one among a variety of available pronunciations. In England, where I was living at the time, radio and television news broadcasters tended to call the comet "Hal-eez" and the planet "Yoor-annus."

Yoor-annus? Byron Rogers, the television critic for *The Sunday Times*, considered this pronunciation to be rather delicate and rather droll. He ventured, in print, that the two broadcasting networks, the BBC and ITV, wishing not to offend the scepter'd isle's least robust sensibilities, had deliberately shunned a more widespread, unintentionally homonymic, pronunciation of the planet's name. Rogers's column in the *Times* occasioned considerable comment and mirth, from Mayfair clubs to Midlands pubs. It prompted a discussion during a Friday-night interview program on the BBC itself. And, as it happens, the column was also shy of its mark.

False, replied Graham Pointon, the director of the BBC's Pronunciation Unit, to the charge that the network had sought to avoid committing a rudeness. Pointon is the keeper of the cards—the cards that provide an officially sanctioned BBC pronunciation for more than 150,000 words. *Uranus* is in Pointon's cards as "Yoor-annus," as it has been since 1947, when the BBC first sought guidance on the matter from an astronomer at the Royal Observatory, in Greenwich. It is also noted on the card that when Sir Adrian Boult, the conductor, referred to the Uranus movement in the Gustaf Holst suite *The Planets*, Boult, too, spoke of it as "Yoor-annus." The pronunciation was not chosen because it was more discreet, Pointon insisted. It was chosen because it was correct.

The Pronunciation Unit of the BBC is unique in broadcasting. Its function, in part, is to maintain a certain standard of pronunciation for English words—for example, *dispute*, which is widely used as a noun in Britain these days (thanks to an intensified clash, under the Thatcher Government, between representatives of labor and those of management) and which is increasingly heard with the accent placed on the first syllable (a pronunciation popularized by trade-union leaders hailing from the north of England). Another part of the unit's job is to provide an accurate, or at least a consistent, rendering of foreign words and proper names (*guerrilla*, *Chernobyl*, *Khaddafy*) into spoken English. The Pronunciation Unit enjoys no veto or disciplinary power, even over BBC announcers, but the very fact that it exists, as a functioning organ of the chief broadcasting outlet of the people who invented English, gives it a certain stature.

It used to have—or, more precisely, its bureaucratic predecessor used to have—far more stature and far more authority. There was a time when the phrase "the King's English" had not only a substantial and particular meaning but also, for those who mastered the intricacies of the language summed up in that phrase, potentially significant social and economic consequences. In England accent was (and, to an extent, remains) a shibboleth of social class. Not surprisingly, then, when radio and television came to Britain—a few years after the one and then the other had come to the United States—the British took pains to apply a special sort of care for the language, which was as admirably foresighted as it was ineffective.

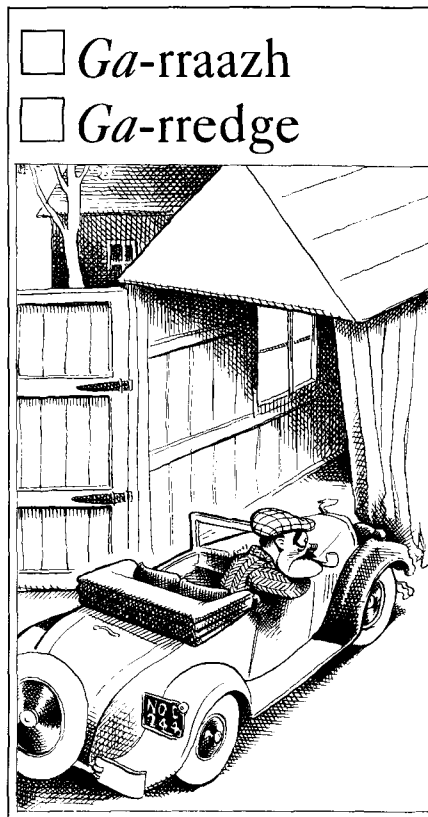


AMERICAN BROADCASTING WAS already well developed when the British, in the early 1920s, got around to setting up a broadcasting system of their own. Alarmed at the "chaos of the ether" in the United States—where, by 1922, more

than 500 local radio stations were in operation—the British established a very different system indeed: a nationwide broadcasting monopoly, the British Broadcasting Company (later, Corporation), whose directors could exercise total control over the quality of both signal and content. Unlike American broadcasters, the BBC's administrators and announcers were drawn from the ruling elite, from the top of a staunchly hierarchical social system. With a high-minded pride reminiscent of those who shouldered the "white man's burden," the early BBC directors saw it as their mission not only to entertain but also to educate. Accordingly, they created a number of influential advisory committees, whose members included prominent experts in fields unrelated to broadcasting, to help the BBC produce programming of the very highest quality.

The task of one of these committees, the Advisory Committee on Spoken English, was to ensure proper English pronunciation on the airwaves. The committee laid down strict rules, from which BBC broadcasters departed at their peril. Announcers were expected to be men of "culture, experience, and knowledge"; their "pronunciation of the King's English must be faultless." A group photograph of the BBC's radio announcers in 1930 shows the men dressed in dinner jackets, the standard attire for reading the news. The English they spoke was supposed to be equally formal and uniform—Southern Educated Standard, or Received Pronunciation, as phoneticians call it. This was the accent of the upper-middle classes—of the officer corps, the civil service, the church, and the public schools—the accent of less than five percent of the British population. To the remaining 95 percent of the British public Received Pronunciation came to be known simply as BBC English, and the advisory committee did its utmost, both by precept and by example, to spread BBC English among the lower classes. A didactic pamphlet called "Broadcast English," containing lists of controversial words and the pronunciation preferred by the BBC, was made available to the listening public for "price 3d, post free." The lists were also published in the popular weekly *The Radio Times*. The committee produced a two-record set, *Broadcast English*, for use in British schools. Once, in 1936, a member of the committee traveled around the United States, in the hope of inspiring American announcers to "follow the example of their British confreres" and set up an advisory committee of their own. (The Americans declined.)

Throughout the thirteen years of its active life, from 1926 to 1939, the Advisory Committee on Spoken English



maintained the official pretense that it was merely an in-house organ for promoting consistency in the language employed by the BBC's announcers. But the real agenda of some of its members was more ambitious. The great Lord Reith, who guided the BBC in its formative years, conceded, "So long as the announcer is talking good English, and without affectation, I think it is much to be desired that he should be copied." (Lord Reith, however, continued to speak like the Scot he was.) Going further, A. Lloyd James, the Honorary Secretary of the committee, saw its task as nothing less than "the preservation of mutual intelligibility throughout the English-speaking world."

It was a valiant effort, even if the results have been disappointing. The English spoken in Great Britain today is by no means homogeneous. Turn on the BBC and you are likely to hear accents very different from those that were prescribed by the advisory

committee. A range of "non-standard" accents—Scottish, Northern Irish, and various regional English accents—have joined what is now a somewhat modified version of Received Pronunciation. In England the accents on radio and TV increasingly reflect those of the British population as a group. And yet the advisory committee's recommendations of a half century ago have not been entirely cast aside. Its work, in perhaps unexpected ways, lives on.

THEY CAME BY RAIL FROM OXFORD OR CAMBRIDGE OR Rugby, or by taxi from lunch at their clubs. They came from the "talks studio" and from elsewhere inside Broadcasting House, the BBC's battleship-shaped headquarters in central London. The Advisory Committee on Spoken English convened twice a year to conduct its business. Its routine, always the same, is spelled out in a large black notebook that survives in the BBC's archives. Dutiful assistants made sure to reserve the second-floor conference room, "because it is nearest to the library." They gathered together copies of five current dictionaries, "save the *N.E.D.* [*Oxford New English Dictionary*], which is too bulky." They anticipated the needs of the flesh, as well. One injunction reads, "Send list of expected persons, with the time tea is required, to Mr. Chieman."

The list of expected persons, the number of whose entries varied over the years from ten to thirty-five, included some of the leading intellectuals of the day. There were phoneticians such as A. Lloyd James and Daniel Jones. There were lexicographers, literary scholars, writers, and other "educated users of English"—for example, the sci-

entist Julian Huxley, the art historian Kenneth Clark, and a young British journalist named Alistair Cooke. The D.G. (Director-General), the D.P.P. (Director of Programme Planning), the D.T. (Director of Talks), the D.S.B. (Director of Schools Broadcasting), and other senior officials of the BBC also participated. Two of the committee's members were women, namely Rose Macaulay, the novelist and critic, and Lady Cynthia Asquith, an editor and writer of children's books, and for twenty years a secretary to J. M. Barrie, the author of *Peter Pan*. (Virginia Woolf was asked to join the committee but, for reasons that are not recorded, never did.) George Bernard Shaw was the second, and most long-standing, chairman of the committee.

Prior to each meeting the participants were asked to submit lists of words that they felt warranted discussion. The Reverend H. Costley-White, the headmaster of Westminster College, a public school, was always extremely forthcoming. In February of 1935, for example, he submitted *rationale*, *pogrom*, *concordat*, *format*, *dour*, and *intransigent*. A few months later he suggested *tripod*, *scone*, *preferable*, *palaver*, and *videlicet*. The following year he turned in *aqueous*, *truculent*, *savants*, *allies*, and *shamefaced men*. The words submitted were checked in all five dictionaries (one of which, from 1934 onward, was American—*Webster's Second New International Dictionary*) and the pronunciation options were spelled out in a simplified phonetic script and typed onto formatted sheets of paper. Each member would find one of these, together with an expense form, in front of his place at the conference table.

After coming to order, the committee would first consider some of the letters that it had received from BBC listeners. There was never any shortage. During its December, 1937, meeting the committee discussed a letter from Messrs. Unilever, Ltd., who objected to a committee dictum that the name of the oleaginous substance the company produced be pronounced with a soft *g*: *marjar-eeen*. Unilever argued that the *g* in the product's name should be hard, "because of its derivation [from the Greek word *margaron*, meaning "pearl"; margaric acid, a component of margarine, has a pearly luster] and the pronunciation already in use amongst educated speakers." The committee members were not to be swayed. According to the minutes, "In view of the fact that the form MARJAR-INE—that is, with a soft *g*—"was commonly used both by those who bought and those who sold the product, there was not sufficient justification for reversing their previous recommendation." The secretary was instructed to write to Messrs. Unilever, Ltd.



There were always a few business matters to discuss—the latest sales figures, say, for "Broadcast English"—but by far the most time-consuming portion of each meeting was the discussions of words, with members ultimately accepting one pronunciation in preference to the others by a show of hands. They might decide on one round that the word *ukelele* should be pronounced "uke-lee-ly," and on another that the *bas* in *bas relief* should be pronounced like *bass*, the fish. The *zen* in *zenith*, they once decided, should be pronounced like the *Zen* of Buddhism, and also the word *beret* should rhyme with *ferret*. At issue on some occasions was not pronunciation but a choice of words—as between *aviator* and *airman* to designate one who flies an airplane. (The committee chose *airman*.)

After a decision had been made by the committee, BBC announcers were expected to abide by it; a superior was likely to be listening. Lord Reith himself once upbraided an announcer for a pronunciation of *Scotland* that sounded too much like "Scutland." George Bernard Shaw kept a list in his pocket diary of faulty pronunciations he had heard on the BBC, and from time to time would convey these to the Honorary Secretary or the Director-General. In one note he complained about the music announcers who persisted in saying "Figure-oh" instead of "Fee-garoh" and "Die Wal-küre" instead of "Die Wal-küre." Shaw's communications were always signed simply "G.B.S."

The advisory committee frequently had trouble making up its mind. Should the place where one kept one's car be called a "ga-rraazh" or a "ga-rredge"? The committee initially, in 1926, inclined toward the former, but eventually, in 1930, embraced the latter. After considerable public controversy (*controversy*, by the way, is a word that the BBC has always pronounced with the accent on the first syllable, despite the popularity elsewhere in Britain of "con-traw-versy") the committee in 1934 returned to "ga-rraazh." The word *landscape* went from "lan-skip" to "lan-scayp" to either (that's "eye-ther," not "ee-ther"). The word *banal* provoked heated debate over four years, before a majority could be mustered to promote "ba-naal" over "bay-nal."

The discussions were characterized by a mixture of seriousness, originality, common sense, and contrariness. Alistair Cooke remembers one debate over the length of the vowel *a* in the word *canine*. Shaw insisted that the word be pronounced "cay-nine" rather than "cah-nine," arguing that it was his wont to pronounce words the way they were pronounced by people who used them in a professional capacity. Shaw's dentist, it seems, said *cay-nine*. A member of



Don Taylor has a \$100,000 policy. It helps his wife, Jackie, and daughter, Monica, to have the security they need now. And he'll have the "living benefits" to help out when Monica is in college.



Jay Jamison has a \$125,000 policy. His growing family's got protection now, and Jay is building "living benefits" to help with a down payment on a larger home.



Phyllis Barlow has a \$50,000 policy for insurance protection and to help assure her a secure and independent retirement.

The above examples are simulations.

Life insurance that helps protect your family and can pay you "living benefits."

Have it both ways with Allstate Universal Life

Allstate Universal Life comes with a lot more than just "death benefits." Of course, it helps protect your loved ones from financial burden if you die. But that's only the beginning.

"Living Benefits," Too.

Allstate Universal Life also provides the opportunity to build big cash savings for the future. These "living benefits" can help you save for your children's college education, emergencies, a larger home, retirement, or whatever you decide.

Plus, these "living benefits" can build at competitive interest rates. So when our interest goes up, you can build bigger cash savings. Yet, you're guaranteed the rate will never fall below 4½%, to further protect you and your family.

Allstate Universal Life has great flexibility to meet your changing needs. It allows you to build more cash savings, increase or decrease coverage, or decrease or skip premiums, if you qualify and within limits.

"See How Much More You Can Get For Your Life Insurance Dollars."

Ask for all the facts on Allstate Universal Life. And you'll get your own Computerized Cash Savings Outlook, which shows you how this plan can help protect your family today and how the "living benefits" can build for tomorrow.

With that peace of mind and cash savings, your only question will be just how to use all the "living benefits" from your Allstate Universal Life Plan.

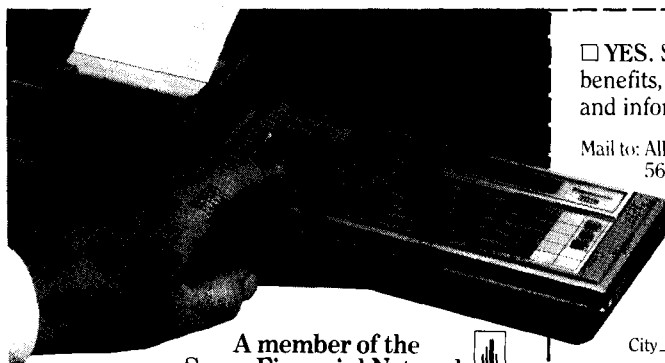
Leave
it to The
Good Hands
People.

Free Computerized Cash Savings Outlook

See your Allstate agent, mail this coupon or call Allstate toll-free, 1-800-624-6673

(Operator 17)

In New York: Allstate Life Insurance of New York, Huntington Station, NY Elsewhere: Allstate Life Insurance Company, Northbrook, IL



A member of the
Sears Financial Network

Allstate
You're in good hands.

☐ YES. Show me how Allstate Universal Life can provide security *and* living benefits, too. Please send my own personal computerized Cash Savings Outlook and information on Allstate Universal Life—free and with no obligation.

Mail to: Allstate Consumer Information Center
5616 N. Western Ave., Chicago, IL 60659

Name _____ (please print) Male ☐ Female ☐

Address _____ Apt. No. _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Phone _____ Date of Birth _____ Mo. Day Yr. Smoker ☐ Non-Smoker ☐

Desired Amount of Coverage: ☐ \$50,000 ☐ \$100,000 ☐ Other _____ (minimum \$50,000)

8604

the committee objected, on the grounds that Shaw's dentist was obviously an American. "But of course," Shaw replied. "Why do you think, at seventy-six, I still have my teeth?" Shaw was, however, overruled. The BBC stuck to its short *a*.

THE PROCESS BY WHICH THE BBC REACHED DECISIONS about language was by no means uniform. The BBC could, for example, be maddeningly autocratic. Thus the corporation decided by fiat that the verb *broadcast* should be conjugated like the verb *cast*, so that the past tense would be *broadcast* and not *broadcasted*. (In justifying this decision Lord Reith said, sniffily, "After all, it is our verb.") However, the Advisory Committee on Spoken English was at times willing to confess ignorance and seek counsel. During preparation of a booklet on English place-names, in 1928, the committee's secretary dispatched letters to vicars and postmasters in 1,946 towns and villages around the country, asking them how *they* would pronounce the name of their community. The committee registered its preference only in those seventy-seven cases in which the parson and the postman were "at variance."

From time to time the advisory committee would also appeal to BBC listeners. In an article titled "How Do You Pronounce 'Wednesday'?" (answer: "Wens-dy"), written by A. Lloyd James for the April 19, 1935, issue of *The Radio Times*, the public was asked to help the BBC come up with a word for the television equivalent of a radio listener. Lloyd James revealed that the committee had tentatively settled on *televviewer* or *viewer* but was not wedded to either term. He wrote, "It is not unlikely . . . that the man-in-the-street, with his customary genius for the *mot juste*, will hit upon the word that will finally be accepted into the language. Here is a good chance for the Reading Listener or the Listening Reader to help us to decide what name shall be given to those who look as well as listen." The man in the street came up with numerous suggestions: *auralooker*, *glancer*, *looker*, *looker in*, *optovist*, *optovisor*, *seer*, *sighter*, *telescope*, *teleserver*, *televist*, *telobserver*, *telvor*, *visionaire*, *visionist*, *visor*, *vizier*, *witnesser*. The BBC was not impressed; in the words of an internal memorandum, "none of [the submissions] deserves serious consideration." In 1936 the advisory committee created a Subcommittee on Words to resolve this and similar matters of new terminology. This subcommittee ultimately accepted the original BBC suggestions, *televviewer* and *viewer*.

The Subcommittee on Words had the broad mandate to pass judgment on, or even invent, any new terms made necessary by the continuing advance of broadcast technology. It was chaired by Logan Pearsall Smith, an American who had attended Oxford and then remained in Britain, ensconced in Bloomsbury among London's literary set. (Smith is credited with the aphorism "People say that life is the thing, but I prefer reading.") Perhaps because he had been exposed to the somewhat more inventive variety of English spoken in the United States, Smith was open to popular suggestions, believing that "it may often happen that mechanics, labourers, soldiers, sailors, and their wives will best be able to supply us with the vivid terms we want." He saw the subcommittee as an opportunity to teach the Englishman "to overcome in himself the prejudice against new English compounds." He was, in other words, something of a zealot, and it was not long before his Subcommittee on Words strayed far from the realm of broadcasting terminology.

Thus Smith proposed that the new traffic circles, which were most frequently referred to as *gyratory circuses*, should be called *roundabouts* instead. This was a sensible suggestion, and it caught on. However, Smith also decided that the term *stop-and-goes* would be a welcome substitute for *traffic lights*, and that *mindfall* should be promoted as a less colloquial alternative to *brain wave*. He suggested the verb *unlike* to describe "the neutral feeling of neither liking nor disliking a person or thing." The other subcommittee members soon caught Smith's enthusiasm. Rose Macaulay proposed the word *yulery* for Christmas festivities. The editor, translator, and senior civil servant Edward Marsh

suggested *inflex* as a superior term for an inferiority complex. It was finally moved that more than a dozen words be brought before the entire advisory committee for further discussion and a vote.

That, however, was as far as the matter went. When the Subcommittee on Words distributed its minutes, the Director of Programme Planning sounded the alarm. In the view of the D.P.P., many of the subcommittee's neologisms were "so ludicrous that irreparable harm to the main Committee's prestige might be done, should any of these suggestions be broadcast." In a talk to the full advisory committee, in 1937, the Director-General himself put an end to Logan Pearsall Smith's ambitious little enterprise. He declared, "The responsibility for thus modifying the general English vocabulary is one which seems to the Corporation to be altogether outside its functions and which the Corporation, therefore, feels it cannot accept."



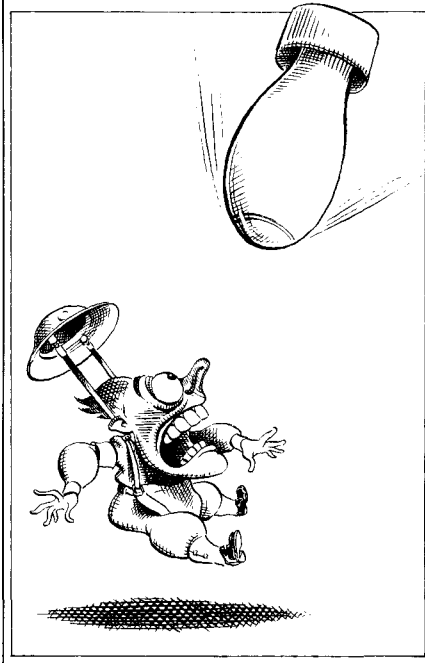
☐ *Fee-garoh*
☐ *Figure-oh*

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW WAS continually skeptical about the value and effectiveness of the Advisory Committee on Spoken English. Shaw became chairman in 1930 upon the death of the founding chairman, the Poet Laureate Robert Bridges. (Bridges, incidentally, had initially favored a northern pronunciation—with characteristics like the *a* that is heard in the American pronunciation of *grass*, for words like *castle* and *bath*, and the *oo* of *took* for the *u* in *pub*—as the BBC standard.) Although Shaw frequently threatened to resign (in order to “save my own credit as a talk merchant”), he remained in the chair until 1937.

Shaw was particularly disturbed by the sometimes arbitrary way in which decisions were made. In one of his many letters to the Director-General, he complained that decision after decision at a recent committee meeting had been carried by an excessively narrow margin, and that in three cases a decision had required the vote of the chairman—a man in his eightieth year, Shaw noted—to break a tie. This was no way to enforce standards, Shaw said. Later, in a postcard to the D.G., he argued that the committee “should be reconstituted with an age limit of 30 and a few taxidivers on it. The young people just WON’T pronounce like the old dons. . . . Are we to dictate to the mob or allow the mob to dictate to us? I give it up.”

His frustration is understandable. The committee did bring a measure of linguistic order to the airwaves which is without parallel in the history of broadcasting. At the same time, it clearly suffered from the weaknesses Shaw identified, as well as from others. It grew too big. It was much too often in the limelight, whose reflections were not always flattering. In a country where people paid close attention to what was said on the radio, and were prone to communicate their views to the local newspapers, the committee’s controversial decisions, occasional flip-flops, and irritating inconsistencies at times evoked anger or derision. (Why, for instance, should the first syllable of *zoology* be pronounced “zoo” but the first syllable of *zoological* be pronounced “zoe”?) The committee had few friends, moreover, in the regional press, which resisted what it saw as an attempt to stamp out Britain’s great diversity of accent and vocabulary and to impose a single spoken standard. The author of one BBC memorandum observed, “Nothing that the Corporation did could prevent the idea growing up that [the committee’s] recommendations were national injunctions” rather than simply rules “for the use of Announcers.” Of course, some committee members had welcomed such an idea; it was not, after all, undeliberate

☐ *Dir-ect* hit
☐ *Dye-wrecked* hit



that the committee’s ever-increasing list of recommended pronunciations was published in “Broadcast English” and *The Radio Times*. In 1937, however, on the grounds that “the public persistently misunderstands its motive,” the BBC decided that the edicts of the Advisory Committee on Spoken English should be circulated to announcers but no longer made public. In 1939, after Germany’s invasion of Poland, members were notified that the committee, being a relative frivolity at a time of national need, was to be disbanded pending a cessation of hostilities.

The war itself raised urgent new questions of correct pronunciation. Edward Marsh replied thus to his notification: “As a member of the now-suspended Advisory Committee on BBC Pronunciation, may I raise the question of how the frequently heard phrase ‘direct hit’ should be pronounced? I am glad to notice that Mr. Edward Ward and Alvar [Lidell] give

it what I believe to be the right sound, viz: a short *i* and the accent on the second syllable; but I think all the others give it a long *i*, and some put a strong accent on the first syllable, so that it sounds like *dye-wrecked*. I think you will agree that there should be uniformity. I should greatly prefer that all should say *dī rect*.” The BBC announcers themselves used the suspension of the committee as an excuse to overturn one of its recent decisions: the placement of the stress in *Allies* on the second syllable. A memo dated November 3, 1939, from the head announcer to all other announcers, stated, “There seems to be general agreement that we should overlook BBC ruling and put stress on the *first* syllable. Similarly (or rather *according* to BBC ruling) let’s agree all to say *marjarine*.”

THE ADVISORY COMMITTEE ON SPOKEN ENGLISH, *per se*, was never heard from again. In postwar Britain, where Clement Attlee headed a Labour Government, its re-establishment would have smacked of elitism. The BBC itself had changed. Wartime broadcasts from around the world—in a variety of colonial accents—had bred a certain toleration in Britain of non-standard English speech. (Non-English English accents were perhaps the most readily acceptable, because they could not be decoded for social class.) Both radio and television, meanwhile, were devoting larger amounts of time to documentaries and “chat” shows, in which real people expressed themselves in real accents; the sound of actors and actresses who read scripts in the formality of a recording studio became less common. The corporation did, however,

set up the Pronunciation Unit, to which TV and radio announcers—indeed, any BBC employee—can turn for answers to specific queries, around the clock. The unit also generates a pronunciation list intended to anticipate unusual words that may be required in the BBC's news broadcasts. Every day at half past four a member of the Pronunciation Unit ventures across London from Broadcasting House to Television Centre, where the BBC's television news programs originate, to hover over the newsreaders as they prepare their scripts. Nevertheless, a good many deviations slip through. In 1981, after having received a record number of complaints about its announcers' pronunciation, the BBC published a book, *The Spoken Word*, to state the corporation's current language policies. Prepared by Robert Burchfield, the editor of the Oxford English Dictionaries, the book reminds announcers (as well as the public—the book became a best seller) that, among other things, the word *dour* should “rhyme with ‘poor’ not ‘power’,” that the word *sheikh* should be “pronounced the same as ‘shake’,” and that the word *nuclear* was “not to be pronounced like ‘circular’.” Yet while the BBC remains committed to correct pronunciation, it has more or less given up on promoting or exemplifying a proper English accent. Graham Pointon, the director of the Pronunciation Unit, is a native of North Staffordshire, in the Midlands, and is not ashamed that his speech betrays the fact. Southern Educated Standard is no longer standard, even among the educated—at least not in Britain.

It doesn't take a lexicographer's ear to notice that BBC English sounds less proper and plummy than it once did. Received Pronunciation has changed even among upper-class users (though perhaps not so much among aristocratic ones), in part because of influences percolating up from the lower classes. At Winchester College, one of the most prestigious public schools in Britain, the students are starting to sound distinctly less than high-born. One boy told a television interviewer recently, “The posh accents are ironed out when you come here”—quite the reverse of what used to happen. Ron Neil, the head of BBC Television News (or Ed. Tel. N., as his position is called) and a Scot, has gone so far as to characterize traditional Received Pronunciation as a potential handicap: “I think an English public-school accent would now be a barrier in the way that it wasn't fifteen or twenty years ago. For my money, that kind of accent is indicative of a middle-class, south-of-England person, and it almost, in a way, carries a political slant to it which I think is unacceptable.” Ironically, only the BBC's shortwave World Service, intended primarily for overseas consumption, remains firmly committed to pure Received Pronunciation. Indeed, other than the World Service, the most likely places to hear BBC English today are on radio and television news programs in India, Singapore, Australia, South Africa, and other former Brit-

ish colonies. The broadcast services in these countries, founded during colonial days, were modeled meticulously on the BBC, down to the succession of electronic tones that marks the hour. In India the BBC-style delivery is not government policy but a slowly fading tradition that has been passed on from one generation of announcers to the next. In Singapore the government of Cambridge-educated Lee Kuan Yew has imported two full-time speech coaches from Britain to train local broadcasters. “The standard is supposed to be very high in newsreading both on radio and on television in Singapore,” one of the coaches, Sue Greenwood, explained in a recent interview. “They won't accept somebody with a Malay accent or a Chinese accent or an Indian accent, here, as being suitable to read the news.” In Britain public-opinion surveys have consistently shown that news bulletins presented in an upper-class English accent tend to be perceived as more authoritative and accurate; the same presumably holds true throughout much of the Commonwealth and elsewhere in the English-speaking world.

Why does it remain the popular, if largely unvoiced, opinion, even among those whose speech is not remotely similar, that Southern Educated Standard constitutes the best, the most sophisticated, the most euphonious spoken arrangement of vowels and consonants available in English? The association of this accent with some ideal of correctness is certainly not a very old one. Less than a century before the advent of the Advisory Committee on Spoken English, Prime Ministers, literary figures, and Oxford dons retained strong regional accents. Southern Educated Standard was not promoted as a national objective for the elite until after the expansion of the public-school system, in the 1870s. Yet the esteem in which this kind of English is held has somehow managed to survive both the decline of Great Britain as an imperial power and the shift of the language's center of gravity from the eastern to the western shores of the Atlantic Ocean. Americans themselves, who have yet to agree on a home-grown version of Educated Standard, would be hard-pressed to deny that the glottis of a Harold Macmillan or a Prince Charles, or of an announcer for the BBC's World Service, produces an admirable and attractive sound (though one that most Americans nonetheless do not seek to imitate).

There is probably no simple answer to why BBC English survives in the popular imagination as the best English—the linguistic equivalent, as it were, of the official meter, which is engraved on a platinum bar in Paris. But it is somehow reassuring that such a standard—arbitrary though it is, temporary though it is—exists. If nothing else, it serves as a gentle counterforce against the vigorous centrifugal tendencies of English, and it serves to remind English-speakers around the world that there is a form of the language that we all can understand. □

A FAMILY OF POEMS

BAYSWATER

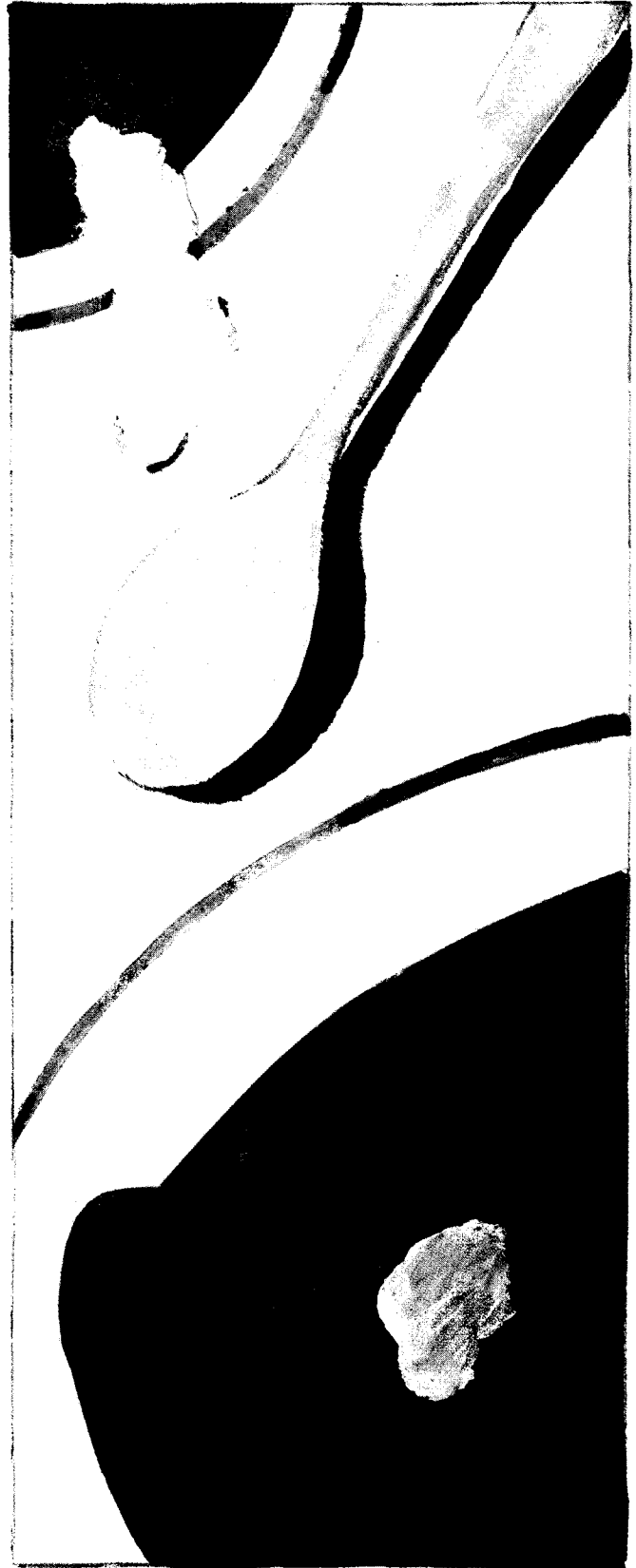
Fewer meals, now, are eaten in this kitchen.
 The grown man who broke bread with his grown son
 outgrew that, and begot a newer one.
 Guests, we make tea, clear crumbs, wash up, pitch in
 to rouse the house with rounds of scour and mess.
 Its master hangs his trousers down the road
 on his new son's mum's bedpost. This abode
 serves him as a workplace and bulk-post address.
 I woke up in a too-familiar bed
 alone, of course, in less-than-laundered sheets
 that wore him in his absence. So instead
 of aubade replays (past) of (past) night feats,
 I padded downstairs barefoot, clear of head,
 to toast the brown sliced bread my daughter eats.

— Marilyn Hacker

MY FATHER'S SHIRT

I used to joke about being my father, I
 used to say I'll just give up and become my father,
 but now there is no one else to be him —
 a week after his death I open my suitcase
 and pull out of it, slowly, as if
 drawing a limp blue and white child out at birth,
 his shirt his wife gave to me, and it
 still smells of his house, that smell of
 mold that I love because it smells of going to him,
 opening his door and there from his chair he
 rises slowly, such a big man in such
 dark pants, with such a shiny face, such
 dark eyes. The smell of mold is the
 smell of the world under the rug and
 beneath my father's skin now,
 behind his eye. I put on the shirt and my
 breasts look absolutely terrific in it and I
 smell so wonderfully green with mold—let the
 second half of my father's life begin,
 let him find happiness as a woman.

— Sharon Olds





EPITHALAMION

for J.F. and D.B.

The boy who scribbled *Smash the State* in icing on his wedding cake has two kids and a co-op, reads (although pretends not to) the Living section, and hopes for tenure.

Everything's changed since we played Capture the Red Flag between Harvard Yard and the River. Which of us dreamed that History, who grinds men up like meat, would make us her next meal?

But here we are, in a kind of post-imperial permanent February, with offices and apartments, balked latecomers out of a Stendhal novel, our brave ambitions

run out into sand: into restaurants and movies, July at the Cape, where the major source of amusement's watching middle-aged Freudians snub only just younger Marxist historians.

And yet if it's true, as I've read, that the starving body eats itself, it's true too it eats the heart last. We've lost our moment of grandeur, but come on, admit it: aren't we happier?

And so let's welcome the child already beginning, who'll laugh, but not cruelly, I hope, at our comfy nostalgias, and praise, friends, praise, this marriage of friends and lovers made in a dark time.

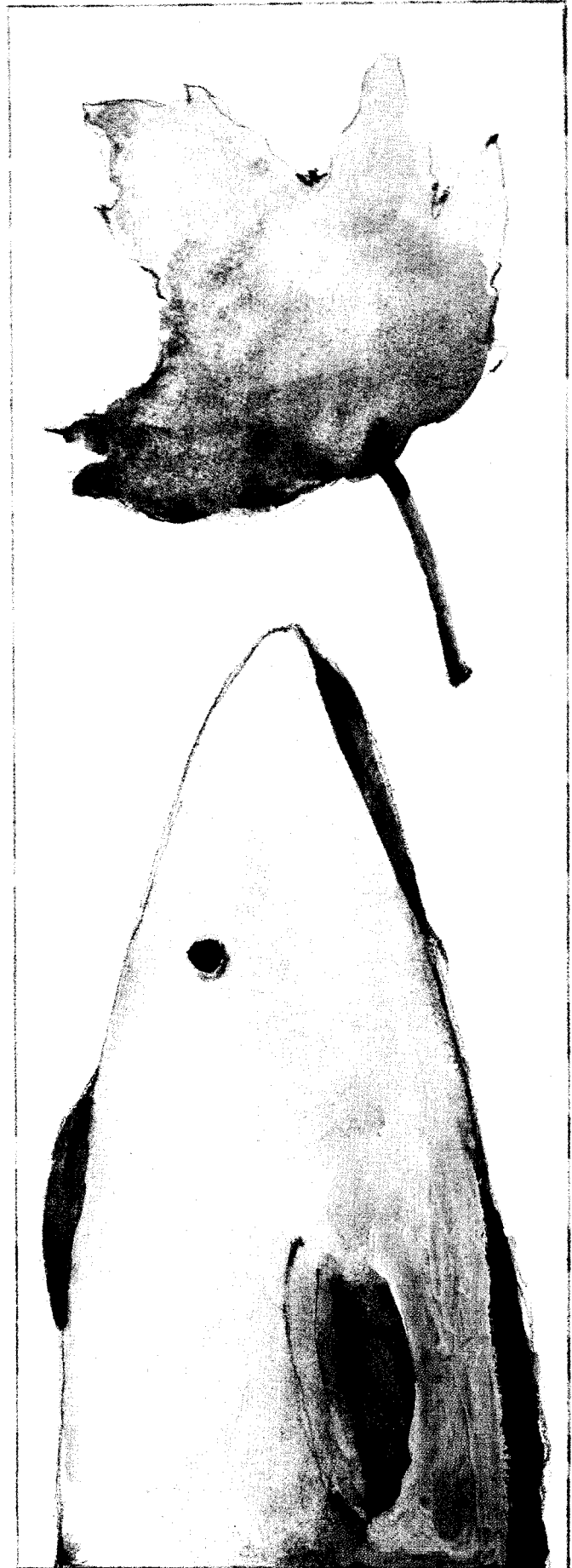
—Katha Pollitt

ANALOGIES OF THE LEAF

Almost dark, late spring. And nothing in the chances
 of the visible, first stars but a hunter and a ram
 and women so virginal they give off fire
 to light the pathway up the ladder to the stair.
 Nothing in the columnar night wind
 but the hollowing of air,
 the whistle empty at the tag end of the song.
 Along the back, along the rainbow
 vertebrae, at the spear-point of the spine,
 my hand cuts like a leaf. You turn and open,
 as my mouth opens over yours.
 When I enter you your face takes on
 the focus of a thought suddenly
 appropriate to how your knees have worked
 up under my arms, your eyes shutting on the sources.
 Then the blurred, spilled shape of the willow
 finding water, letting its low branching down.

When the wind blows back against the leaves
 they turn a kind of silver—like fish,
 we said as kids—and rubbed them raw to watch
 the flash and glitter come off clean in our soiled hands.
 It never did, though we said it did.
 And the rain that can turn leaves silver quick as mercury,
 that's something else for the hands to fail to catch.
 The evening is scaled and set, counting blue
 and blue and blue, the way a petal
 or a stone is stained. You come down flushed,
 then white and cool. The story of the body
 is endless interiority,
 following or not following the blood
 back to the glassy breath—sympathetic
 pathways, arterial, vaginal, thecal—
 the spirit passed between us, mouth-to-mouth,
 the soul so rooted in the other it is flesh.

—Stanley Plumly





LATE LOVING

"What Christ was saying, what he meant [in the story of Mary and Martha] was that the pleasures of that hair; that ointment, must be taken. Because the accidents of death would deprive us soon enough. We must not deprive ourselves, our loved ones, of the luxury of our extravagant affections. We must not try to second-guess death by refusing to love the ones we loved. . . ."

—Mary Gordon, *Final Payments*

If in my mind I marry you every year
it is to calm an extravagance of love
with dousing custom, for it flames up fierce
and wild whenever I forget that we live
in double rooms whose temperature's controlled
by matrimony's turned-down thermostat.
I need the mnemonics, now that we are old,
of oath and law in re-memorizing that.
Our dogs are dead, our child never came true.
I might use up, in my weak-mindedness,
the whole human supply of warmth on you
before I could think of others and digress.
"Love" is finding the familiar dear.
"In love" is to be taken by surprise.
Over, in the shifty face you wear,
and over, in the assessments of your eyes,
you change, and with new sweet or barbed word
find out new entrances to my inmost nerve.
When you stand at the stove it's I who am most stirred.
When you finish work I rest without reserve.
Daytimes, sometimes, our three-legged race seems slow.
Squabbling onward, we chafe from being so near.
But all night long we lie like crescents of Velcro,
turning together till we re-adhere.
Since you, with longer stride and better vision,
more clearly see the finish line, I stoke
my hurrying self, to keep it in condition,
with light and life-renouncing meals of smoke.
As when a collector scoops two Monarchs in
at once, whose fresh flights to and from each other
are netted down, so in vows I re-imagine
I re-invoke what keeps us stale together.
What you try to give is more than I want to receive,
yet each month when you pick up scissors for our appointment
and my cut hair falls and covers your feet I believe
that the house is filled again with the odor of ointment.

—Mona Van Duyn

Fall Catalogue Collection

Catalogues, for their diversity of merchandise and their shop-at-home convenience, are appealing to a growing number of busy but discriminating consumers.

The Atlantic makes shopping easy for you. Our Fall Catalogue Collection features an eclectic assortment of sixty current catalogues and provides an efficient means of ordering them. Simply complete and mail the order envelope adjacent to this page. If it has already been used, send the coupon printed on the last page of this advertising section.

Please allow six to eight weeks for delivery.



ABERCROMBIE & FITCH. The adventure goes on with one of the most famous names in the world. Enjoy A & F classics including the Beefeater® Steak Knives, Safari® Cloth outfits, English picnic baskets, the Flattie Shoe, hand-crafted leather animal hassocks and world famous 60-second razors. Our catalog also features popular savings adventures, a collection of women's casual wear, high quality gifts, sporting life equipment, and apparel items for the active family—many designed and exclusively made for Abercrombie & Fitch. \$2.00.



Brighten your holiday season with designs from Laura Ashley. Subscribe now and you can enjoy our enchanting Autumn/Winter Fashion and Home Furnishings catalogues along with our popular 175-page Home Furnishings catalogue. Soon to follow will be our delightful Christmas Gift catalogue and more in 1987. \$5.00 for a one-year subscription.

116 Courses in 40 Languages

Arabic 25	French 15	German 15	Spanish 15
Basque 15	German 15	Hebrew 15	Swedish 15
Belgian 15	Italian 15	Hungarian 15	Turkish 15
Chinese 15	Japanese 15	Irish 15	Ukrainian 15
Czech 15	Korean 15	Latin 15	Yiddish 15
Danish 15	Portuguese 15	Polish 15	
English 15	Russian 15	Provençal 15	
Esperanto 15	Scandinavian 15	Welsh 15	
Finnish 15	Slavic 15		
Galician 15	Spanish 15		
Georgian 15	Swedish 15		
Greek 15	Turkish 15		
Hebrew 15	Ukrainian 15		
Hungarian 15	Yiddish 15		
Irish 15			
Italian 15			
Japanese 15			
Korean 15			
Latin 15			
Provençal 15			
Russian 15			
Scandinavian 15			
Slavic 15			
Spanish 15			
Swedish 15			
Turkish 15			
Ukrainian 15			
Yiddish 15			

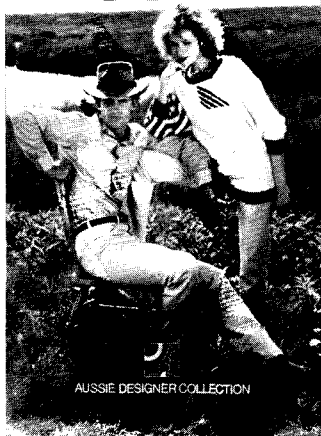
SELF-INSTRUCTIONAL LANGUAGE COURSES
AUDIO-FORUM
 THE LANGUAGE SOURCE
 NEW YORK GUILFORD, CT LONDON

Foreign Language, Self-Instructional Book/Cassette Courses

Choose from 116 courses in 40 languages. Comprehensive courses designed for learning on your own, developed for State Department personnel. Also brief courses for travelers, and "No-Time" courses—ideal for learning while driving, etc. They really work! 32-page catalog \$1.00 refundable with order.

THE AUSSIE DESIGNER COLLECTION

AUSSIE



Discover the intrigue of Australia and beauty of New Zealand in our unique Aussie Designer Collection. Fine quality apparel and accessories for both men and women. Soft Moleskin jeans, Driza-bone raincoats, hand-knit sweaters, dresses and jewelry from the best of the "Bush Couture." Imaginative Holiday gift ideas. Please send \$1.00 for Aussie Catalog.



BANANA REPUBLIC

TRAVEL & SAFARI CLOTHING C°

The official gazette of our imaginary republic contains not only information on our functional, natural-fabric travel and safari clothing, but also travel tales and trivia, clothing reviews by distinguished critics, unique and soulful artwork. Our offerings include: bush jackets, safari bags, multi-pocketed vests, khaki trousers and shorts, bush dresses. \$1.00.

BANANA REPUBLIC

TRAVEL BOOKSTORE

CATALOGUE



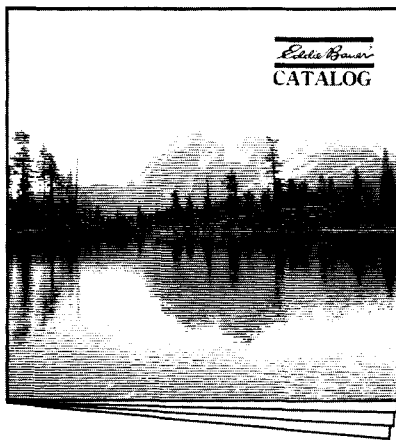
Our new Travel Bookstore Catalogue is the most complete, the most opinionated—and the most reliable—compendium of travel reading available anywhere. Informed, succinct reviews of 800 titles, including some very exotic finds, many published abroad and some exclusive to Banana Republic—as well as an unusual selection of maps, language tapes, phrase-books. \$1.00.



J°S.A. Bank Clothiers

HOW TO BUILD A CLASSIC WARDROBE . . . FOR LESS.

Send for our catalog of fine clothing for men and women. No need to choose between quality you expect and the price you'd prefer to pay. Our 84-page color catalog features fine clothing that we make in our own workrooms. Plus classic furnishings and accessories. Satisfaction unconditionally guaranteed. One-year subscription: \$1.00.



Eddie Bauer®

For 66 years, Eddie Bauer has made top-quality clothing and gear for every outdoor experience. Discover our exciting new line of men's and women's active and casual clothing, prime goose down products, footwear, gifts and gear. Unconditional, money-back guarantee. Free catalog.



BUSY BEE PRODUCTS

Busy Bee Products—a complete line of quality handbags and accessories. Traditional through contemporary in heavy #8 canvas, 420 denier nylon, and quality leather fabrics. We do our own monogramming and manufacture every item in our catalog at our own factory in Torrington, Connecticut. We're new, we're exciting, and proud of our quality products. Satisfaction guaranteed or your money back—try us. Send \$1.00 for our beautiful color catalog.

Cable Car Clothiers ROBERT KIRK, Ltd.

San Francisco's British Goods Store Since 1939

AT CABLE CAR CLOTHIERS, WE SPECIALIZE IN QUALITY. Our quarterly full-color catalogues are filled with only the finest classic men's wear, with a generous array of beautiful items for women. Everything from Southwick suits to Sea Island Cotton undershorts. Shop through our mail order service with confidence—your satisfaction is guaranteed. One year's subscription, \$3.00 (applicable toward future purchase).



Carroll Reed Fall Fashion Collection

Shop for style! Every catalog brings all-new, exciting fashions. Flattering looks in today's silhouettes. Fifty years of fine quality dresses, separates, shoes and accessories for casual, dress and career wear. Personal Shoppers to help you; satisfaction guaranteed. Your subscription (\$2.00) includes a \$5.00 Gift Certificate. Order now.

Caviarteria CAVIAR CENTER U.S.A.

Exclusive
Source of the Famed
IMPERIAL CAVIAR

The only beluga rated
"EXCELLENT" by The N.Y. Times
Annual Survey of Caviar

Catalog plus 4 Newsletters
and Discount Certificate

Phone 800-4-CAVIAR
N.Y. 212-759-7410
29 E. 60th St.,
N.Y.C. 10022

"The best of anything" describes Caviarteria's exclusive Imperial caviar. Reserve your requirements for special occasions as it is extremely rare. "Bottom of the Barrel" Kamchatka is ounce for ounce, the finest value in Kamchatka caviar. American sturgeon and salmon caviars are shipped fresh to famous hotels and clubs. Delectable Scotch smoked salmon available for magnificent parties and exciting gifts. Interesting new catalogue describes all unique products and offers four discount certificates for savings up to 15% of purchase.

The Chocolate Catalogue™

The Catalogue devoted to Chocolate, Chocolate, and more Chocolate. Unique gifts hand made entirely from Chocolate. Tennis Balls, Pizzas, Automobiles, and more. Hand Dipped Chocolate Popcorn, Pretzels, Potato Chips, and Oreo Cookies. Want elegant chocolates, try Hand Decorated Creme de Menthe for the holidays, or our select Truffles. Fun gifts or luxurious Thank You's; whatever the need, if it's Chocolate, it's in "The Chocolate Catalogue." Catalogue Free.



Coldwater Creek

Come with us to the northcountry. To a land rich in wildlife and Indian lore. Delight in jewelry, gifts, books, carvings and prints, all derived from the world of nature. Find smoked salmon. Extraordinary Pacific Northwest Indian masks, drums, sterling silver bracelets, limited-edition art and more. It's all part of the Coldwater Creek adventure. Come explore! A year's catalog subscription, \$2.00.

A COMMON READER



Q: What do our readers have in common?

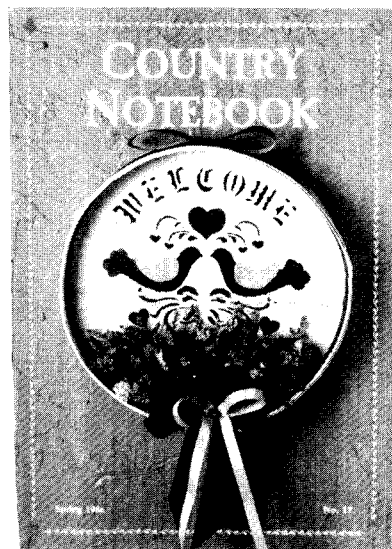
A: Too many books and a need for more: books of the hour and books of all time, books to be savored or read at whim, books that climb mountains or meet you for breakfast—even some books to rattle your bones. Our catalog is a selection for readers with imagination. Two dollars for two years.

◆

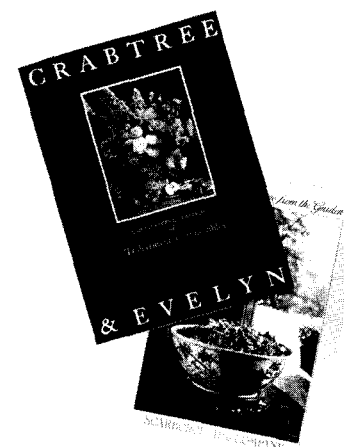
Tis' the season
at Conran's
for gift-giving and
living with style...
home furnishings
for every
room!
Send
\$2.00.



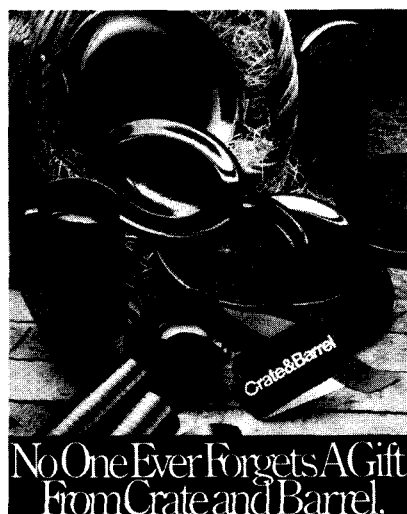
conran's
QUARTERLY CATALOG



COUNTRY NOTEBOOK — 40 full-color pages, brimming with handcrafted, country treasures for hearth & home, kitchens & kids, and for year-round gift-giving. We offer hundreds of practical items, as well as decorative accessories and many signed collectibles. And we pay the postage, too! Add a touch of country to your holiday gift-list this year! Catalog \$2.00.



Crabtree & Evelyn evokes the concept of the still-room of old English country estates, where fruits, wildflowers, and herbs were used as basic ingredients for both beauty preparations and delicious comestibles. Our full-color catalogue features our complete range of toiletries and fine foods based on this centuries-old tradition. Send \$3.50 for catalogue. Scarborough and Company home fragrance catalogue included at no charge.



One year of the most interesting cookware, glassware, tableware, bedding, fashions, and accessories in the world. One year of the newest products for contemporary lifestyles. One year of the Crate and Barrel catalogues you've probably been hearing about for just \$2.00.

DAEDALUS BOOKS



Daedalus offers publishers' overstocks of good fiction, history, and art. We are unique in that we only offer books that will appeal to the serious reader. Those that buy from our catalog will receive five remainder book catalogs a year filled with sale books by authors such as Marcel Proust, Jean Rhys, Graham Swift, Gloria Naylor, Graham Greene, Rebecca West, Norbert Elias, and hundreds of other excellent writers. Send for our free catalog and expand your library.

**Remainders for
People Who Read**

*David
Kay*
inc.

Step into the only catalog that features such a large grouping of gifts and gardening aids for indoor and outdoor living. Create your own world of beauty or follow our gift selection recommendations, including outstanding holiday selections. This guide features decorative ideas for entertaining, home furnishing, and celebrates nature on every page. Accessorize indoor plants, tables, outdoor garden or path with these charming selections. One year subscription \$2.00.

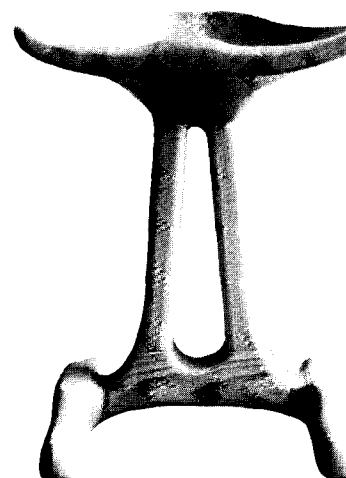
Early Winters

Early Winters (ûr' lē win ters) n. A book filled with unique, high-quality outdoor equipment, clothing and novelties. It's chock-full of unusual gifts, accessories and clothing to keep active people happy, warm and comfortable. From telescopes to yo-yo's, slipper sox to backpacks, everything offered is guaranteed for a full 30 days.



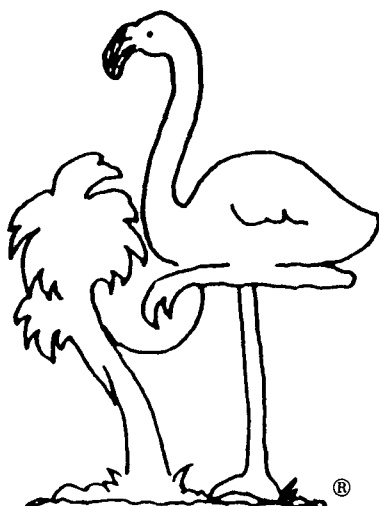
EXIMIOUS. Personalized and monogrammed products from England. Discover gifts of outstanding quality which are sophisticated, smart and all done in the best possible taste. Product selections include enamel boxes, placemats and pillows created from your own photographs; luxury leather, quality glassware, exquisite decorative objects, accessories for desk, bar and travel. Collectors will find unique flowers, inkwells and more. Display your own personality with initials, name or photograph . . . but most of all, select Eximious "when the present must be perfect." \$2.00.

FINEWOODS DESIGNS



Exclusive, hand-crafted furniture is an art form that appeals to people who are confident in their own taste and their ability to discriminate. It is for those who want their home and office to reflect their personality, their individual style. Meet Marc Richardson, designer/craftsman. A catalogue of his finely-crafted furniture is available for \$3.00.

FLAMINGOWEAR



"See you later, alligator!"

Put yourself (and others) in the pink with the latest from FLAMINGOWEAR—leather fashions and gifts, featuring our exclusive Flamingo polo shirt—made in the U.S.A. of 100% cotton for men and women. Send \$2.50 for catalog subscription and receive \$5.00 off your first purchase plus a \$10.00 gift absolutely FREE.



The finest and most complete catalog of woodworking tools, machinery, finishing supplies and books in the United States. Over 3000 items in stock. Here are all the tools you have been looking for to complete your shop and help you do better and more exciting woodworking. Over 200 pages. Cost \$4.00.



GUCCI

Introducing the Gucci 1986 Autumn/Winter Catalogue. In these pages you will find a sampling of our seasonal collection. The finest fashion, leather goods, gifts, and accessories to suit your individual lifestyle. \$6.00.

GUMP'S

SINCE 1861

San Francisco's most
extraordinary store!

Find out why Thomas Hoving, former director of New York's Metropolitan Museum, called Gump's "The greatest store of its kind in the world." Send for the exclusive Gump's Gift Book and shop at home from the most distinctive assortment of gifts available today—oriental pieces, china, crystal, lamps, fashion and jewelry. A one-year, four-issue subscription is \$3.00. (Outside the U.S. \$15.00.)

San Francisco • Beverly Hills
Dallas • Houston
Celebrating our 125th Anniversary

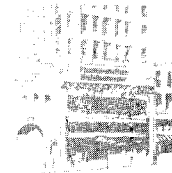
*The Source for
Everything Jewish*



Jewish gifts by mail . . . Hamakor Judaica is the Source for Everything Jewish—a delightful diversity of decorator, collectible, everyday, and whimsical items. Catalog includes ritual and festival products, limited-edition prints and sculpture. Be nice to yourself or find the ideal gift. For the year 5747 and special seasonal mailings, \$2.00.

Hammacher Schlemmer

ESTABLISHED 1848
"New York's most famous store
since before the Civil War"



For 138 years Hammacher Schlemmer has offered the best, the only and the unexpected. Our latest 64-page catalog features the Genuine Turkish Towel and Bathrobe, the Svelvic Shoe and Boot Dryer, the Only Golf Ball Sweet Spot Locator, and hundreds of other unusual things that can't be found elsewhere. \$2 for a year of catalogs.

HOFFRITZ®

PRECISELY

An indispensable catalogue of ingenious cutlery and imaginative gifts. From hand-made scissors, shears and knives to bar accessories, travel necessities, grooming aids, energy-savers and electronic wonders. They're all beautifully made and specially selected. And they're real precision instruments. Like everything else from Hoffritz. 40 pages. \$1.00.

COLLECT HOME VIDEO
CLASSICS



VIDEO CASSETTES
FROM HOME VISION

Sit back in your armchair and watch Placido Domingo perform at La Scala. Hear the music in magnificent stereo. Follow the story with libretto and subtitles. Or watch Baryshnikov dance. Listen to Georgia O'Keefe talk about her paintings. Choose from over 100 video-cassettes. Distinctive gifts for discerning friends. 32-page color catalog, \$2.00.



THE HUNTER COLLECTION

Featuring the National Trust's exclusive range of gifts and a unique selection of items from England, Scotland and Wales. Calendars, books, stationery, linens, Welsh slate and tapestry, toiletries, tableware, lead crystal, games, guides, childrens' books, and more. 1986-87 full color catalog \$2.00 (refunded with order).

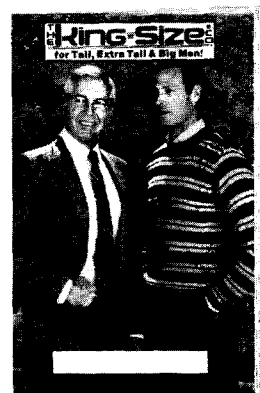
THE JAPAN COLLECTION



Discover the magic of Japan in the JAPAN COLLECTION from the RONIN GALLERY which has the largest collection of fine Japanese art in the United States. This is a unique 48-page full-color Holiday catalogue of rare 17th-20th century woodblock prints, crafts, netsuke, pottery, posters, cards, books and other unusual gift & decorating ideas from Japan. Send \$4.00 for a two-year subscription of catalogues.



EXCITEMENT! Discover the best of Louisiana's Cajun and Creole products with Chef Paul Prudhomme's K-Paul's Louisiana Kitchen catalog, featuring Cajun Magic seasoning blends, K-Paul's andouille sausage and Cajun ham (tasso) and fresh Louisiana seafood. The catalog also offers cast-iron cookware, Cajun music and regional Louisiana products, including popcorn rice, pepper honey and pickled okra. One-year subscription cost is \$1.00.



Tall & Big Men

The KING-SIZE Co.® fully Guarantees your purchase "Before and After Wearing." Send for your 96-page full color catalog of apparel and footwear specially designed for your fit and comfort. Send \$1.00 for our next two catalogs.

LANDS' END DIRECT MERCHANTS

of fine wool and cotton sweaters, Oxford buttondown shirts, traditional dress clothing, snow wear, deck wear, original Lands' End soft luggage and a multitude of other quality goods from around the world.

THE FRILL IS GONE.

Lands' End is a reliable source of classic styles, natural fabrics, values as a victory of quality over price. No froufrou or gingerbread. Think of us for casual and dress clothing, snow wear, deck wear, shoes and our original, unbeatable Lands' End soft luggage, plus accessories from around the world. Free catalog. 24-hour phones (1-800-356-4444). World's most unconditional guarantee. In two words: **GUARANTEED. PERIOD.** Try us.



A delightful collection of the prettiest, sharpest, get-up-and-go fashions anywhere as well as today's fine jewelry and elegant items for the home. If you have an eye for contemporary styles, but demand quality and taste, then Laurels is for you. Send \$3.00, applicable to your first purchase.

The Lighter Side

"They who laugh, last!" Over 500 lighthearted gifts that lift the spirit and tickle the funnybone, including many surprises that you never knew existed. Your gifts of wit and whimsy, merriment and mirth will be long remembered. Excellent values, prompt service and satisfaction guaranteed . . . since 1914. So add glee and gaiety to your holiday shopping and giving. Send for your Lighter Side catalog today. \$1.00.



Long regarded as an American classic, Long John Shirts are now better than ever. We've expanded our line to include ten styles in over 20 colors, all in 50 Poly 50 Cotton blend. Send away for \$1.00 catalog. Long John Shirts, 3580 Willow Lane, Thousand Oaks, CA 91361.

THE NATURE COMPANY



A unique assemblage of gifts and tools to enhance your enjoyment of the world of nature. Fine Arts prints, sculpture, books, binoculars, clothing . . . games for kids and discovery tools for all ages. Two issues annually, representing the best of more than 6000 items carried in our retail stores. \$2.00.

The Museum of Modern Art

The Best in Contemporary Design For Personal or Business Gifts. MoMa's new catalogue features over 300 carefully selected products. Many are represented in the Museum's Design Collection. Choose from furniture, lamps, crystal, personal and desk accessories, housewares, tools, toys, puzzles, books, cards, calendars, and posters—some designed exclusively for the Museum. \$3.00 for a year's subscription.



High quality quartz, mechanical and electronic watches and clocks, calculators and novelty timepieces to choose from. Buy direct and save up to 80% off retail prices. All watches have one-year warranty. Buy now for Christmas! \$3.00 for giant catalogue and free LCD watch.

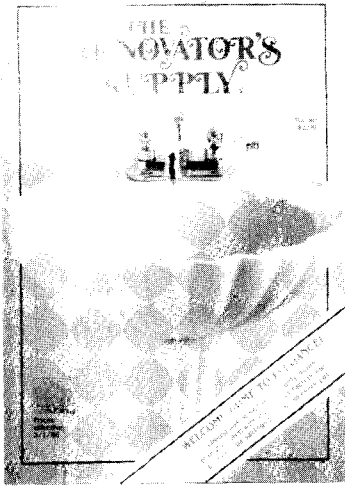
Neiman-Marcus

...the unexpected.

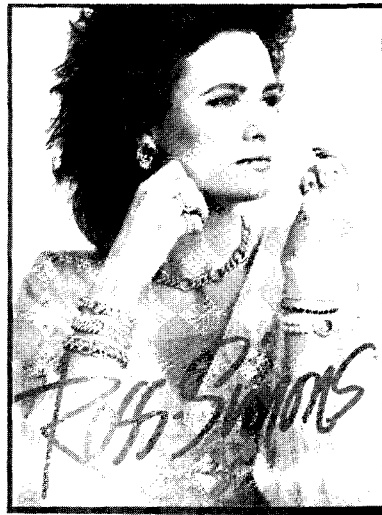
Open a treasure trove of extraordinary holiday surprises with the 1986 Neiman-Marcus Christmas Book. It's filled with the world's most original Christmas gifts to dazzle your imagination and delight everyone on your holiday list. Peruse over 100 colorful pages from the comfort of home . . . and select whatever strikes your fancy. Then charge your purchases conveniently to your N-M credit card with one simple call to our 24-hour toll-free number. Order your copy of our most provocative gift idea book for only \$5.00, applicable towards your first credit card purchase from the Christmas Book. (We also invite you to open a N-M account by phone. To do so, simply call 1-800-Neimans.) Dept. 5416.



OMNI AMERICAN. A unique collection of exclusive automobile accessories and prestige gifts through one of the finest catalogues available. Something special for everyone on your holiday gift list. Gift certificates available. \$5.00, refundable with order. Call toll-free: 1-800-922-6664 or write: Omni American Accessories, Dept. AM986, P.O. Box 788, Del Mar, CA 92014.



Redecorating for the holiday season? Take a peek at what The Renovator's Supply offers—solid brass chandeliers, porcelain doorknobs and cabinet knobs, solid brass kitchen and bath faucets—and hundreds of unique decorative accessories to add comfort and elegance to your home. Quality, selection, low prices—and we pay the postage, too! Send \$3.00 for full-color catalog.



ROSS-SIMONS' FALL 1986 CATALOG. Fine quality diamond, gold, pearl and gemstone jewelry plus china, crystal, flatware, silver, figurines and world-famous watches priced well below suggested retail. \$2.00 for series of three catalogs.

S.E. RYKOFF & CO.
*Foods and Cookware of Distinction
Since 1911*

S.E. Rykoff & Co. offers 48 pages of imported and domestic foods, fine cookware and flatware and other kitchen and entertaining necessities. Inside find a full selection of gourmet items, convenience foods, diet products and more. Previously only available to the finest restaurants, clubs and hotels, now they can be found in your home! Four catalogs a year. \$1.00.



*Exclusively
Music Boxes*

The largest selection of quality Music Boxes in the world. Choose from musical figurines to magnificent handmade Swiss movements. Hundreds of boxes—choose your tune from dozens. You'll find the perfect gift. \$2.00.

Save the Children's Craft Shop

A Holiday Catalog of crafts and clothing made by hand in homes and village co-operatives in many countries. Choose from fascinating jewelry and decorative art, truly unique and beautiful things to wear; toys, gifts, tree trimmings and more—all authentic folk art treasures. Purchases contribute to vital Save the Children self-help projects. \$2.00 (credited to first order).



SAXITONE AUDIO VIDEO
SINCE 1949

Explore the complete world of audio-video entertainment with the Saxitone Catalog, America's most complete source of audio-video products & information. Since 1949 people who like to save time & money always turn to Saxitone for famous name brands, discount prices and speedy home delivery. \$1.00 for new 56-page full-color catalog (credit applied to first order).



LIKE A TRIP TO THE BRITISH ISLES. . .



THE SCOTTISH LION

The Scottish Lion's full-color catalog blends tradition with up-to-the-minute fashion. British designers dominate this most distinctive collection of giftware, clothing, and jewelry, some handmade, for men and women—from England, Ireland, Scotland and Wales. Specialty foods and a custom ordering service for kilts and their accessories round out a full import selection. \$2.00 for the current and next two catalogs.

Norm Thompson®



Alderwood Smoked Salmon, luxurious silk garments, innovative footwear and one-of-a-kind gifts. That's just a sample of the quality items that await you in Norm Thompson's "ESCAPE from the ordinary"® catalog. All are backed by the strongest guarantee in the business. FREE catalog.

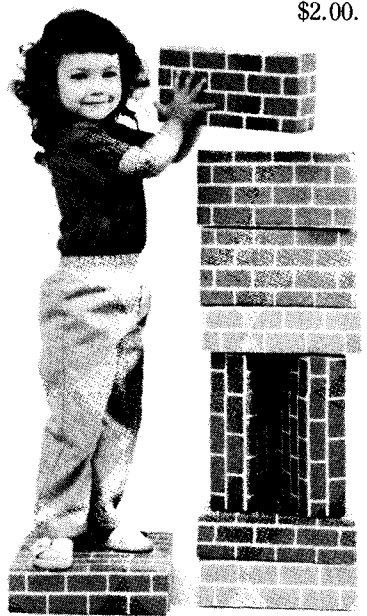
"ESCAPE from the ordinary"®

TIFFANY & Co.

Tiffany's designs have set internationally recognized standards of excellence. Select from among Tiffany classics in jewelry, timepieces, sterling silver, leather goods, china and crystal. Fall Selections catalogue, \$2.00.

TOYS TO GROW ON®

Receive a year's subscription of colorful catalogs packed full of great toys for newborns to pre-teens. \$2.00.



Wear-Guard WEEKEND EDITIONS

The Best Values on Rugged Casual Wear—Factory Direct Prices—Save 10-30%!



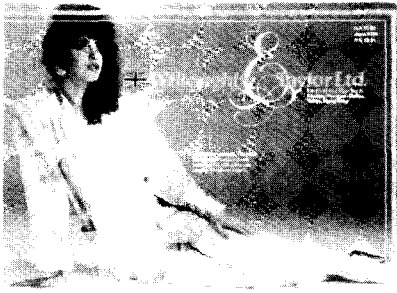
100% SATISFACTION GUARANTEED!
CALL TOLL-FREE 7 DAYS A WEEK! 800-343-4406
FAST SERVICE—WE SHIP IN 24-48 HOURS!

Wear-Guard Weekend Editions. The catalog that's filled with tough, rugged clothes that work hard all week. And all weekend. Flannel shirts, chino pants, jumpsuits, survival vests, hats, shoes, boots. And much more. For men and women. From extra small to super large. At really reasonable prices. And all unconditionally guaranteed. Orders shipped within 48 hours. Over a million people wear our clothes. Join them. Order your catalog today. Just \$1.00.



WILLIAMS-SONOMA

WILLIAMS-SONOMA—A Catalog for Cooks. Discover what serious cooks have known for almost thirty years. Williams-Sonoma offers the finest kitchenwares, household articles and specialty foods—many made exclusively for us. Our catalog abounds in *practical* gift ideas and is sprinkled with Chuck Williams's original recipes. A two-year subscription to A Catalog for Cooks (12 issues), plus our "special edition" catalogs, \$2.00 (Sorry, U.S. addresses only).



The tradition goes on . . . a distinctive collection of today's fashions, precious jewelry and exquisite gifts all waiting to be discovered in the Willoughby & Taylor catalog. Willoughby & Taylor merchandise is designed for you, the individual with discerning taste. As always, your satisfaction is guaranteed. Send \$3.00, applicable to your first purchase.



WinterSilks are the Ultimate Winter Warmth! We import luxurious silk turtle-necks, long johns, glove liners (and dozens more!) direct from the best silk knitters throughout Asia, and sell to you at prices 20-50% off normal retail. All products are guaranteed. Send \$2.00 for one-year subscription. Order today!



Farm-fresh goodness is dazzlingly packaged for holiday giving in the mouth-watering foods you'll see featured in WISCONSIN CHEESEMAN'S new 100-page color catalog . . . natural Wisconsin cheeses, sausages, fruited jams and jellies, candies, nuts and pastries. FREE gift of luxury foods with first order and chance to win one of 1007 big prizes in 40th Anniversary Celebration! \$1.00.

The Atlantic

FALL CATALOGUE COLLECTION ORDER FORM

To order, please use the envelope at the front of this section. If it has been used send the form below. Circle the numbers of the catalogues you would like to receive. Be sure to provide your name and address, and enclose a check or money order, payable to *The Atlantic*, for catalogues that require payment. International orders accepted only if accompanied by U.S. funds.

- | | | |
|--|--|--|
| 1. Abercrombie & Fitch \$2.00 | 22. Early Winters FREE | 43. The Nature Company \$2.00 |
| 2. Laura Ashley \$5.00 | 23. Eximious \$2.00 | 44. Neiman-Marcus \$5.00 |
| 3. Audio Forum \$1.00 | 24. Finewoods Designs \$3.00 | 45. Omni American Accessories \$5.00 |
| 4. Aussie Designer Collection \$1.00 | 25. Flamingowear \$2.50 | 46. Renovator's Supply \$3.00 |
| 5. Banana Republic Travel Clothing \$1.00 | 26. Garrett Wade \$4.00 | 47. Ross-Simons Jewelers \$2.00 |
| 6. Banana Republic Travel Bookstore \$1.00 | 27. Gucci \$6.00 | 48. S.E. Rykoff & Company \$1.00 |
| 7. JoS. A. Bank Clothiers \$1.00 | 28. Gump's \$3.00 | 49. San Francisco Music Box Company \$2.00 |
| 8. Eddie Bauer FREE | 29. Hamakor Judaica \$2.00 | 50. Save the Children Craft Shop \$2.00 |
| 9. Busy Bee Products \$1.00 | 30. Hammacher Schlemmer \$2.00 | 51. Saxitone Audio-Video Tape Sales \$1.00 |
| 10. Cable Car Clothiers \$3.00 | 31. Hoffritz \$2.00 | 52. Scottish Lion \$2.00 |
| 11. Carroll Reed \$2.00 | 32. Home Vision Video Cassettes \$2.00 | 53. Norm Thompson FREE |
| 12. Caviarteria FREE | 33. The Hunter Collection \$2.00 | 54. Tiffany & Company \$2.00 |
| 13. The Chocolate Catalogue FREE | 34. Japan Collection \$4.00 | 55. Toys to Grow On \$2.00 |
| 14. Coldwater Creek \$2.00 | 35. K-Paul's Louisiana Kitchen \$1.00 | 56. Wear-Guard \$1.00 |
| 15. A Common Reader \$2.00 | 36. King-Size Company \$1.00 | 57. Williams-Sonoma \$2.00 |
| 16. Conran's \$2.00 | 37. Land's End FREE | 58. Willoughby & Taylor \$3.00 |
| 17. Country Notebook \$2.00 | 38. Laurels \$3.00 | 59. WinterSilks \$2.00 |
| 18. Crabtree & Evelyn \$3.00 | 39. The Lighter Side \$1.00 | 60. The Wisconsin Cheeseman \$1.00 |
| 19. Crate & Barrel \$2.00 | 40. Long John Shirts \$1.00 | |
| 20. Daedalus Books FREE | 41. Museum of Modern Art \$3.00 | |
| 21. David Kay \$2.00 | 42. National Watch Import Company \$3.00 | |

Total \$ _____

Name _____ Amount Enclosed \$ _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Send order form and payment to:
The Atlantic Fall Catalogue
Collection, PO Box 2749,
Clinton, Iowa 52735-2749.

Requests cannot be honored after December 8, 1986. Please allow 6 to 8 weeks for delivery.

MUSIC

A THIRD-STREAM OPERA

BY FRANCIS DAVIS

ON SEPTEMBER 28 the New York City Opera will present the official premiere of *X*, the first opera by Anthony Davis, who is the most provocative composer to emerge from the jazz avant-garde in the past decade. Based on the life of Malcolm X, although not derived from his autobiography, *X* is also the first opera for Davis's brother Christopher, who wrote the scenario, and for their cousin Thulani Davis, who wrote the libretto. The first act of *X* made its debut as a work-in-progress in Philadelphia two years ago. It received its first full-length production in Philadelphia last October, on its way to the grand premiere this month. (The difference between a first full-length production and a grand premiere is apparently cultural politics: the City Opera has greater clout than the American Music Theater Festival, the Philadelphia-based organization that nurtured *X* from conception to maturity.)

X received mixed notices last year. Everyone agreed that there were dramatic and musical problems in the third act, the score of which the orchestra had read only once before, at a dress rehearsal. However, Leighton Kerner, of *The Village Voice*, wrote, "The music does what music should do in opera. It becomes the source of dramatic energy. Indeed, it becomes the drama." Andrew Porter, of *The New Yorker*, called *X* "not just a stirring and well-fashioned opera—that already is much—but one whose music adds a new, individual voice to those previously heard in our opera houses." It is impossible to predict critical reactions to the City Opera's production of *X*, because the opera may be quite different in New York. For example, the scenes leading up to Malcolm's assassination have been rewritten and rescored.

Although some of the cast will be different, the director and the set designer will be the same, and it therefore seems possible to make certain assumptions on the evidence of last year's production. As directed by Rhoda Levine, a former choreographer, *X* mixed music, drama,

and choreographed movement in a way that seemed more theatrical than operatic. John Conklin's sets were more spartan than they needed to be (chair slats served as prison bars, and the like), but Levine's blocking and Curt Ostermann's spectral lighting effects filled in much of the empty space. And Christopher Davis's story, in combination with Thulani Davis's taut, fierce, blank-verse libretto, passed the fundamental test of dramatic narrative: even though Malcolm's metamorphosis from corner boy to political spokesman is public knowledge, one waited anxiously to see what would happen next, which motivations and consequences the authors would assign to events lifted from yesterday's headlines.

THE MOST GRATIFYING level on which *X* succeeded was as an evening of intricate, propulsive new music from one of the country's most gifted and ecumenical younger composers. The jazz musician who is equally proficient in the classical repertoire is no longer a rarity, as demonstrated by Wynton Marsalis's dual Grammys in 1984 and 1985. But unlike Marsalis, Anthony Davis does not view the two disciplines as yin and yang. "I think I'm writing classi-

cal music at this point, if a name has to be put on it," he has said.

Davis does not want to call any of his recent work—which includes not only his opera but also his commissioned pieces for the San Francisco Symphony and the dancer Laura Dean, his performances with his group Episteme, and duets with the flutist James Newton—jazz. One reason might be the staggering cost of mounting *X*. In Philadelphia last October, *X* was given three performances, with a thirty-five piece orchestra and a cast of thirty-two (including non-singing members), at a cost estimated at just under \$250,000 by an unofficial source close to the American Music Theater Festival. Jazz composers do not enjoy the benefit of well-established institutional support systems, as do their classical and theatrical counterparts. They must apply for funding as individuals, which effectively rules out the possibility of raising a quarter of a million dollars for a single project. Major new operas are rare enough, but large-scale works of any kind by black composers associated with jazz are practically nonexistent, because so few black jazz composers have been given the necessary *carte blanche*. With the American Music Theater Festival and the City Opera in its corner, *X* received grants from the Ford Foundation, the National Institute for Music Theater, the Kitchen Center for Video, Music, Dance, Performance, and Film, and the Opera Music Theater Program of the National Endowment for the Arts, among other public and corporate funding agencies.

Although Davis's score involves some



improvisation by the members of Epitome, functioning concerto-grosso style from within the orchestra, none of the singing is in the jazz vernacular—not even the scat solfeggio that one character unleashes in the opening act. Like Philip Glass and Steve Reich, Davis favors inner-moving harmonies and cyclical, busy-bee polyrhythms borrowed from Asia and Africa. The calculated disparity in scale between the “minimalist” score and the larger-than-life story with a twentieth-century icon at the center is bound to invite comparisons of *X* to Glass’s *Satyagraha* and *Einstein on the Beach*. But Davis’s voicings are sleeker and more cosmopolitan than Glass’s, and a comparison to the work of Duke Ellington or Charles Mingus might be more in order. Davis’s score does echo Glass and Reich, but it also echoes Ellington, Mingus, John Coltrane, and the ballads from Leonard Bernstein’s *West Side Story* and Stephen Sondheim’s *Sweeney Todd*. It recycles some of Davis’s own chamber and solo works, including “Clonetics,” “A Walk Through the Shadow,” and “Middle Passage.”

But finally, it is like nothing one has heard before, even from Davis. Here at last is the Third Stream, that confluence of the formal and the idiomatic which John Lewis and Gunther Schuller prophesied in the late 1960s but were less than successful in achieving in their own works. Although *X* might not be jazz, it is of obvious potential importance to jazz, on at least two counts. In the glorious passages accompanying Malcolm’s conversion to Islam and pilgrimage to Mecca, Davis redeems Coltrane-like glossolalia and billowing modal textures that had seemed devalued through overuse. And the opera as a whole dramatizes the role that composition is beginning to play in what has long been considered the improviser’s sacred realm.

IN ITS OWN WAY, of course, opera is as empirical an art form as jazz, which is to say that an opera—any opera—is only as good as the cast that sings it. In this respect Davis was lucky in Philadelphia. *X* proved that there is no shortage of talented black opera singers and stage actors, even if roles created specially for them have been scarce. Avery Brooks was magical in the title role, riveting the eye from his first entrance even though he was not called on to sing a note until the very end of the first act. Brooks, who stole the show in a smaller role when *X*

was presented as a work-in-progress in 1984, was promoted to the lead for performances in the summer of 1985, including a four-week workshop at the Brooklyn Academy of Music. Brooks took a leave from the role in order to play Hawk, Robert Urich’s sidekick in the television show *Spenser: For Hire*, but returned to play the role of Malcolm in Philadelphia. There his carriage, his hand gestures, and the set of his jaw conveyed so much inner turmoil and determination that he recalled the charisma of the real Malcolm X. But Brooks avoided an impersonation; he acted.

Despite his star performance, Brooks was able to fit into an ensemble. For example, Thomas Young, as Street, a fictional composite of the ghetto hustlers Malcolm ran with as a youth, succeeded in making the part (the one Brooks had originated) his own. Young was also Elijah Muhammed, a daring bit of dual casting intended to provide Brooks’s Malcolm with a constant alter ego. The casting worked because Young is such a versatile singer and actor, because his tenor blended so mellifluously with Brooks’s bass baritone, and because there was such physical chemistry between the two men. Priscilla Baskerville, whose boundless soprano was put to frivolous uses in the film *The Cotton Club* and in the original Broadway production of *Sophisticated Ladies*, brought a restrained pathos to the role of Malcolm’s mother, and there was also fine singing by Kevin Maynor and Deborah Ford, as Malcolm’s brother and sister, Reginald and Ella. The only principal cast member whose singing left anything to be desired was Brooks, an all-rounder who lacks an opera singer’s verismo. Difficult though it might be to imagine a better Malcolm, singing must take precedence over acting if *X* is to enter the standard repertory, and it will be interesting to hear the more traditional opera singer Ben Holt in the role in New York this month. Baskerville and Young will repeat their roles at the City Opera.

Apart from Brooks’s lack of operatic credibility, and the under-rehearsed third act, there were two flaws in last year’s production, both of them easily corrected. Because Christopher Davis’s story telescopes thirty years of Malcolm’s life (and thirty years of American history) into some 3,500 bars of music and three hours of real time, some of the dramatic transitions were bumpy. And Anthony Davis’s overture, although an

estimable piece of music given a buoyant reading by the pianist Marilyn Crispell, was too long to fulfill its intended dramatic purpose.

As the overture (it was originally a piece called “Middle Passage,” which was commissioned by the pianist Ursula Oppens) built to a succession of crescendos, the cast assembled on stage in groups of two and three in anticipation of the action. This static mode of introduction (perhaps borrowed from *Sweeney Todd*) signaled that the actors would double as witnesses to history; the entire cast was on stage a good deal of the evening, with spotlights isolating the featured singers in any given scene. The device also contributed to a Brechtian distancing effect, which, though an avant-garde cliché, is a welcome development in black musical theater. If *Ain’t Misbehavin’*, *Dream Girls*, and even *The Gospel at Colonius* are representative, black musical theater is in constant jeopardy of signifying nothing more than a nostalgic trip with those folks who love to sing and dance.

The audience and future producers might resist the steps forward that Davis has taken. The resolute modernism of his score is unlikely to appeal to opera-goers who have accepted Berg, Schoenberg, and Debussy only grudgingly, and the volatility of Christopher Davis’s scenario, to say nothing of the Muslim esoterica in Thulani Davis’s libretto, might also meet resistance. Jazz fans and blacks might shy away because of the air of privilege and foppish refinement surrounding opera. Other companies might view *X* as nothing more than an equal-opportunity write-off, despite the imprimatur of the City Opera. Anthony Davis has reported that one prestigious West Coast company invited him to stage his opera in inner-city playgrounds this summer (his response was to ask if they would expect Philip Glass to mount a portable *Einstein on the Beach* outdoors), and Thulani Davis has said that many supporters of classical music have asked her why the composer can’t do the opera with just his band and a small choir. I’m not sure that the world is ready for a full-blooded black opera, much less one about Malcolm X, but I hope my skepticism proves unwarranted. In 1984 *X* seemed to have the potential for greatness, and last year’s full-length version only reinforced that perception. Like *Sweeney Todd*, *X* persuades one that if all art aspires to music, then all music should aspire to opera. □

DESIGN

FROM A SPARK TO A FLAME

BY ROBERT P. CREASE

AS A TEN-YEAR-OLD, I found a rusty old Zippo lighter on my father's workbench, a relic of his service days. When I was that age, if something sparked my curiosity, my first instinct was to take it apart. Imitating my father, I carefully laid out the pieces on the workbench one by one, in the order in which I had removed them, hoping that I could remember how they fit back together.

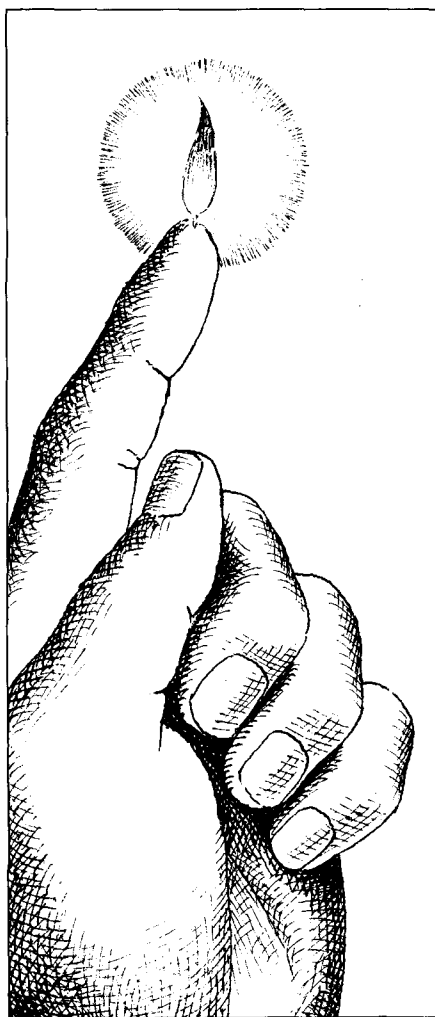
While removing the flint wheel, and then the steel plate beneath it, I noticed that downward thumb pressure on the wheel forced it to spin while pressing against the plate, generating a spark. The spark, I saw, flew directly into the tip of a piece of rope, the bulk of which was coiled up inside a tank of fuel that composed the main body of the lighter. A spark, a fuse, a tank of flammable liquid—the device that lay disassembled before me, I realized, was nothing less than a miniature bomb.

Even though I have never been a smoker, the simple little device that produces fire—symbol of life and power—is as wondrous to me now as it was then. I am not alone in my obsession. There is an organization of buffs, the Lighter Collector's International Society, based in Grover City, California. Moreover, an Italian collector, Stefano Bisconcini, has put together a two-inch-thick art book devoted to the subject: *Lighters/Accendini*. The moon walk, gene splicing, and particle accelerators may be the celebrated monuments to twentieth-century science, but certain humbler monuments are in some ways even more fascinating. A cigarette lighter is a beautiful, efficient machine, a model of unobtrusive intricacy, and as simple and reliable as a paperweight.

The first semi-automatic fire-starting device was the trigger mechanism for the flintlock rifle, invented in the sixteenth century. When pulled, the trigger released a steel hammer, which struck a piece of flint. The spark flew into a small pan primed with gunpowder, which conveyed the flame to the charge.

Eventually the same mechanism was affixed to the sides of boxes or bowls filled with tinder, to make a rudimentary lighter, called a tinder pistol, for tobacco smokers; sometimes real guns were converted for the purpose. Japanese historians point to a device invented in their country in 1772 (two centuries after the arrival of the flintlock) as a typical example. Holding a bowl of tinder—*moxa*—in one hand, a smoker would turn a key-wound spring with the other, thereby cocking a steel hammer. When released, the hammer would fly against a piece of flint attached to the side, showering sparks into the *moxa*. The result: a small fire.

In the early years of this century light-



ers came in two varieties. In one the friction between a steel rasp and an alloy of iron and cerium, developed by the Austrian chemist Auer von Welsbach, ignited a miniature kerosene lamp. In the other the lamp was ignited when the trigger struck a tiny fulminating cap—a device invented for the purpose of detonating bombs.

Two hands were required to operate such lighters. After the First World War a German manufacturer began to make lighters designed to be operated with one hand, for veterans who had lost an arm. This design and a refined-oil fuel, benzine, were the makings of the modern lighter.

Early-twentieth-century lighters were difficult to use and unreliable. The wheel had to be turned at just the right speed to produce a spark, and even then there was no guarantee that the spark would light the wick. Smokers carried matches as a backup. Soon, however, what would become the great names in cigarette-lighter manufacture began to enter the market. In England, Beney introduced its first mechanical lighter in 1919, and Dunhill in 1922. In this country, Ronson (originally an art metalworks company directed by a Mr. Aronson, from whose name the company's was derived) introduced its first lighter in 1919.

The cigarette lighters of today still have two basic parts: the fuel system and the ignition system. The fuel may be either refined oil that travels up a wick or a gas bottled under pressure in liquid form. When the nozzle of the chamber is opened, some of the liquid evaporates and rushes out in the form of a gas jet. But it's the ignition system that sets one kind of lighter apart from another.

There is the old *flint* type, of which the Zippo that I dismantled is an example; metallurgists have been continually improving upon von Welsbach's cerium alloy. A *battery* lighter uses a miniature transformer to boost the power generated by a small magnesium cell from at most nine volts to approximately 9,000 for a few ten-thousandths of a second, thereby creating a tiny spark across two electrodes to ignite the gas fuel. An *integrated-circuit* lighter also relies on a battery to create the spark, but the process is controlled by an integrated-circuit "chip" that contains the equivalent of hundreds of conventional electronic parts. A *piezoelectric* lighter—the kind that you have to squeeze with your hand

or push down on hard with your finger — makes use of the fact that if certain kinds of crystals are squeezed in the right way, the alignment of the electrons in the outer orbits of the atoms of the crystal will produce a momentary jolt of tens of thousands of volts of electricity. The phenomenon, called piezoelectricity, was discovered in 1880 by the famous French physicist Pierre Curie and his brother Jacques. During the Second World War, Allied engineers made use of piezoelectricity in aerial bombs; when the nose of the bomb hit the ground, it squeezed a crystal to produce a short electrical charge that detonated the explosive inside. Postwar Japanese companies managed to miniaturize this system and put it in cigarette lighters. The use of piezoelectric ignition devices rather than pilot lights in stoves is a spinoff from lighter technology.

AT THE BEGINNING cigarette lighters were a masculine possession. If a woman used a lighter, she was a feminist and more likely to exist on stage than in real life. For example, Thérèse, the heroine of Francis Poulenc's 1917 opera *Mamelles de Tirésias*, tiring of housework, expresses a desire to flee the kitchen and become, among other things, a soldier, a doctor, a cabinet minister, and a mathematician. She takes what she considers to be the logical first step in that direction by ripping open her blouse, exposing her breasts ("birds of my frailty," she calls them; onstage they are actually balloons), and igniting them with a *briquet*—a lighter.

By the thirties and forties cigarette had become a part of the courtship game. Lighters could serve as pieces in this game only because their machinery was hidden. (Technology, in short, made possible a particular kind of mating game that would have been inconceivable with tinder pistols.) I remember sitting in a movie theater in Chagrin Falls, Ohio, as a teenager, watching the scenes in *Now, Voyager* in which Paul Henreid lights two cigarettes and passes one to Bette Davis. Well, that was the suavest thing in the world (although I remembered that Raymond Chandler considered placing it in the woman's mouth to be superior technique). Then again Davis, Barbara Stanwyck, and other heroines of mine often lit their own cigarettes. Their lighters were signs of their independence: they carried their own fire. (Meryl Streep's lighter in *Out of Africa* has the same function.)

Variations and perversions of sexual play have been enacted with cigarette lighters. In *An American in Paris*, Nina Foch pulls out a cigarette and then hands a reluctant Gene Kelly her lighter—a gesture symbolic of entrapment. Farley Granger's lighter in *Strangers on a Train* is the MacGuffin—the item around which the entire plot turns. The lighter is inscribed with the first initials of Granger and his lover, Ruth Roman, and embossed with two crossed tennis racquets. It is so intimately Granger's that when it falls into Robert Walker's hands, Walker is able to blackmail Granger and even play out a fantasy that the two men are lovers. Walker refuses to light a stranger's cigarette with the lighter even though he has just lit his own, and he humiliates Roman by having it in his possession.

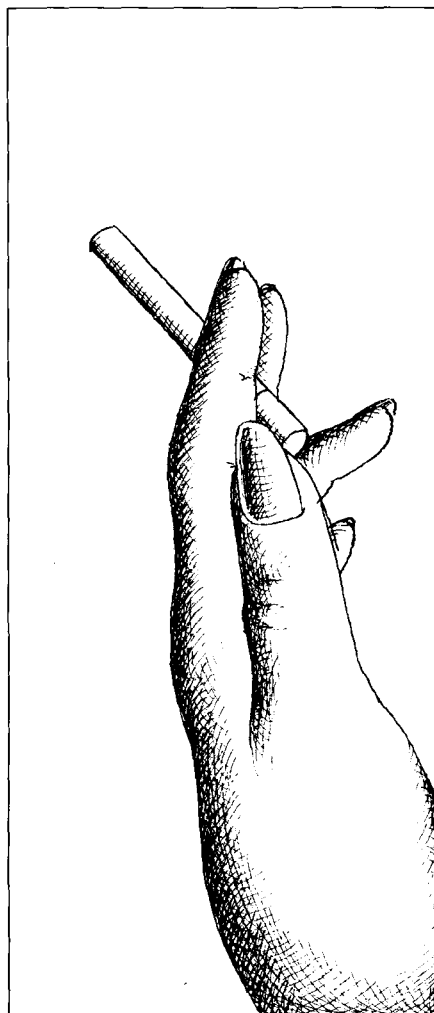
IN THE 1960s the smoking habits of Americans began to change markedly. Awareness of the health hazards grew, culminating in the surgeon general's report linking tobacco products to cancer, and federal legislation requiring warning

labels on cigarette packages. At the same time that smoking began to lose its glamour, the cigarette lighter became cheap, pedestrian, and sometimes dangerous. The disposable lighter, which the French company Bic introduced here in 1963, used the tried-and-true configuration of flint wheel and butane fuel. Other companies soon followed with similar models. Such lighters were prone to fuel leaks and accidental ignition, and after a number of accidents the American Society for Testing and Materials issued standards to govern their manufacture (the latest fill an eight-page booklet).

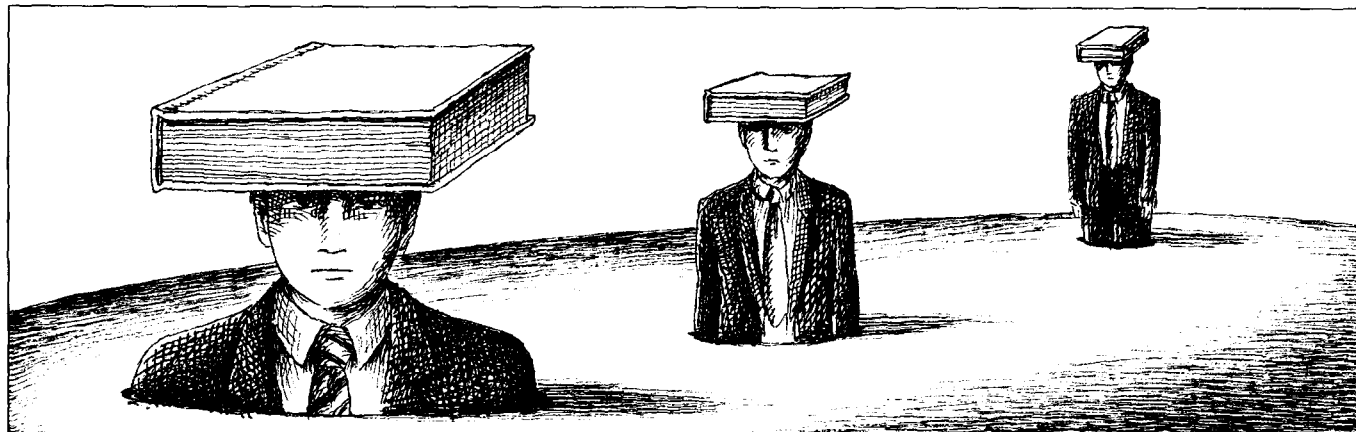
Eventually the competition for the market in disposable lighters in this country narrowed to two contenders: Bic, with a sixty-nine-cent model of the same name, and Gillette, with Cricket, priced at seventy cents. Bic won, driving Gillette from the field. Cigarette lighters, once symbols of style and elegance, are now closely associated with a company that is also known for pioneering such humdrum items as disposable pens and razors. (Zippo, the only other company that still manufactures lighters in this country, does not make disposables; its butane lighters run from \$29.95 to \$59.95, depending on the finish.) Still, even disposables represent what lighter technology is all about. They are simple, effective, and unobtrusive—the perfect mousetrap.

You don't see many people with good silver or lacquer lighters anymore. I prize the few tobacco stores I know, such as Davidoff, in Geneva, and Nat Sherman, in New York City, that stock a variety of high-quality lighters, from makers such as Dupont and Cartier to Maruman and Yoshinaga, and I continue to seek out the latest invention. At the moment, that is a beam-sensor switch model manufactured by Colibri, which set me back more than \$100; it ignites when your finger trips a laser beam that crosses a C-shaped cavity in the frame.

A revolution in lighter technology is in the offing. Most improvements over the past century have been in the ignition system. However, a Japanese company is on the verge of introducing a lighter with a radically different kind of fuel—hydrogen, the lightest and most plentiful element in the universe. A hydrogen lighter may not look any different to most people—but most people won't look inside. When mine arrives, the first thing I'll do is take it apart. □



BOOKS



TEACHER'S PET

BY MARTIN AMIS

ULYSSES
by James Joyce.
Random House, \$24.95.

THIS YEAR'S NEW edition of *Ulysses* incorporates about 5,000 emendations, most of them "accidentals": slips and skips, previously unretrieved corrections, errors caused by the incredulity of earlier typesetters or by the author's failing eyesight or faulty memory—gremlins of one kind or another. True, some corrections are quite substantial: the summoning telegram that Stephen receives in Paris—"Mother dying come home father"—now reads "Nother dying come home father"; "heave under embon *señorita* young eyes Mulvey plump bubs me breadvan Winkle red slippers she rusty sleep wander years of dreams return" is, I suppose, a clear gain on "heave under embon *señorita* young eyes Mulvey plump years dreams return"; and "Nes. Yo" certainly makes a change from "Yes. No." But the new edition will not reverberate far. It will scupper the odd doctorate, embarrass a few commentary footnotes, upend one or two learned articles, and that's about all. If, like me, you have tried *Ulysses* before and got about halfway through (it's a common fate with the common reader), then the refurbished text simply provides another excuse to try again. Take my word for it: you won't notice the difference.

What, nowadays, is the constituency

of *Ulysses*? Who reads it? Who curls up with *Ulysses*? It is thoroughly studied, it is exhaustively unzipped and unseamed, it is much deconstructed. But who reads *Ulysses* for the hell of it? I know a poet who carries *Ulysses* around with him in his satchel. I know a novelist who briefly consults *Ulysses* each night upon retiring. I know an essayist who wittily features *Ulysses* on his bathroom bookshelf. They read it—but have they read it, in the readerly fashion, from beginning to end? The truth is that *Ulysses* is not reader-friendly. Famously, James Joyce is a writers' writer. Perhaps one could go further and say that James Joyce is a writer's writer. He is auto-friendly; he is James Joyce-friendly.

He is also a genius. One says this with some confidence: he makes Beckett look pedestrian, Lawrence look diffident, Nabokov look guileless. Throughout the course of his oeuvre one watches Joyce steadily washing his hands of mere talent: the entirely approachable stories of *Dubliners*, the more or less comprehensible *Portrait*, then *Ulysses*, before Joyce girds himself for the ultimately reader-hostile, reader-nuking, immolation of *Finnegans Wake*, where every word is a multilingual pun.

The exemplary genius, he is also the exemplary modern—fanatically prolix, innovative, and recondite, and utterly free of any obligation to please a reading public (in place of government grants or protective universities, Joyce had patronage). Unreined, unbound, he soared off to fulfill the destiny of his genius; or, if you prefer, he wrote to please himself. All writers do this, or want to do this, or would do this if they dared. Only Joyce did it with such crazed supererogation.

IT IS BOTH COMIC and appropriate that *Ulysses* started out as a short story, to be added to *Dubliners*. In a way, that is how *Ulysses* ended up: a short story of a third of a million words, a short story into which Joyce put everything he knew. The mad inclusiveness of the novel is offered as an ironic sacrament, as a human version of divine knowledge: Joyce really is the Omniscient Narrator. Still, one can imagine how the original tale might have gone, recounted with the decorous obliquity of Joyce's early work. Gentle, fortyish Jew strolls the streets of Dublin, tormented by prospective sexual jealousy as his wife prepares for a fresh infidelity; reckless, twentyish Catholic takes a parallel route, tormented by retrospective guilt about his dead mother; they meet; they talk; they part. End of story. In the quietness and austerity of the tale, in its constrictions of time and place, Joyce saw—or willed into being—the frame of epic: degraded epic, modern epic.

There is only one event in *Ulysses*: the meeting between Bloom and Stephen. (It is a hundred-page anticlimax.) All the rest is "Life, life," in Bloom's phrase. "Every life is many days, day after day," as Stephen puts it; "We walk through ourselves, meeting robbers, ghosts, giants, old men, young men, wives, widows, brothers-in-love, but always meeting ourselves." The presiding life-force of the book is traditionally thought to be Molly—crooning, yearning, bleeding, squirming, two-timing Molly Bloom. Yet the real superanimator is Joyce's prose, this incredible instrument, half wand, half weapon. In fact, the prose and the heroine have a good deal in common: they are equally fickle, headstrong, and vain. One moment she is readied for the

HERE TODAY GONE TO MALI.

When Steve Handelsman sent back a story on the famine in Africa to WNBC-TV in New York, he was part of their local news team.

He was also part of the team at KNBC in Los Angeles, and the three other NBC-owned stations in Chicago, Washington and Cleveland when their viewers saw the story.

You see, Steve is part of a very special news unit—investigative reporters and production crews covering major stories around the world for the NBC-owned stations—from a local point of view.

It's technology and dedication that

make it work. All of our stations use the latest, most sophisticated equipment, which allows them to transmit and receive news pictures by satellite from right in the thick of things. In addition, each station has (or will soon have) a mini-truck that is not only a satellite transmitter itself, but has radios, telephones and access to research and wire copy. This "newsroom on wheels" enables them to broadcast from virtually anywhere in the nation, and most places around the world.

So that whenever, and wherever there's a story—like tracking down Mengele in the jungles of Brazil or a menacing hurricane along the Gulf coast,

covering the arms talks in Geneva or catching the downfall of Marcos in Manila, Steve is there when the story is breaking—and so are our viewers.

With technology like this and reporters like Steve, we bring to the news an immediacy and a comprehensiveness unmatched by any station group. So it's not surprising that our advertisers benefit as much as our audiences. After all, the more interesting the show, the more interested the viewer.

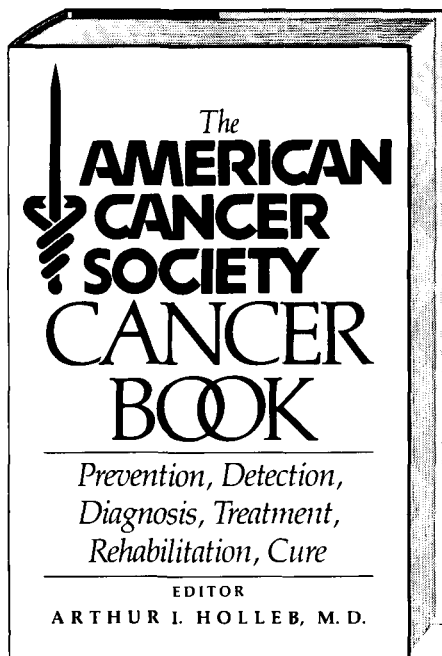
That's why Steve may not know where he'll be from one day to the next—but we do.

Right where the story is.



THE NBC TELEVISION STATIONS
WNBC-TV NEW YORK KNBC-TV LOS ANGELES WRC-TV WASHINGTON WMAQ-TV CHICAGO WKYC-TV CLEVELAND
BETTER TELEVISION BETTER VIEWERS

Knowledge is good medicine



AT YOUR BOOKSTORE
or call 800-ALL-BOOK

DOUBLEDAY

CHOICE MAGAZINE LISTENING

This **FREE** service—for anyone deprived of the joy of reading by loss of sight—provides 8 hours of recording every other month with unabridged selections from publications such as **The New Yorker, Sports Illustrated, Smithsonian, and The Atlantic.** The special record player needed is provided free, on permanent loan by the library of Congress. For information, write:

CML, DEPT. A
85 Channel Drive,
Port Washington, N.Y. 11050
or call (516) 883-8280.



tryst, primped and pinked, all lilt and tease, bristling with bedroom know-how and can-do; the next she is immersed in a sour and unfathomable sulk. We know only this: she will have her way.

Let us look at this prose and its scales of intensity. First, the Yellow Pages. The gardener: "aproned, masked with Matthew Arnold's face, [he] pushes his mower on the sombre lawn watching narrowly the dancing motes of grass-halms." The barmaid: "She set free sudden in rebound her nipped elastic garter smackwurm against her smackable a woman's warmhosed thigh." The dairywoman: "Crouching by a patient cow at daybreak in the lush field, a witch on her toadstool, her wrinkled fingers quick at the squirting dugs. They lowed about her whom they knew, dew-silky cattle."

On into the animal world. A bat: "Like a little man in a cloak he is with tiny hands. Weeny bones. Almost see them shimmering, kind of a bluey white." A rat: "An obese grey rat toddled along the side of the crypt, moving the pebbles. An old stager: greatgrandfather: he knows the ropes. The grey alive crushed itself in under the plinth, wiggled itself in under it." A cat: "—Mrkrgrnao! the cat said loudly. She blinked up out of her avid shameclosing eyes, . . . showing him her milkwhite teeth. He watched the dark eyeslits narrowing with greed till her eyes were green stones."

Until we reach the inanimate, the lifeless. Smoke: "Frail from the housetops two plumes of smoke ascended, plumbing, and in a flaw of softness softly were blown." Dust: "Dust slept on dull coils of bronze and silver, lozenges of cinabar, on rubies, leprous and winedark stones." Water: "White breast of the dim sea. The twining stresses, two by two. A hand plucking the harpstrings, merging their twining chords." Space—and the book's most ravishing sentence: "The heaventree of stars hung with humid nightblue fruit."

The Joyce corpus maps a journey into language and away from life—life, which never stays put or holds still for quite long enough. *Ulysses* was the author's consummation of the human world, a loving and languid farewell; no one has written more enchantingly about the rhythms and the furniture of daily life. But Joyce wanted more: he wanted the dream world, the word world of *Finnegans Wake*, his own Book of the Dead. We watch him crystallizing.

BEAUTIFUL PROSE came so naturally to Joyce that he often indulged a perverse attraction to its opposite: to hideous prose, to mirror-cracking, clock-stopping prose. *Ulysses* parodies everything from the *Cursor Mundi* to the tabloid headline. There are jewels: "*All the dollarbills her husband gave her were spent in the stores on wondrous gowns and costliest frillies. For him! For Raoul!*" But most of the parodies feel like a deliberate strain on the reader's patience. What fun—at least in theory—when the exquisite stylist starts sounding like a bailiff or a telephone directory or a drunk or a scripture. The scene in the cabman's shelter is said to be a parody of dud journalism, but it is more like a parody of *writing*, a nightmare of repetitions, tautologies, double negatives, elegant variations, howlers, dangles: "*Mozart's Twelfth Mass* he simply revelled in, the *Gloria* in that being, to his mind, the acme of first class music as such, literally knocking everything else into a cocked hat." And so on: the tour de force of lugubrious cliché is ten times longer than this review. It is as if Joyce used dead prose and trouncing tedium—epic boredom, biblical boredom—as a counterweight to all that is fresh and vital elsewhere. Structural cliché, structural boredom: Joyce is a stern master.

It occurs to you that *Ulysses* is about cliché. It is about inherited, ready-made formulations, fossilized metaphors—most notably those of Irish Catholicism and anti-Semitism. After all, prejudices are clichés: they are second-hand hatreds. How devastatingly Joyce combines his themes when, in the "citizen" chapter, the debt collector staggers out of the bar to the latrine, convinced that Bloom has secretly made a killing on the day's big horse race. It is a mark of Joyce's pitiless modernity that he follows his creations not only into the bedroom but also into the bathroom:

. . . gob says I to myself I knew he was uneasy . . . in his mind to get off the mark to (hundred shillings is five quid) and when they were in the (dark horse) pisser Burke was telling me card party and letting on the child was sick . . . all a plan so he could vamoose with the pool if he won or (Jesus, full up I was) trading without a license (ow!) Ireland my nation says he (hoik! phthook!) never be up to those bloody (there's the last of it) Jerusalem (ah!) cuckoos.

"There's a jew for you!" he later reflects. "All for number one. Cute as a

SEX IN OUR TIME

BY PHYLLIS ROSE

REDISCOVERING LOVE
by Willard Gaylin, M.D. Viking, \$15.95.

RE-MAKING LOVE:
The Feminization of Sex
by Barbara Ehrenreich, Elizabeth Hess,
and Gloria Jacobs.
Anchor Press/Doubleday, \$15.95.

“HIGGIMUS, HOGGIMUS, men are monogamous. Hoggimus, higgimus, women polygamous.” My friends tell me I have got this wrong. It should be “Hoggimus, higgimus, men are polygamous. Higgimus, hoggimus, women monogamous.” But I prefer my version, because it expresses a partial truth less often heard: many women have an instinct for sexual adventure, most often stifled, and many men, even promiscuous men, are at heart romantics, sexual conservatives.

These two books, with such similar titles, both addressing themselves to the unendingly interesting subject of sex in our time, could hardly be more different in outlook and intent. Moreover, they bear me out. Gaylin, a psychiatrist, is a self-confessed romantic who fell in love at sixteen, married his childhood sweetheart at twenty-one, and has lived with her for over thirty-five years. He gives this news in the preface and refers so frequently throughout the text to the pleasures of family life that, frankly, were Gaylin not a man and a psychiatrist, one might think him defensive, or sentimental. His book's message (at one point he refers to it as a “here-and-now gospel”) is that “we” need to shift our emphasis from the narcissistic pleasure of receiving love to the more mature and deeply satisfying pleasure of giving love; that in order to overcome our “mounting sense of isolation, purposelessness, and ennui,” we must rediscover long-term, committed, monogamous, preferably married, and (but this goes without saying) heterosexual love.

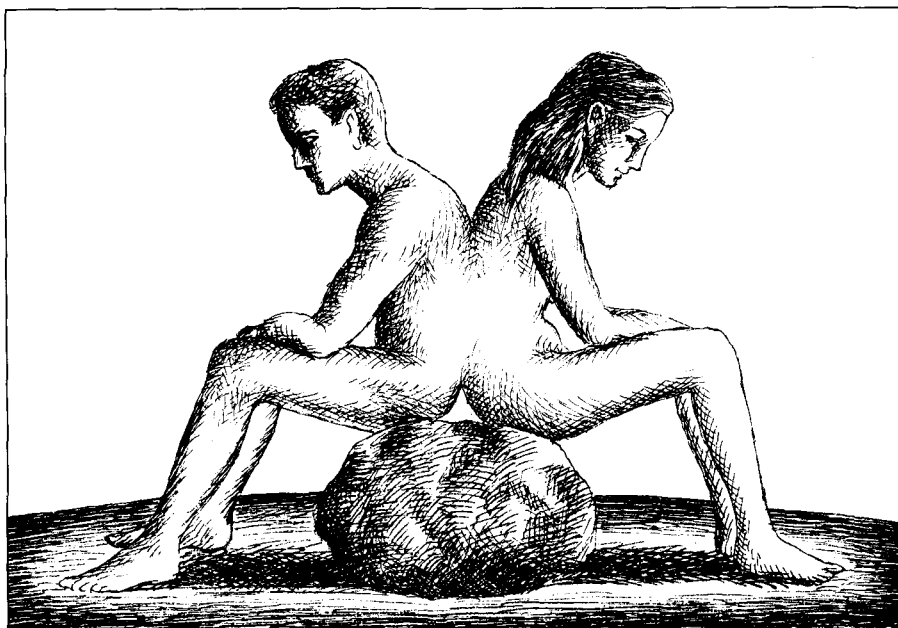
Whereas Gaylin writes in the hortatory mode of psychoanalytic-wisdom literature and adopts unabashedly the priestly role of spiritual adviser, the authors of *Re-making Love*, Barbara Ehrenreich, Elizabeth Hess, and Gloria Jacobs, more modestly offer an account of

the sexual revolution which shows its hidden feminist content. Their thesis is that the sexual revolution beginning in the 1960s had more of an impact on women than on men. They trace the evolution of the culturally encoded “meaning” of sex from the 1950s, when male dominance and female submission were the norm in bed as in the workplace, to the present, when in various ways power is still at the heart of sexual activity but the roles of dominance and submission are not so unvaryingly assigned by gender. They believe that all revolutions in meaning present themselves initially as nihilism, an absence of meaning. They feel strongly that sex has had too much meaning in the past, always reinforcing male power, and that now, when it seems we are stripping all meaning from sex, we are merely in the process of giving it a new meaning. Students of culture, they assume that love is something we reconstruct in every age, not something we rediscover, like the lost city of the Incas.

Their materials are the materials of popular culture: *Life*, *People*, *Beatlemania*, *Valley of the Dolls*, *The Hite Report*, *The Total Woman*. In fact, this history of the sexual revolution is written cleverly in terms of key texts, so that the authors don't have to make any rash statements about what people do but can merely report on what they can conceive of doing. *Sex and the Single Girl*; *The Feminine Mystique*; *Our Bodies, Ourselves*; *Masters and Johnson*; *The Sensuous Woman*; *How to Make Love to a Man*—what a parade! Remember those sex manuals of the 1950s, which told you nothing you wanted to

know about sex? How did we get from Theodoor van de Velde's *Ideal Marriage* and other books popular in the 1950s, which told us that women's role in sex was even easier than falling off a log, because it was *being* the log, to the hairy and energetic lovers illustrated in *The Joy of Sex*? We can't help being struck by the eerie inexorability of cultural change as we watch the ideal of female passivity in sex (can it be said?) go down.

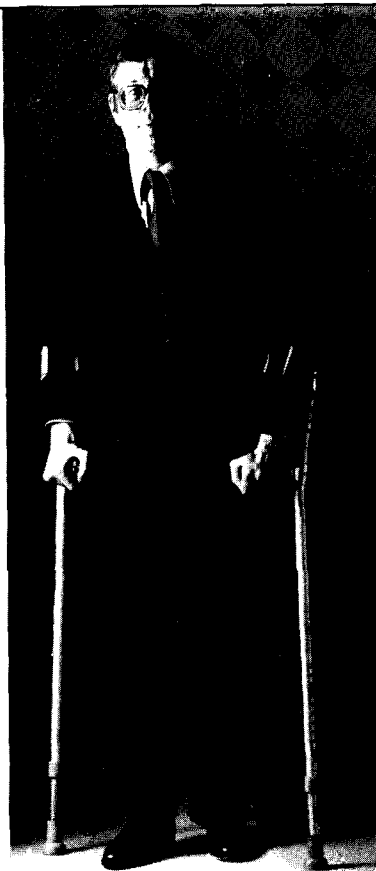
It all began with the Kinsey report's methodology. Its literalist, quantitative counting of orgasms changed the way Americans thought about sex even more than did its shocking revelations about the amount of premarital and extramarital sex people were in fact having. The methodology implied that anything that produces an orgasm is as good as anything else, and that one orgasm is as good as another. Female pleasure began to be as important as male pleasure. Soon Helen Gurley Brown, more radical in some ways than Betty Friedan, told women they could do without marriage. The medical profession lost its monopoly on sex books. The bedroom became a place of “negotiation.” The new emphasis, codified in books like *The Joy of Sex*, was on sexual “options.” With the growing visibility of homosexuals and the divorce of sex from reproduction, heterosexuality—that is, the traditional “micro-drama of male dominance and female passivity”—seemed more and more an institution, a cult. *Re-making Love* brilliantly suggests why sadomasochism inevitably became the cutting edge of sex: because it plays with dominance and submission but doesn't as-



sume that the choice of who plays which role is predetermined by gender. "For some women, S/M may have been an improvement on the old, unconscious variety of sadomasochism promoted by the marriage manuals of the fifties." *Re-making Love* argues that even in the Christian right, women are assuming more-active sexual roles, seducing their husbands to the heterosexual micro-drama, as Marabel Morgan suggested they should in *The Total Woman*. It ends by documenting a growing sexual conservatism, which began before the AIDS epidemic but was certainly reinforced by it.

WHILE THE AUTHORS of *Re-making Love* talk about orgasms and sexual politics, Gaylin talks about commitment. While they sponsor realism, he encourages idealism. He takes the high road and they take the low. I imagine he would see them as signs of "our" malaise. They would surely see him as a predictable mouthpiece for the current backlash—reactionary, revisionist, trying to lure women back to traditional sexual roles through that age-old instrument romantic rhetoric. I confess I'm on their side.

It's not that I don't believe in love, and it's not that I don't value it. But let me not talk about me. I will talk about "the people I know," who are very different from the people Gaylin posits. The people I know—admittedly, flaky bohemians and deviant intellectuals—still occasionally manage to stay married. Sometimes they settle for casual sex, because that's the best they can get, but they generally prefer a daily kind of love, for all its occasional tedium and its inevitable troubles. They sometimes turn to promiscuity, often to prove something to themselves about their own attractiveness or power, but it is rarely a lifetime habit. Their impulse toward monogamy may hook them up for too long with people who are less than satisfactory to them. So they go from one five-year or ten-year relationship to the next. Is this a failure of commitment or an exercise in commitment? The people I know do not fly out of their marriages as though from one cocktail party to the next but leave them, if at all, with deep reluctance, difficulty, and guilt. The last thing the people I know need to be told is to reverence love more, because they already reverence it too much and suffer from its absence too deeply. Where are these shallow narcissists on



JAMES C. STEARNS
Attorney
McKenna, Conner & Cuneo

JUST BECAUSE YOU CAN'T STAND ON YOUR OWN TWO FEET DOESN'T MEAN YOU WON'T GO FAR.

Yes, James Stearns was born with a disability. But he grew up with ability. The ability to see the harsh reality. To deal with obstacles. And to keep going long after most would have given up.

James Stearns still can't walk across a room without his crutches. But he can run circles around **UNITED CEREBRAL PALSY ASSOCIATIONS** his opponents in a courtroom.

For more please contact:
United Cerebral Palsy Association, 66 East 34th Street, New York, New York 10016, (212) 481-6342.



The Atlantic

BOOKSTORE

The books listed below are advertised in this issue. To order please send a check or money order payable in U.S. dollars to the address below. (Please allow 3 to 4 weeks for delivery.)

20% off
publisher's
list price.

**DISCOUNTED
PRICE**

☐ **THE AMERICAN CANCER SOCIETY CANCER BOOK,**
Arthur L. Holleb, M.D., ed. (\$22.50) \$18.00

TOTAL BOOKS (.....) \$.....
Mass. Residents add 5% tax.....
Postage & Handling..... 2.50
TOTAL AMOUNT ENCLOSED \$.....

Name 9/86

Address

City State Zip

Send to: **The Atlantic Bookstore**, 420 Lexington Avenue, Suite 2304, New York, NY 10170.

For more information on this title, please see page 98.

whom Gaylin's gospel is predicated? He himself is not one. Why does he imagine he's the only boy on the bus who believes in Santa Claus?

His battle is not really with us debased narcissists, frantically pursuing sexual pleasure, but with debased Freudian thought, which imagines people as motivated exclusively by the pursuit of sexual pleasure. Gaylin believes that by enshrining the sex drive as the primary factor in human activity, Freudian theory vulgarized love and trivialized sex. Freud's works contain no discussion of what Gaylin would call love, and he complains that psychoanalysts are encouraged to talk not about it but about "cathexes," "object relationships," and "attachments."

"Psychoanalytic theory created a loveless world," Gaylin writes, missing the entire point of Freud's effort to unmask love as a genteel cover for instinctual desire. To rehabilitate love and free us all from our delusion that sex is the central activity of life, Gaylin sets out to develop a notion of pleasure more sophisticated than the one he assumes we have—that pleasure is the release of tension. Pleasure results from "an enhanced sense of self," so mastery, concentration, and giving can all produce pleasure. He proves a great many things one would think didn't need proving. Human love, he tells us, is different from and higher than that of the animals. Sex is more than instinctual. It is a highly nuanced cultural activity. (This is where Ehrenreich et al. begin.)

GAYLIN OFFERS AN intriguing neo-Freudian explanation for why we risk humor, pride, and sanity, spend money and time, in order to find someone to go through life with. It's more than libido. Paired, he suggests, is the natural state of humanity. We begin life as part of a pair—us and Mom, self and other—and we never feel really comfortable until we get back to that situation. To support his hypothesis, he invokes Aristophanes' myth (as recounted in Plato's *Symposium*) of the dual nature of man. It's a lovely story. Originally, man was a circular, two-headed, four-legged, and four-armed creature. Zeus punished man by splitting him in two, and ever after, each half was doomed to seek its original mate and to feel incomplete without it. When the two halves meet—which is rare—they feel the excitement of reunion that we call falling in love. This myth has always appealed

to people, perhaps, as Gaylin suggests, because it is in some sense true. He argues that "fusion," the return to an earlier state of oneness with another, is the "central phenomenon of loving." In real love two identities merge to create something new, a third thing, a third identity, with the boundaries between self and other blurred.

The tactic of making the love between parent and child the essential experience of love in life is attractive for many reasons. It does away with what Gaylin rightly calls the trivial notion that sexual gratification impels us to love. It suggests a model for loving which is based on nurturing and giving as well as getting. Parental love may well be the most satisfying of all forms of love, and an element of maternal or paternal love within the shifting play of erotic love may be a good thing indeed. But there is danger in making the relationship between parent and child the model for the relationship between adult lovers, even if that model is modified so that the roles of responsibility and dependence can be traded off, so that each member can be the child or the parent at various times. The relationship between adults is consensual, and that between adult and child is not; therefore the parent has an unending and unbreakable responsibility for the child he has brought into life, whereas the adult has no such responsibility for his or her mate. The model is a covert argument for the indissolubility of marriage. "When presented by a quandary as to how to handle a difficult five-year-old," Gaylin writes, "we do not consider as one alternative, abandonment of the child. We are committed to her care, and we do not conceive of 'divorce' as an alternative to this commitment."

The merging of selves to form a new identity in love is another beautiful but dangerous idea. Traditional marriage has been based on this very notion, and in practice it produces dependent women with no identities, or with identities so contingent upon their husbands' that they are devastated if their husbands leave them for other "fusions." A woman these days would be a fool to let herself "merge" her identity unreservedly. Yet nothing seems more lovely to me than the notion of such a merger. I hope it will not seem bitter if I say that a certain kind of idealism about marriage and love comes easier to men than to women. Which brings us back to "Higgimus, hoggimus." □

THE TRIUMPH OF THE NERDS

BY LLOYD ROSE



IT

by Stephen King. Viking, \$22.95.

WALK INTO ANY drugstore and among the romances, adventure tales, and mysteries in the paperback section you'll always find a scattering of titles like *The Flesheaters* and *Satan's Doorway*. The authors of these books have two things in common: they want to be Stephen King; they're not. In that flourishing sub-literary world in which books aren't art but a "good read," King is, to submit to the inevitable pun, the king. His books perch high on the best-seller lists, and his work is almost invariably filmed (almost invariably with terrible results). He has appeared in an American Express commercial—a big, clumsy-looking man with an oddly childlike voice, asking, while lightning flashes around him, "Do you know me?" His readers know him, all right. He's the guy who scares the sleep out of them.

He's also about the only one who does. People read King who remain indifferent to such established horror writers as Richard Matheson and Robert Bloch, or the granddaddy of American squirm auteurs, H. P. Lovecraft, whose mutated, dripping beasties drag their tentacles across a New England landscape not unlike the one in King's novels—a region of backwoods and small towns, of inbreeding and secrets. Only William Peter Blatty, with *The Exorcist*, and, more recently, Peter Straub (who wrote *Ghost Story* and was King's co-author on *The Talisman*) have approached his mainstream success. All other aspirants sit rotating slowly, slowly, in the drugstore paperback racks.

To someone who isn't sensitive to King's particular talents, his popularity is mystifying. He's an awkward stylist and he overwrites (he won't settle for one vampire if he can have a whole townful). His characters are flat. He overdoes his effects. But it's not as if his fans don't know this. They admit it. What matters is that King frightens them. He slips past all the adult censors—rationality, skepticism, contempt for a low-rent literary form like the horror story—to yell "Boo!" at the little kid inside who wants to be scared.

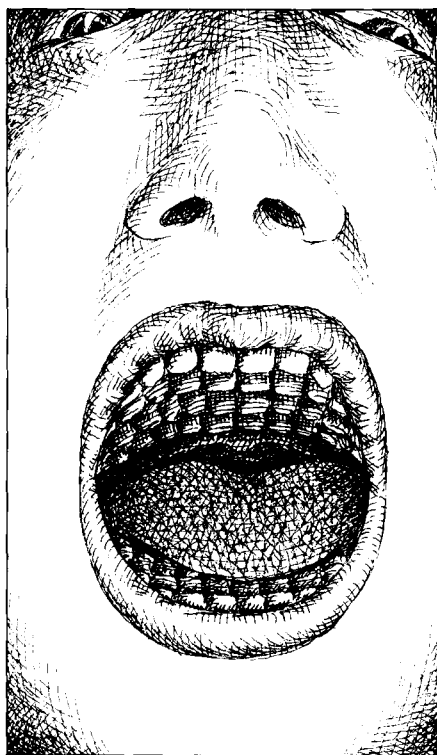
Horror fiction and films can move us because they're often the symbolic depiction of our common experience. King takes ordinary emotional situations—marital stress, infidelity, peer-group acceptance worries—and translates them into violent tales of vampires and ghosts. He writes supernatural soap operas. In *Carrie* the heroine's problem (aside from lethal telekinesis) is that she isn't popular at school. The crazed dog in *Cujo* is an embodiment of revenge on bad spouses—the abusive husband is castrated and killed; the adulterous wife loses her child. *The Shining* is basically the story of a writer snowed in with his wife and child who develops a rather extreme case of cabin fever (one thinks of King, who lives in Maine, writing through those long winters . . .). King can make everyday experience not merely the setting for but also the subject of his horror. This is probably what contributes most to his popularity.

But even a reader whom King doesn't scare can appreciate his energy and obsessiveness, his total commitment to bringing out the darkest elements in his material. His major question to himself as a writer appears to be, How much worse can it get? and the gleeful answer is always, Lots. He has the innocent, grisly curiosity of a child: What if grass grew out of your eyeball? What if a woman were decapitated while giving birth? Then what? Huh? He seems driven to explore any awful possibility that occurs to him. When you finish one of his books, you know you've spent time with someone: he's *in* his work.

Sometimes he can give the impression that he's stuck there. There's rarely any release in King's books: they're claustrophobic, blocked up, a trap enclosing him and the reader. His characters live in the worst possible moral universe: you're punished if you do wrong and you suffer if you're innocent. It's like the world of a child with crazy parents—whatever you do, they'll beat you, and you'll never know why. The confusion and rage at the center of this view of the world have a primal power that has nothing to do with King's hokey plots and monsters and that, boiling under them, gives them disturbing heat.

KING IS PARTICULARLY sympathetic to the fears of children (he wrote an excellent essay on childhood fear and anger for the *Washington Post's Book World* a few months back). His best writing comes when he dwells on their help-

lessness, their dependence on fallible or malicious adults. And he's frank about the ambivalence of parents toward their children: their impatience and sometimes brutal rages. In his newest novel, which bears the superbly to-the-point title *It*, the indifferent, destructive parents are represented by a whole town—Derry, Maine—and the heroes are adults who overcome the monstrous *It* by recovering the imagination that they had as children. Derry has been corrupted by an evil that only children can see and only children—or the childlike at heart—can vanquish. King first presents *It* as a balloon-bearing clown sloshing around in a storm drain—the kind of



place you would meet a clown in one of his novels.

It starts high: in the first sixty-one pages there are two ghastly supernatural murders, a graphic description of a body eaten by fish, and a suicide in which the victim leaves the word *It* scrawled in blood on the bathroom tiles. After this things slow down, but the book goes on for another 1,083 pages. Whether this is a problem depends on the reader. For me, King's most effective novel is the relatively short *Pet Sematary*; I like the dark, remorseless logic of its story. But while I was bored with the Elks convention of ghosts that check into the hotel in *The Shining*, most people I know consider it King's scariest book. For them, 1,144 pages may be too short. Or they

may find it distracting and beside the point when King attempts to go beyond the usual limits of a horror story—to describe the dull awfulness of small-town life or capture the magical period just before childhood becomes adolescence. King has some of the interests of a "serious" novelist—how our experiences as children shape us, what we lose and gain in growing up, how the places where we grow up can drive us away yet compel our nostalgia—and he indulges them fully in *It*. Unfortunately, this works against him. He doesn't really have the literary strengths necessary for straight novel-writing. And although he does a credible job with Derry—at times it's like Lake Wobegon with dry rot—the more convincing Derry is, the less believable is the creature haunting its sewers. And when we face the creature, the town becomes unconvincing and far away. Rather than blending, the real world and the supernatural one keep elbowing each other out. And the real world—with its racists, homophobes, wife-beaters, and sadistic teenage bullies—is the scarier of the two. The reader begins to welcome the appearance of *It*, since on the way to menacing the blameless it frequently takes a little side trip to squash one of Derry's human monsters.

This is the pleasure of the book—the vindication of the adolescent heroes and the destruction of their enemies. Like *Carrie*, *It* is a revenge-of-the-nerds fantasy, but in *It* the nerds (except for two who die—one from cowardice, the other from heroism) not only survive, they triumph. They become fulfilled, prosperous adults, while their persecutors, even before their destruction, are losers. In a sense *It* is King's autobiography, a fictional rendering of his journey from poor and picked-on kid to major American success. What he has learned on the way is the message of *It*: facing horror can be not only terrible but also liberating; weakness as well as strength has its uses; the strongest adults are those who never quite forsake their childhood selves; and, of course, he who laughs last laughs best. King's is the happy laughter of a winner, and *It* is, finally, an optimistic novel with a fairy-tale ending of lovers restored to each other. A sweet book, really—but King hasn't let success dull his sense of what his public wants. He still manages to serve up a Chinese meal in which the fortune cookies contain not fortunes but . . . *something gross!!!* Let the reader beware. □

BRIEF REVIEWS



SINGLETUSK by Björn Kurtén. *Pantheon*, \$14.95. In real life Mr. Kurtén is a paleontologist and a professor at the University of Helsinki. In imagination he is 30,000 years back in the Ice Age, observing and reporting a mixed society of Neandertal and *Homo sapiens* people and using his professional knowledge to convert their activities into an engaging and persuasive novel. Part of the charm of the tale lies in the author's habit of delicately foreshadowing, in the thinking of his aboriginal characters, ideas that developed and survived into historical times. Another merit is the steadily humorous contrast between the extroverted, blunt-spoken blacks (*sapiens*) and the deliberate, extravagantly courteous whites (Neandertals). Mr. Kurtén does not attribute the disappearance of Neandertals to the difference in temperament (he has another theory on that question), but it does put his whites at a disadvantage in a crisis. It also makes them appealing.

THE ANTI-SOVIET SOVIET UNION by Vladimir Voinovich. *Harcourt Brace Jovanovich*, \$19.95. In 1980 Mr. Voinovich was booted out of the Soviet Union for writings not only critical of his native country but so outrageously funny that they were widely read. Exile seems a mild penalty, considering the alternatives available, but Mr. Voinovich is unmollified. His present book is a series of sketches of life among the Soviets, where sycophancy and corruption flourish, the production of propaganda "far exceeds that of agriculture and of light, heavy, and even military industry," human rights are not violated because "You can't violate something that doesn't exist," and things are generally an incompetent mess. Quirkily amusing on the surface, the book is, like all good satire, savagely serious at bottom.

ALASKA: SOUTHEAST TO MCKINLEY by Andrew Jaffe, Lisa Tysen, Sven-Olof Linblad, Ross Anderson, Susan E. Quinlan, and Lael Morgan. *Rizzoli*, \$35.00 and \$19.95. A former governor of Alaska has complained, "We are called upon at once

to be oil barrel for America and national park for the world," adding modestly, "The fact is, Alaska does have everything." Wealth—actual or potential—has of course led to much squabbling over the administration of the state, but the text of this survey concentrates on climate, scenery, and transport (with a little history thrown in) from Ketchikan north to Mount McKinley and out through the Aleutians, rather than on economic and ecological wrangles. The authors' purpose is clearly to entice travelers and delight stay-at-homes, and the beautiful photographs of ice, water, and wildlife will certainly do both. Glaciers make soothing viewing on a scorching summer day.

IMPOSTORS by George V. Higgins. *Henry Holt*, \$16.95. According to one of Mr. Higgins's disgruntled characters, "the system doesn't work," but that man is naive. The point of this ironic novel is that the system—meaning the combination of press, politics, police, and courts—works very well indeed for people who know how to manipulate it. In this instance some technically respectable citizens are alarmed by the imminent resurrection of a corpse safely buried years earlier, and their attempts at reinterment provide a series of lively and amoral maneuvers. The tale resembles one of those Restoration comedies in which everyone behaves badly but all ends in a neat distribution of marriages and money—the final cynical twist in a bitterly cynical work.

MEN'S LIVES by Peter Matthiessen. *Random House*, \$29.95. Mr. Matthiessen, who once crewed as a commercial fisherman on the eastern end of Long Island, employs knowledge as well as sympathy in describing the hard work and stubborn courage of the men who carry on that dangerous trade. Fishing, including whaling, began around Montauk in the seventeenth century and, in combination with farming, comfortably supported a number of families. Their few and clannish descendants are now beleaguered by inappropriate taxation, greedy land developers, inconsistent regulations (Mr. Matthiessen is particularly offended by the interstate confusion over striped bass), water pollution, and foreign trawlers. The author combines his own experience with the reminiscences of his old companions and with numerous photographs to create a picture of fishermen's lives, past and present. He has brilliantly recorded a way of life that is unlikely to survive much longer.

VELÁZQUEZ by Jonathan Brown. *Yale University Press*, \$45.00. Professor Brown's thesis—that the relatively small number of paintings by Velázquez is the result of his employment as interior decorator, purchasing agent, and maintenance supervisor by King Philip IV of Spain—would of itself hardly be worth a large book. Most of the large book, however, is devoted to intelligent consideration of Velázquez's development, the rather dismal condition of Spanish painting at the time, and the works the artist accomplished before, or in spite of, his eventual involvement with "administration, book-keeping, and traveling," not to mention "sweepers and cleaners." This fact, combined with generous illustrations, makes the volume interesting, informative, and handsome.

PORTRAIT OF DELMORE edited and introduced by Elizabeth Pollet. *Farrar, Straus & Giroux*, \$27.95. The journals and notes that Delmore Schwartz kept, in an irregular way, from 1939 to 1959 have been arranged for publication by his second wife, who left him when his behavior became intolerable. There is no reason to suspect that Ms. Pollet has been other than fair and honest in deciphering and presenting the confusing mixture of manuscript she had to deal with. Schwartz, it seems, talked to himself on paper. He tried out subjects, experimented with rough drafts of poems, wrote opening paragraphs of stories, concocted rhyme lists, played with odd words, aired grudges, catalogued grievances, made good resolutions, and sometimes even recorded the practical facts of his life. Wonderful phrases and lines and striking observations are scattered throughout, but on the whole this is material best suited to passionate admirers and students of the poet's work.

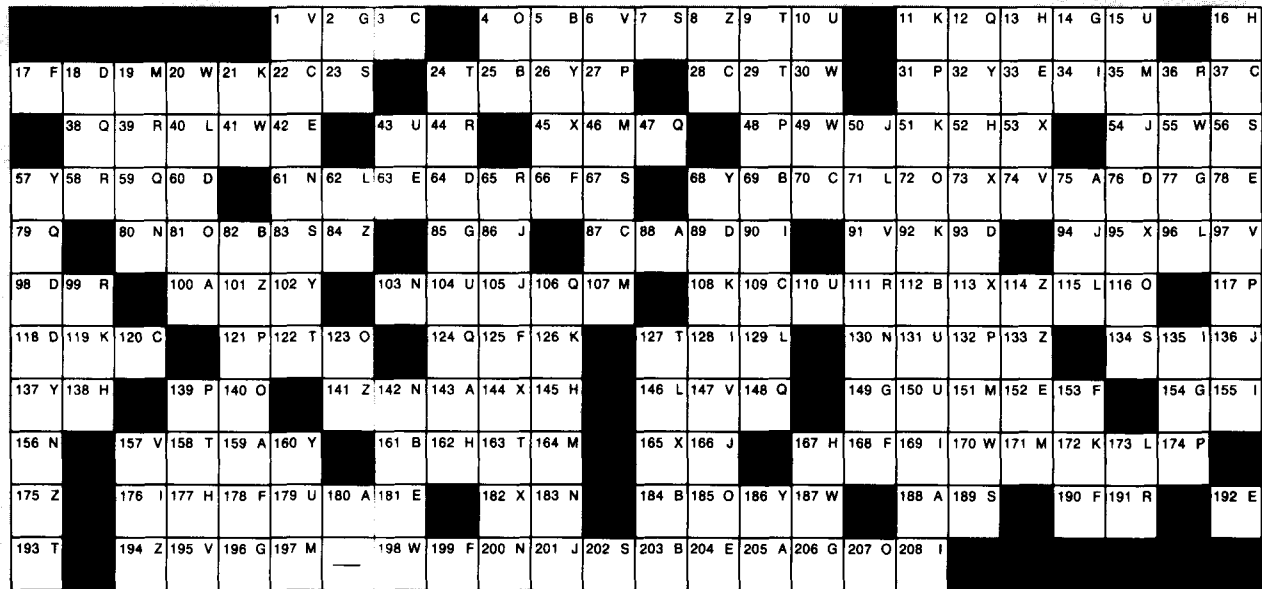
THE HIROSHIMA MURALS edited by John W. Dower and John Junkerman. *Kodansha International*, \$29.95. The Japanese artists Iri Maruki and his wife, Toshi Maruki, painted, between 1950 and 1982, a series of murals on atomic warfare. They began with Hiroshima, where they had seen the ruin early and in person, but gradually progressed to "creating a graphic chronicle of war and destruction in the mid-twentieth century." Iri Maruki paints in traditional Japanese style while Toshi Maruki paints in European style, and the mixture of visual techniques has resulted in initially startling, ultimately impressive images. The work reproduced in this book represents anybody's hell on earth.

—Phoebe-Lou Adams

ACROSTIC No. 14

BY DOROTHY OSBORNE

The letters of the clue answers, when put in the appropriately numbered squares, will spell out a quotation. The first letters of clue answers spell the source of the quotation.



The solution to Acrostic No. 13 appears on page 99.

- A. King of Lacedaemon 205 143 88 180 59 188 100 75
- B. Prospering (2 wds.) 25 69 161 184 5 203 82 112
- C. *Darkness at Noon* author 120 87 37 70 8 22 109 3
- D. Kitchen garden green 98 76 60 64 8 118 89 93
- E. Petrissage practitioners 63 192 152 42 64 78 181 33
- F. Song from *Kiss Me, Kate* (3 wds.) 190 168 125 17 53 199 178 66
- G. Transgressor of Genesis (2 wds.) 196 2 149 14 34 85 77 206
- H. "Baggataway," to American Indians 52 162 167 177 5 16 138 145
- I. Stylized sea dog's accoutrement 169 90 128 176 5 208 34 155
- J. Nonconformist 201 105 54 50 5 94 136 166
- K. "Soliloquy of the Spanish Cloister" poet 51 108 119 11 2 172 126 21
- L. Huxley's "great dead language of the future" 62 129 40 71 5 115 146 173
- M. In one's salad days 107 151 19 171 5 197 35 164

- N. Study of pronunciation 156 61 80 142 183 103 200 130
- O. Matchless one; paragon 207 185 140 116 4 123 72 81
- P. GI 48 31 132 174 27 117 139 121
- Q. Form of light verse 124 79 47 106 59 12 148 38
- R. Update, as equipment 36 111 58 99 39 44 65 191
- S. Exceeded; flew past 202 7 23 83 67 134 56 189
- T. Coryphee (2 wds.) 193 29 122 24 127 158 9 163
- U. Beat it (2 wds.) 10 150 43 104 15 131 179 110
- V. Lycanthrope 97 195 147 74 157 91 6 1
- W. City built for Manhattan Project workers (2 wds.) 49 170 187 55 198 41 20 30
- X. Uncommunicative 144 113 182 165 73 53 95 45
- Y. Shakespearean garments 137 186 68 32 160 102 26 57
- Z. Guards 101 8 114 141 133 175 84 194

ATLANTIC CLASSIFIED

CLASSIFIED INFORMATION

THE ATLANTIC is represented exclusively by Russell Johns Associates, Ltd. for classified advertising. The classified rates are \$3.25 per word (minimum ad 15 words), and \$295.00 per column inch for classified display (minimum ad one inch). Three-time rates are available on request. Direct inquiries, classified advertising copy and payments to: *The Atlantic*, P.O. Box 1510, Clearwater, FL 33517. Telephone: toll free (800) 237-9851; in Florida (813) 443-7666.

ART

TWELVE ORIGINAL MUSIC ART postcards. Framing/mailling. \$6.00. E. Daskin, 5 Swallow Lane, Levittown, NY 11756.

NORTHWEST COAST INDIAN MASKS. Graphics. Eskimo sculpture. Hopi Kachina dolls. Box 55277, Sherman Oaks, CA 91413. (818) 789-2559.

BED/BREAKFAST

SHENANDOAH VALLEY: RIVERSIDE HOME, park-like setting. Off #33 and #81 near Harrisonburg, Virginia. Reservations: (703) 867-5772.

BOOKS

PUBLISH YOUR BOOK! Join our successful authors. Publicity, advertising, beautiful books. All subjects invited. Send for fact-filled booklet and free manuscript report. Carlton Press, Department YK, 11 West 32 Street, New York 10001.

FREE CATALOG. 633 outstanding how-to and self-improvement books. American Book Company, Suite 5T, Box 17135A, Phoenix, AZ 85011.

AUTHORS WANTED. We're seeking fiction, non-fiction, poetry, scholarly, inspirational and juvenile manuscripts for immediate publication. Send for free illustrated brochure. Todd & Honeywell, Department 62, 10 Cuttermill Road, Great Neck, NY 11021.

"BEYOND BELIEF". The book. The experience. Why settle for time-worn beliefs? \$6.95. EFI-Books, Box 1995, Bellaire, TX 77401.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

IMPORT-EXPORT OPPORTUNITY. Profitable, world-wide mail order business from home without capital. We ship plan for no-risk examination. Experience unnecessary. Free report. Mellinger, Department C1089, Woodland Hills, CA 91367.

ENTREPRENEURS WANTED. FREE business prospectus kit. Record-breaking multi-level company. Call 24 hours. (612) 925-1786.

EDUCATION

MONEY FOR COLLEGE! Computerized scholarship matching. Free information. Write: Scholarship Matchmakers, Box 528A, Winnetka, IL 60093.

BRITISH DEGREES—Somerset University offers degree programs to mature students by distance learning. For a prospectus, send \$8.00 to: Somerset University, Ilminster, Somerset TA19 0BQ, England.

Speak French like a diplomat!

Comprehensive, self-instructional audio-cassette courses used by U.S. State Dept. Programmed for easy learning; 42 languages in all. Free catalog. Write:

AUDIO-FORUM Dept. 266, 96 Broad St.
Guilford, CT 06437

SAT SELF-STUDY course. Help your high school student earn top scores on Scholastic Aptitude Test. Two tutoring cassettes plus 380-page book. \$30. postpaid. Moneyback guarantee. Audio-Forum, Department 262, Guilford, CT 06437.

HANDLE YOUR OWN LEGAL AFFAIRS. Be a paralegal. Accredited attorney instruction. Home study. Free catalog. Southern Career Institute, Drawer 86AT-2158, Boca Raton, FL 33427. (305) 368-2522.

ROUTINE EXPERIENCE BUILDING For Infants—Daily program guide. \$3.25. Lord & Foster, P.O. Box 373, New York, NY 10030.

EMPLOYMENT OPPORTUNITIES

ROCKY MOUNTAIN EMPLOYMENT Newsletter! Colorado, Idaho, Montana, Wyoming. Current openings, all occupations. Free information. InterMountain-2C, 3021 North Hancock, Colorado Springs, CO 80907. (303) 630-0700, extension 203.

EMPLOYMENT OPPORTUNITIES

AUSTRALIA WANTS YOU! Big pay. Transportation. New employment directory. \$2.00. International, Box 19107-YW Washington, DC 20036.

OVERSEAS—ALL OCCUPATIONS! Transportation. "Worldwide Directory" plus complete information. \$3.00. International Opportunities, Box 19749-YW, Indianapolis, IN 46219.

OVERSEAS EMPLOYMENT. Newsletter listing current openings. \$5.00. Directory of Hiring Agencies, \$7.00. Free catalog. Mr. Information, Box 955-113, Ganges, British Columbia, Canada V0S 1E0.

WRITE IMPRESSIVE RESUMES using our professional guidelines and samples. \$3.00. Resume Expert, Box 7476, Pasadena, TX 77508.

FILMS & COLOR SLIDES

"GRAND CANYON"—Two-hour spectacular helicopter exploration video. Breathtaking music. Critically acclaimed. Details free. Beeger Productions, 3217-A26 Arville, Las Vegas, NV 89102. (702) 876-2328.

GIFTS

BONSAI TREES. Free catalog. Pots, tools, books. Bonsai Creations, 2700 North 29th Avenue, #204-AT, Hollywood, FL 33020. Phone: (305) 962-6960.

PERSONALIZED BOOKS—Great gift featuring you or a friend. Select an adventure from safaris to South Seas sloops. Write: Armchair Adventures, Box 8891, Truckee, CA 95737.

CATALOG OF DISTINCTIVE gifts from Sweden air mailed to you. \$3.00. Leboz, Box 188, 57100 Nassjo, Sweden.

HEALTH

ZEN SHIATSU therapeutic massage for relaxation of body, mind, spirit. Wholistic counseling for your well being. (212) 535-8355. By appointment only. Certified practitioner.

WATER PURIFIER—#1 rated. Removes chlorine, PCB, 106 chemicals. Write for information: Gilbert, 78 8th Avenue, Brooklyn, NY 11215.

NEW REPORT. Find out how to live longer, healthier. What USDA and 50 experts know and what you can do. Rush \$1.00 now. Better Health, 50 Fleetwood Avenue, Suite 106, Mt. Vernon, NY 10552.

HOME FURNISHINGS

FREE SHIPPING! Largest discounts. Wallcoverings, decorator fabrics, mini-blinds. King, Box 304A, Albany, GA 31702. (912) 436-2382.

LITERARY INTERESTS

BOOK PRINTING. Quality work, low cost. Offset or typeset. Paperbacks or hard covers. Free catalog and price list. Adams Press, Department AA, 30 West Washington, Chicago, IL 60602.

THREE IMAGINATIVE, UNPUBLISHED short stories by dedicated college student author. Over 2,500 words each. \$6.95. Todd Miller, P.O. Box 1735, Piqua, OH 45356.

MISCELLANEOUS

ALOE/VITAMIN E CREME. Light blend of nature's most effective moisturizers for dry skin. \$8.50. M.D.L. Skincare, P.O. Box 3276, Department A, Westport, CT 06880.

WANTED: CAPITAL FUNDS for teachers' salaries, financial aid, and plant maintenance sought by small, exemplary, independent day school in the Berkshires. Only major donors who support excellence in elementary learning need apply. For free prospectus, please write: Proctor V. Bent, Box 597, Lenox, MA 01240.

LOUD, SAFE NOISE! Safe substitute for fireworks. Big Bang Cannons. Six models—9" to 25". Great for New Year's Eve and special events. Send for free catalog and order form. MC/Visa. \$19.45 to \$48.95 range. New: Brass models now available. The Conestoga Company, Inc., Department AC, Box 405, Bethlehem, PA 18016.

PARTY HOST? "Festivities" newsletter. Free details. Themes, invitations, menus. Festive Occasions, Box 682-A, LaCrosse, WI 54602-0682.

MUSIC

FREE MUSIC CATALOG—Exciting teach-yourself courses! Country, gospel, standard. Davidsons. 6727AT Metcalf, Shawnee Mission, KS 66204.

OUT-OF-PRINT BOOKS

YESTERDAY'S BOOKS LOCATED FOR YOU by professionals. No obligation. Out-of-State Book Service, Box 3253X, San Clemente, CA 92672-1053. (714) 492-2976.

FREE BOOK SEARCH by specialist bookfinder. Send titles. Continental Book Search, Box 2080-B, New York, NY 10116.

DILIGENT FREE SEARCH. Send author, title to: Hawthorne Boulevard Books, 3129 Southeast Hawthorne, Portland, OR 97214. (503) 236-3211.

OLD BOOKSCOUT LOCATES out-of-print books. Write: Greenmantle, Box 1324A, Culpepper, VA 22701-7324.

WORLD'S LARGEST COMPUTERIZED catalog of rare records. 28,000 entries. Classical, showbiz, popular, jazz, comedy, spoken. \$5.00, refundable. RoundSound West, P.O. Box 2248, Leucadia, CA 92024.

PUBLICATIONS

NEW! WORLDWIDE Magazine-of-Month Club (English). Sampler: \$2.49. Free brochure. Multinewspapers, Box DE-A9, Dana Point, CA 92629.

PRAVDA/TRUTH RUSSIAN GOVERNMENT Newspaper. Now available English translation. 12 issues/\$43.80; 26 issues/\$91.00. United Media Distributors, P.O. Box 3423, Wallington, NJ 07057.

REAL ESTATE

\$50,000,000 LAND LIQUIDATION listings Arizona, Arkansas, California, Colorado, Florida, Kentucky, Michigan, Mississippi, Minnesota, Montana, New Mexico, Nevada, North Carolina, Oklahoma, Tennessee, Texas, Utah, Freeport, Bahamas. Lake living acrettes. Nothing down from \$59/month. Information: (313) 674-4116. Wholesale Land, 4220 Farner North, Drayton Plains, MI 48020.

WOODED LOT AT EASTMAN in Grantham, New Hampshire. Right on fifteenth hole of award-winning golf course. Dartmouth—Lake Sunapee region. (401) 847-9243.

RECIPES

FROM THE ISLANDS OF LOVE. Filipino delights. SASE. \$5.00. Wright, Box 22516, San Francisco, CA 94122.

BE A SOUP SPECIALIST—Soup book has delicious, nutritious, homemade recipes. Stocks, consommés, bisques, clear and cream soups. \$3.00. Personal Touch, Department A, 1 Montview Drive, Asheville, NC 28801.

GOURMET MEXICAN RECIPES—Hors d'oeuvres, beverages, main courses, breads, desserts. \$4.00. Recipes Mex, 20 Ashwood, Irvine, CA 92714.

THREE CLASSIC LIQUEUR recipes using scotch and vodka. SASE. \$3.00. Cordial Concepts, 1455 Roland Heights Avenue, Baltimore, MD 21211.

CHAMPAGNE COOLERS—Five delightful drinks. \$5.00. P. McKinnon, 661 Randolph, Windsor, Ontario N9B 2T7, Canada.

SPAGHETTI A LA CAESAR—Fit for Roman Emperors. Exclusive seafood creation. One hour to table. \$2.00. Scotia Publications, 1 Sunset Terrace, Antigonish, Nova Scotia B2G 1K2.

BEST MACARONI SALAD IN TEXAS, maybe the world. Guaranteed to please, or return for full refund. \$2.00 and SASE to: Recipe, Box 130593, Tyler, TX 75713-0593.

DISCOVER NEW SAVORS: Oma's old-world Sunday cooking. \$4.45. Booklet: Recipes, tips, anecdotes. Hermit, Box 576, Deerfield, IL 33441.

CAROLINA BROWNIES—A heavenly trip home. \$3.00/SASE to: Southern Receipts, 201 Country Club Drive, Greensboro, NC 27408.

RECORDS & TAPES

T'AI CHI VIDEOS. Unique gifts. Expert instruction in T'ai Chi Chuan, graceful Chinese shadow boxing practiced throughout the world for health and longevity. Send \$1.00 for catalog. Interarts, Department A, 1283 South LaBrea Avenue, #162, Los Angeles, CA 90019.

RETIREMENT LIVING

ENJOY HAPPINESS, SECURITY and contentment. Beautiful southern Ohio. Small town flavor. Easy driving to major cities. Independent living, individual homes starting at \$19,000 (life lease or rental). Modest monthly fees. Generous refund policy. Bristol Village, Waverly, OH 45690.

ATLANTIC CLASSIFIED

RETIREMENT LIVING

GO-AS-YOU-PLEASE carefree retirement apartments, Imperial Plaza, in historic Richmond, Virginia, offers a unique retirement environment. Banking, beauty and barber shops, restaurant, dentist, convenience store, pharmacy, post office, nursing home and complimentary van service are available on the premises. Professional management ensures your satisfaction. Affordable monthly rentals starting at less than \$400 per month, including utilities. Call Imperial Plaza today and go-as-you-please tomorrow. (804) 264-1380. Toll-free in Virginia: (800) 523-4005, outside Virginia call collect.

SERVICES

EDITING, RESEARCH, limited surveys. Boston-based. A.R.E. Associates in Research and Editing. (617) 526-1931; (617) 768-7918.

BOOK PUBLISHING, any ghostwriting, indexing, etc. Twenty years in business. Wordsmiths, Box 5882, Chicago, 60680.

INFORMATION RESEARCH, on any subject. Background, bibliographies, government, research. Information Research International, Box 25573, Washington, DC 20007. (202) 639-6222.

STAMPS & COINS

BEGINNERS COIN COLLECTION. Receive 250 old Lincoln Wheat Cents and three coin albums to hold them. Great gift idea! \$19.95, plus \$3.05 shipping/handling. Hobby House, 1116 8th Street, Suite 237, Manhattan Beach, CA 90266.

TRAVEL

"ROAM THE WORLD by Freighter"—Facts, destinations, recommendations on unusual cruising. \$3.00. TravLips, Box 188A2A, Flushing, NY 11358.

"THE GYPSY REVIEW"—A spirited travel quarterly. Subscribe now. Four issues for \$5.00. Box 4-A, Lenox, MA 01240.

SAIL, SWIM, SNORKLE—Virgins, Caribbean. Discover tropical isles, castaway beaches, unspoiled coral reefs. 7-8 day tradewind sailing from \$500. 16 guests. Brigantine Romance Box 5086-AL, St. Thomas, Virgin Islands, 00801.

"WEEKENDER". A newsletter for the short-of-time traveller. For a free introductory copy, write: Weekender, Box 17129A, Mesa, AZ 85212.

DIRECTORY 340 COUNTRIES' government travel offices to answer questions and supply literature free. \$5.00. Winship 2321 Market, San Francisco, CA 94114.

CHINA—UNIQUE ITINERARIES! China/Pacific specialists for business, pleasure or curiosity. The Travelsmiths, 26 West 39th Street, New York, NY 10018-3802. (212) 302-5060. (800) US-CHINA.

OVERSEAS OPPORTUNITIES. Employment, living, study, independent travel. Bimonthly resource guide. Ten-year index \$1.00. Abroad, Box 344, AM-2, Amherst, MA 01004.

VACATION RENTALS

DISCOVER "HIDEAWAYS GUIDE"! Unique, alluring and affordable. Private villa/condominium rentals and exchanges, inns, intimate resorts, yacht charters — worldwide. Enjoy the broadest selection, best information, lowest prices, convenient travel planning services, discounts at luxurious condominium resorts, on air fares and automobile rentals. Free brochure, or call (800) 843-4433 to join. Hideaways International, Box 1464A, Littleton, MA 01460.

NEW ORLEANS FRENCH QUARTER—Year-round, beautiful, luxury condominiums. Completely furnished; large, private, marble Jacuzzi; parking, king-sized beds, pool. Low rates. 4/\$79.50. (800) 525-5202.

SOUTH CAROLINA. Hilton Head Island, Palmetto Dunes. Oceanfront, brand new, professionally-decorated 1-2- or 3-bedroom villas. In season: \$750, \$950 or \$1150 weekly. Call collect evenings. (803) 842-6074.

CENTRAL RESORT RESERVATIONS—Hotels, condos, lodges, homes. Colorado, Utah, Jackson Hole, Sun Valley, Palm Springs, Southern California beaches. Information and reservations: (800) 635-4156.

BOCA GRANDE, FLORIDA. Luxury condo on quiet gulf beach. All amenities. Great location. Robert Fisk, 390 Porter Road, East Longmeadow, MA 01026. (413) 525-7820.

BRITISH VIRGIN ISLANDS—The Complete Escape. Luxurious, private oceanfront villas located on 126-acre, private island. Lovely, secluded beaches, gourmet restaurant. Superb diving and snorkeling. Drake's Anchorage, (800) 624-6651.

JAMAICA—PRIVATE waterfront beachhouse. Honeymoon with your own lit tennis court, pool, fine food served by staff (6). Car meets you at Montego Bay airport. Six-bedroom house also available from same owner. (202) 232-4010.

CLASSIFIED ORDER FORM

WORD RATE: \$3.25 per word (minimum ad 15 words).

DISPLAY RATE: \$295.00 per column inch (one inch minimum order).

The Atlantic's new guaranteed paid circulation is now 450,000. Your classified ad will be reaching a greater audience than ever before. All advertisements must be accompanied by check or money order payable to *The Atlantic* and must be received no later than September 10th for the November issue. Send us your ad today, using the form below.

Please insert my ad _____ times, beginning with the _____ issue.

Heading _____

Enclosed is my check for \$ _____.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Tel. No. and Area Code _____

Signature _____

Copy for Classified Advertisement _____

DO NOT send classified ads, payments or related correspondence to *The Atlantic's* publishing office in Boston. This causes needless delay. Mail all materials and payments to:

The Atlantic

Classified Department

P.O. Box 1510, Clearwater, Florida 33517

Toll-free 800-237-9851 □ In Florida 813-443-7666

The Atlantic is represented by Russell Johns Associates, Ltd. for classified advertising

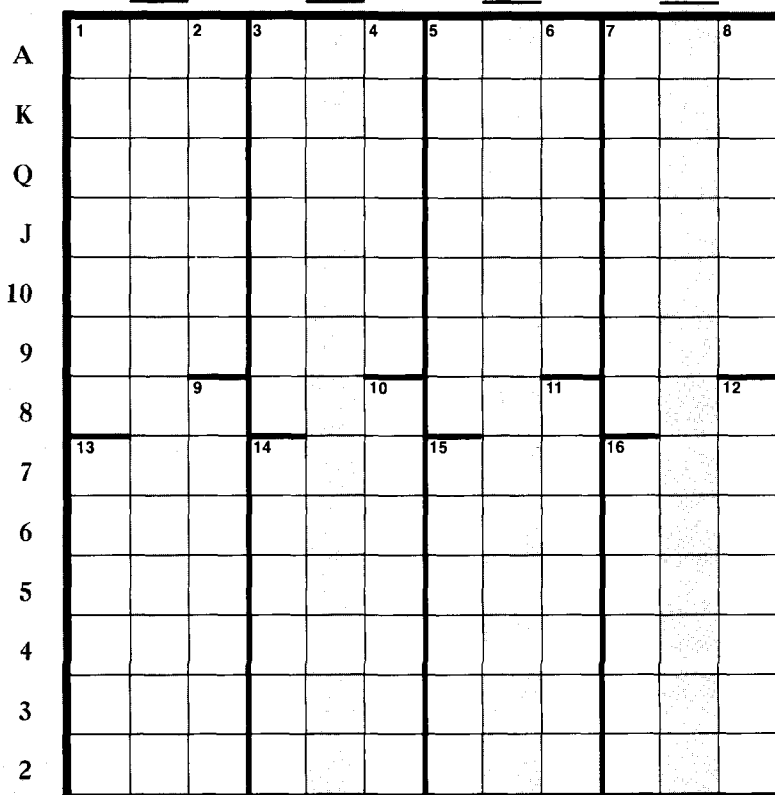
THE PUZZLER

BY EMILY COX AND HENRY RATHVON

SOLITAIRE

All 26 Across clues for this puzzle yield 6-letter answers. Each answer must be split into two 3-letter "cards," to be entered separately in the diagram. Each 3-letter group represents one of the cards in a standard deck, and, like playing cards, no two of these "cards" are the same. Across clues are ranked according to the value of the first card in each answer, from highest (Ace) to lowest (2). When two or more answers have first cards of the same rank, their order in the list of clues is further dependent on the ranks of their second cards. (Note that the second card may or may not rank higher than the first in any word.) Help in placing the cards is given by answers to Down clues, which are normal. The suits (♠ ♥ ♦ ♣) are identified by the four shaded columns. Answers to clues include four proper nouns and four uncommon words (e, i, q, and t).

The answers to last month's Puzzler appear on page 99.



ACROSS

- Write two bridge players about cheat
- Plate containing silver for tribute
- Rodent takes a nibble of sweet dessert
- Cat scrambled to Cleo
- Attempts pocketing northern Roman coin
- Spring is over for birds
- Broken leg protected by swallow chick
- Stop to put new wheels on?
- Mark, in manuscript, ripped blouse
- Drains out the pits
- Screen unfit in test for graduate school
- In tandem as they take poles from a ship
- Butterfingers finally gathers pottery fragments
- Chopper follows mountaineer almost to peak

- New York's regressive revenue structure
- Weaves labels for underwear?
- Monkey also entering saloon
- Machine shows E-9 winning \$1000
- Henry loves remodeling huts
- Ornamental clasp from far back in time
- Orchestra section lacking right smarts
- Corset can be seen around girl's middle
- Merchant taking ring from resident of Indiana
- Pass if not holding a pair at first
- Drum with picture on the skin
- Rolling Stones' debuts

DOWN

- Burst vein going after naughty child (7)
- Heard someone leaving English town (6)
- Chuck holds note, happy (7)
- Starting "Rain in Spain," you turned red (6)
- Dressed two times during broadcast (7)
- Some bigots initially disregarded lives (6)
- Hold the attention of English flag maker (7)
- Goof in "as-is" damaged ranges (7)
- Buys stock in business wear (7)
- Working as *Times* artist (7)
- Atlantic* clutched by party in rocker (6)
- More defensive basketball player catches one (6)
- Very engaging clue in Japanese religion (6)
- Stove layer containing burnt stuff (6)

Note: The instructions above are for this month's puzzle only. It is assumed that you know how to decipher clues. For a complete introduction to clue-solving, send an addressed, stamped envelope to The Atlantic Puzzler, 8 Arlington Street, Boston, Mass. 02116.

MILANO

POWER IN THE HANDS OF THE FEW.

Power. Its scent is sweet. Its allure... provocative. Its appeal... to a very select few.

And to those of you driven to this kind of power, we offer a new means of transportation... The Milano.

The 1987 Milano from Alfa Romeo is a beauty of a car with the heart of a beast. A beast capable of tearing up the road with its 2.5 liter single overhead cam V-6, making it, according to Road & Track, "the fastest sedan in its category, in both top speed and zero to 60 sprints." While this might be impressive for a 300 Series BMW, Audi or Saab, it's standard for a Milano.

It's a car that uses power to control its environment. The power to stop as

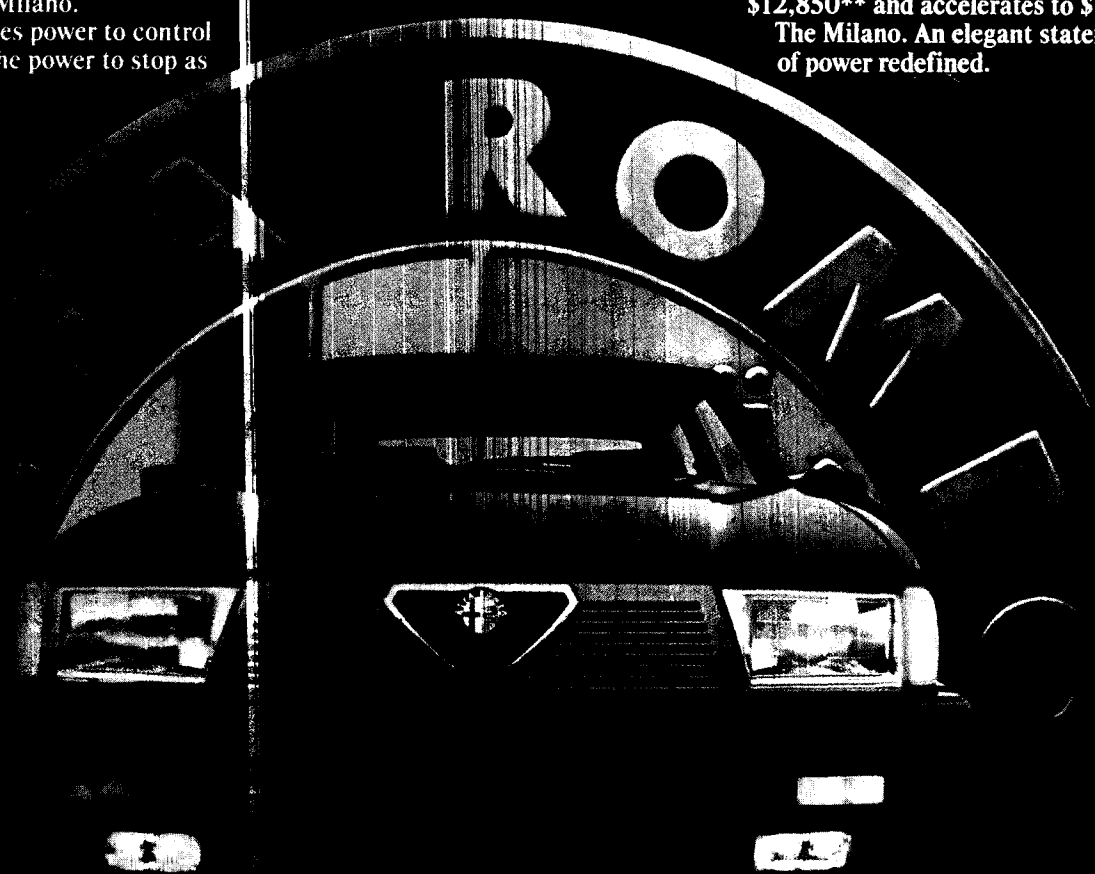
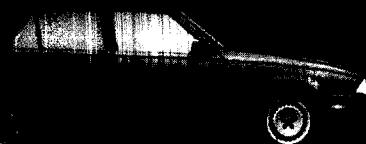
well as the power to accelerate. And to support the alter ego of the true sports car fanatic, Milano is the only European sports sedan with the deDion rear suspension. And the only four door sedan with the name Alfa Romeo on it.

For those who thrive on luxury, the Milano offers air conditioning, power front seats, electric sunroof, AM/FM stereo cassette system, and a central

door locking system. And for those unwilling to compromise power at the expense of quality, the Milano comes with a 3 year/36,000 mile warranty* and an extraordinary 6 year anti-corrosion warranty* against perforation.

The cockpit has all the power and elegance of an Armani suit, with sculpted seats ergonomically designed to hug your spine as easily as the Milano hugs the road. It's a car that can take the boredom out of endless straightaways and the tension out of maneuvering high mountain switch-backs. And all this power starts at an introductory price of \$12,850** and accelerates to \$18,000**.

The Milano. An elegant statement of power redefined.



To find the dealer nearest you, call toll-free 1-800-4-A-4700. For further information on Alfa Romeo or the new European delivery program, call your local dealer.
*See dealer for details of warranty. **MSRP suggested retail price at P.O.F. Destination charges, taxes, dealer prep., if any, opt. equip. and license fees extra.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

remember, Eddie McLaughlin has
"O' Shanter" by heart.

At the Cross Keys in
evening, he'd be more
at ease.

Any four lines of it
will do the trick that way.

